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JANUARY
1935

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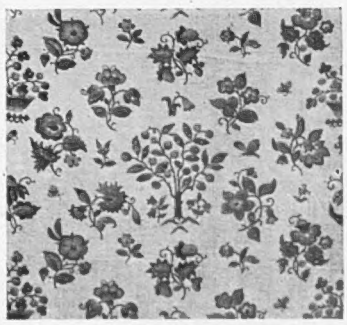

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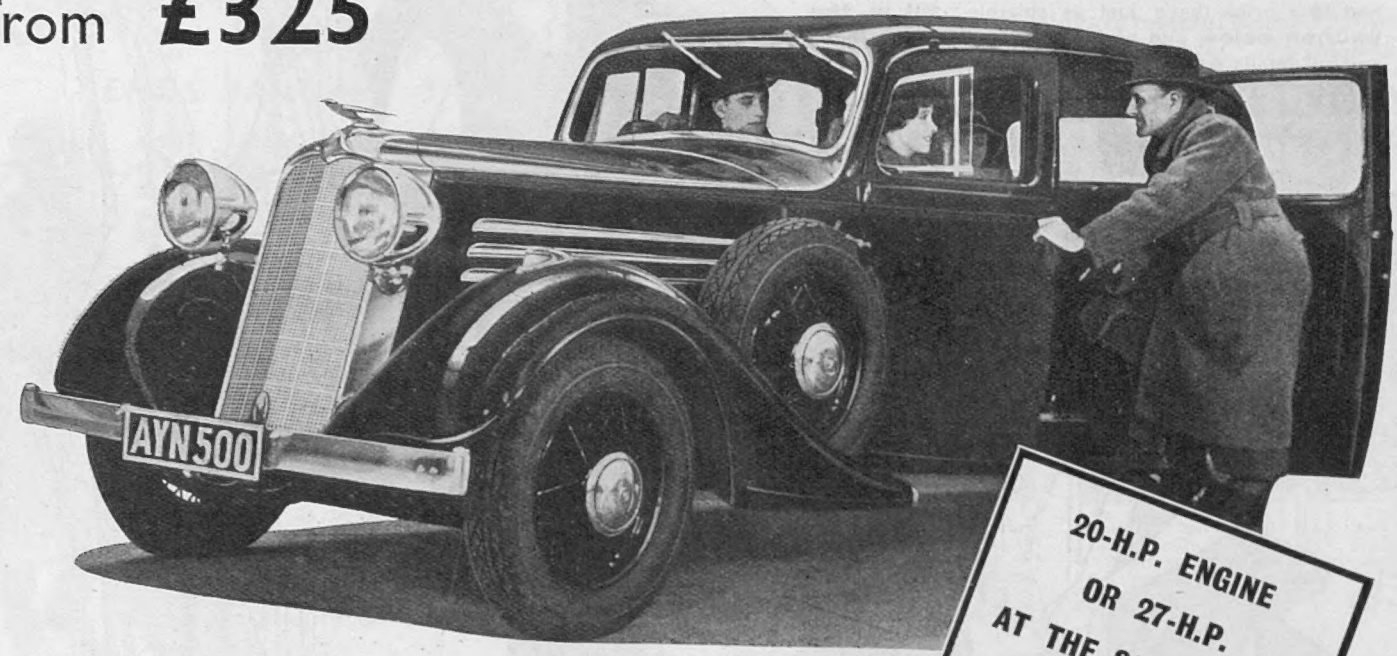

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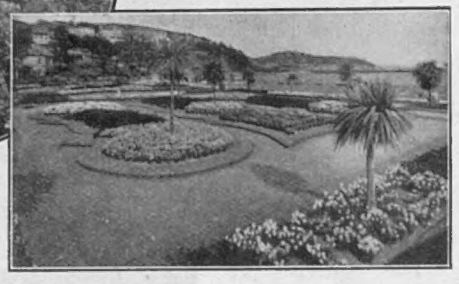

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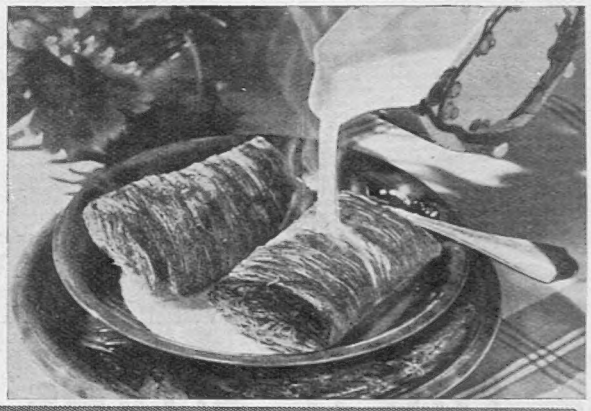

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A Debt *of* Honour

A Tragedian with a Past

Stage-manages a Comedy—with a Future

FROM the box where he sat with Mistress Celia and my Lord, he bowed stiffly . . . .

By Richard Keverne

THERE was a Bespeak at the Theatre Royal, Debenbridge, that night. Master Giles Pender, the rich attorney, was pleased to be generous for once.

For come Tuesday next he was to marry Mistress Celia Wayne, niece and ward of my Lord Lavenham of Wayne Hall, close by the town, and Master Giles Pender, after painful thought, deemed it that his guineas would be well spent in impressing the gentry and the townsfolk with his new importance by bespeaking a special performance of Mr. Clarence Howard's famous Company of Comedians, though it were a costly matter.

For Mr. Clarence Howard had a London reputation. His Company of Comedians, from the theatres of London, Dublin, York and Edinburgh; patronised by their Gracious Majesties King George III and Queen Charlotte, as the playbills put it, did not often honour Debenbridge with its visits.

Yet Master Giles Pender felt well satisfied as he heard the thunderous applause that seemed to shake the crazy theatre and set the oil lamps aflicker, and the tawdry hangings swaying, as the curtain fell upon the first part of the performance.

Most of that applause he considered was for him. From the box where he sat with Mistress Celia and my Lord, he bowed stiffly, yet there were few in the house who gave him a thought at that moment.

The thunderous cheering was for Mr. Clarence Howard, who had excelled himself in the rôle of Hamlet, though, as every member of his Company of Comedians knew, he was more drunk than usual. Mr. Howard was always more drunk than usual when he played at Debenbridge.

Mr. Howard took his calls with superb dignity, while his Company of Comedians wondered by what miracle he kept his feet.

The final curtain fell at last, and Mr. Howard walked unsteadily to the wings.

Mr. Bertram, his stage manager, took him firmly by the arm.

"Permit me, sir; you are fatigued. Never have you interpreted the immortal rôle so magnificently," he said.

"And for whom?" said Mr. Howard scornfully. "For clods and rogues! But let the business proceed. I have affairs of moment. I would to my inn."

He shook himself free of Mr. Bertram's arm and yawed towards the narrow staircase.

Mr. Bertram shrugged his shoulders. His immediate concern was with the Stupendous Spectacle, "Britannia Tri-

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

umphant," which was the concluding item on the bill. And "Britannia Triumphant" he felt should go well to-night, for rumour was running wild through the town of some great victory off the Spanish coast where the Frenchmen and the Spaniards had been whipped as they had never been whipped before, and in the taverns men grown pot-valiant were laughing at old Boney and his army across the Channel, who yesterday spoke of them in fear.

Mr. Bertram pondered the improvisation of a few lines with reference to this, in the Epilogue which he himself was to speak at the end of the Stupendous Spectacle. He would have mentioned it to Mr. Howard, had he been more sober. Now it would be too late. The guv'nor, he knew from experience, would have drunk himself into oblivion before Mr. Bertram could find time to slip up to his draughty dressing room.

But for once Mr. Bertram was at fault. Mr. Clarence Howard, lurching into his room, had announced: "Sam, sober me up. I have business to do."

And Sam, his dresser, who understood his master better than anyone in the world, acted accordingly.

THE fellow held him more firmly, and then of a sudden Mr. Howard felt cruel fingers clutching at his throat, felt his head thrust savagely back so that it seemed his neck must break

MR. CLARENCE HOWARD was still a little drunk when he left the theatre, half an hour later. But not too drunk to stop to listen appreciatively to the applause which was greeting the Stupendous Spectacle, nor to eye with satisfaction the long row of carriages outside the theatre, indicative of the rank and fashion honouring his Company of Comedians that night. But he did not tarry long.

Swinging his long cloak about him he proceeded purposefully, yet with the over-deliberate gait of a man none too sure of his steps, to cross Debenbridge's wide Market Square.

It was bitterly cold. A cruel wind sweeping in from the sea had driven every idler from the streets. Mr. Howard drew his cloak more closely about him as he met the full force of the gale surging and savaging along narrow New Street. A few flakes of snow fell from a bank of ragged cloud tearing across the November sky, masking the cold moon for a while. When it shone out again, it showed Mr. Howard standing uncertain in the middle of the road, swaying, for the cold air had reawakened the drink in him. There was a stupid expression upon his heavy jowled face. He moved slowly towards the nearest wall for support.

From the intense shadow cast by the brilliant moon a man stepped forward. He jabbed at a greasy forelock.

"Begging your honour's pardon," he said gruffly, "would you be looking for a carriage?"

Mr. Howard pulled himself together.

"And if I were, fellow?" he answered with a gesture.

"Then I'm to tell your honour that it's waiting close at hand. Will your honour be pleased to follow me."

"Lead on," said Mr. Howard in tragic

tone. " I will follow—egad ! that is, if I can." He staggered forward.

" 'Tis but a few paces," the man said. " Here, let me help your honour."

They passed into the dense shadow and thence into a narrow alley, black as the pit. Mr. Howard peered about him uneasily.

" Where are you taking me, fellow ? " he demanded suddenly. " I mislike these stygian byways." He tried to shake himself free of the man's supporting arm. " I will go no further."

For answer the fellow held him more firmly, and then, of a sudden, Mr. Howard felt cruel fingers clutching at his throat, felt his head thrust savagely back so that it seemed his neck must break. He let out a despairing cry that ended in a gasp as those fingers choked consciousness from his brain, and time ceased to be.

Until at length he found himself alive again, staring up at a cold, moonlit sky, and hearing a crisp voice saying : " Come, man, come ; you're more drunk than hurt."

Mr. Clarence Howard blinked owlishly.

He was, he observed, back in the main street supported in the arms of a tall, spare man of elegant appearance, whose youthful face in the bright moonlight showed lines of care.

The stranger nodded and smiled bleakly.

" That's better, man ; you'll be all right now," he said. " 'Twas but that some footpad tried to strangle you."

" Do I not know it ? " said Mr. Howard, fumbling at his neck. " Egad ! sir, the knave had fingers of steel."

" And a head of oak. Yet I marked him. I'll wager I marked him. He'll not return in a hurry. I guessed he was up to no good."

" How, sir ? You knew him ? "

" Nay. But the rogue watched you leave the theatre, and followed, skulking in the shadows. 'Twas for that, that I followed too ; for 'tis not wise for a man in wine to walk these streets alone at night."

Mr. Howard rose slowly to his feet and shook the dust from his cloak.

" There you speak truth, sir," he agreed. " But I forget myself. In the course of a long and varied career, Clarence Howard has had occasion to thank many men for many favours, but never before for the gift of his life. To whom has he the honour to address those heartfelt thanks ? "

Again the young man smiled.

" Oh, come, sir ; it is not so desperate a matter as all that. I've been in like plight myself before now. Had it not been I, 'twould have been some other would have heard your call. My name is Parham. Sir Richard Parham at your service." He bowed.

" Richard Parham," the actor murmured, then with a magnificent gesture he swung his cloak about his shoulder and, hand on heart, bowed in return.

" Sir Richard, a poor play-actor thanks you for the gift of his life," he said.

" Say rather that a great tragedian acknowledges a friend in need," Parham said gravely. " I know you well enough, Mr. Howard. Who in Debenbridge does not ? "

Clarence Howard bowed again. " Sir, I thank you for the compliment, though you flatter. There may yet be some who do not know me. But I crave another favour. 'Tis to beg of you to see me safely to my inn—I lodge at the Crown—and there to do me the honour to drink a glass of wine with me, for I have need of a friend to-night who would advise me."

Sir Richard Parham laughed bitterly.

" IS it nothing to me, lad, that I sit here in this room instead of lying a stiffening corpse in a foul back alley? . . ."

" Advise you," he said. " Lud ! None but a fool would ask Dick Parham's advice."

" Then I must be a fool," Mr. Howard answered simply.

" Egad, sir. Your pardon. I did not mean that. I am not myself to-night. I am badly troubled."

There was sympathy in Mr. Howard's voice as he answered : " Indeed, lad ; your face tells that. Maybe you are in need of a friend, too."

THEY sat in the best chamber at the Crown : the candlelight glinting on polished mahogany, a sea coal fire roaring in the tall hob grate.

Mr. Howard lifted the decanter and filled the glasses.

" Your health, Sir Richard," he said gravely.

" Your health, Mr. Howard." Sir Richard took his wine at a gulp.

Mr. Howard regarded his glass as though he drew pleasure from the rich colour of the wine it held.

" A sound port, sir," he said. " Pray let me fill your glass once more. I find that good counsel often comes of good port."

Once more Sir Richard drained his glass, then sat staring moodily at the fire.

Under the flickering candles he looked haggard, his eyes dark-rimmed, his cheeks hollow. Mr. Howard's dull eyes strayed from his wine to the young man's face. He was, he mused, little more than a lad ; but, by God, he had suffered.

Sir Richard seemed suddenly aware of that keen scrutiny. He flung back his head with a touch of bravado :

" Well, sir. What sage advice would you have me give ? "

Mr. Howard tossed off his glass and stroked a blue chin.

" I am wondering how best can I pay my debt to you," he said after a moment.

The young man flushed.

" You owe no debt to me."

" You saved my life."

" 'Twas nothing, sir. 'Twas nothing. You make far too much of that small affair."

Mr. Howard leaned forward.

" Is it really nothing to me, lad, that I sit here in this room instead of lying a stiffening corpse in a foul back alley of this accursed town ? "

Sir Richard frowned.

" Maybe, sir," he said in some confusion. " Yet there can be no question of—reward."

Mr. Howard raised a plump hand.

" You misunderstand me. I do not speak of money, though, God knows, if ever Sir Richard Parham need money, Clarence Howard's purse is his. Still, I would pay my debt. Nay——" as he saw the colour flush back into the young man's cheeks, "you have no right to deny me. Even a playactor has his honour."

" I mean no offence, sir. You have paid it already in full—with honest gratitude. There is nothing more you can do."

" Nothing ? Does life, then, hold so little for Sir Richard Parham after—what is it, boy ?—twenty-one, twenty-two years?"

" It holds nothing, sir—that you or any other man can give me."

" Yet a woman might."

Parham was on his feet.

" Sir, I cannot discuss such matters with you. You have no right——"

" Sit down, lad, sit down." Mr. Howard spoke with dignity and command. " Do you think that the whole town is not ringing with the story. Pah ! It is common knowledge. In the theatre to-night every eye was on the box where Mistress Celia Wayne sat with her uncle, Lord Lavenham, and the rich attorney Giles Pender, whom she is to marry. And I'll wager that every tongue was waging with the story that you cannot discuss with me, forsooth."

Sir Richard dropped back into his chair and buried his face in his hands. Mr. Howard rose and placed a kindly hand upon his shoulder.

" No need, lad, to tell me that you're eating your heart out for Mistress Celia Wayne ; but is it true, as they say, that she is eating her heart out for you ? "

Sir Richard raised his head and turned, staring wild-eyed at Mr. Howard.

" Sir, my Lord Lavenham, her guardian, forbade the match. That is all I have to say."

" Yet if my Lord had not forbidden the match—it would have gone forward ? "

Sir Richard's eyes fell and he nodded as though he hardly knew what he was doing, his thin face drawn, his lips tight compressed.

Mr. Howard was silent for some moments. Then :

" Surely a strange choice for my Lord to seek Giles Pender's alliance with the house of Lavenham. I've played in Debenbridge for many years, and I've heard little to the credit of Giles Pender —save that he grows ever richer."

" Aye, he grows richer—on usury and other men's goods—if that be to his credit ? "

" Then what's behind it, lad ? "

Sir Richard's hard-kept self-control broke.

" Behind it ? God, man ! He's selling her. Does it take a wizard to tell that ? My Lord is selling his ward to that rogue. My Lord needs more money for his gaming. My Lord seeks to keep Wayne Hall over his head. 'Tis mortgaged to the hilt, and fat Giles Pender holds the deeds. So my Lord buys them back "—his voice dropped—" with Celia."

A flash of pain came into Mr. Howard's puffy eyes, though his plump face seemed to harden.

" I'd always heard there was a bad streak in that family," he said at length. " It showed in my Lord's elder brother, Geoffrey Wayne—your Mistress Celia's father. But you'd know that scandal well enough, Sir Richard."

" If you mean that he left his wife to die while he ran off with some harlot, and left his child to the care of that scoundrel his brother, I know it. The man died in a tavern brawl, and the world was well rid of him."

" Nay, lad, not in a tavern. 'Twas in a theatre, he died." Mr. Howard regarded the moulded ceiling thoughtfully, still caressing his dark jowl, and it seemed that his mind had gone back through the years.

" That would be—what ? eighteen years ago. I recall the man well. We were playing in the same company, he and his woman. He was no friend of mine, yet I was with him when he died."

" What is that to me, sir ? " Sir Richard broke out impatiently. " For her sake, I would to God that squalid business might be forgotten. If you would do me a favour you will never mention it again."

Mr. Howard shook his heavy head sadly.

" Alas ! you ask a favour which I cannot grant. I am already pledged by oath that Geoffrey Wayne made me swear as he died. And a man of honour may not break such an oath."

" What is your pledge, sir ? "

" 'Tis that a letter should be delivered into her hands before she wed. I'll be frank with you. I was on my way to fulfil the pledge this very night when that steel-fingered knave attacked me."

" But Mistress Celia was in the theatre with my Lord and that accursed attorney. I watched them. I stayed till I could bear the sight no longer."

" True. True. Yet I was to meet my Lord this very night. But privily. My Lord Lavenham does not consort with play-actors in the light of day. 'Twas all arranged. There was to be a carriage—and, ecod, it still waits. There was the trusted servant who was to drive Clarence Howard to Wayne Hall, that the world might not know how my Lord polluted himself with a play-actor's company. But I fear my Lord shall see the play-actor in the light of day to-morrow—unless—unless—" Mr. Howard

CHARLES, seventh Baron Lavenham, received him in the oak-panelled Justice Room

smiled curiously. "Would it help, lad, were I to entrust the letter to you? I'd take your word that it should be delivered."

Sir Richard leapt to his feet.

"Egad, man! that's a merry jest!" He spoke like a man distraught. "I be permitted to enter Wayne Hall! I be permitted to see Mistress Celia! God, man, do you know what would happen? My Lord would set his dogs at me—he'd set his servants on me. They'd never let me pass the lodge gate—have I not tried? A merry jest indeed! The fat attorney has his spies watching me always. I doubt but there's one outside this inn now. No, sir—though I'd give my right hand for a word with Mistress Celia——"

"What's this, Sir Richard, what's this?" Mr. Howard interrupted. "This smacks of one thing only. Romance, warming to the actor's heart. This smacks of hidden chaise and post-horses ready, and the road to Gretna. Is that what they fear, lad? Do they think you plot to steal the girl?"

"They know it," Sir Richard said defiantly. "Giles Pender's money has bribed every postboy in the town for fear I should steal a march on him; has bribed every servant in Wayne Hall. Mistress Celia's own waiting-woman was turned out of the Hall like some common slut because, forsooth, she would not take the attorney's bribe."

Mr. Howard's dull eyes had brightened. He helped himself to wine.

"Eh—but I like this comedy," he murmured. Almost he might have been speaking to himself. "It pleases me. A romantic tale. Sir Richard I would play a part in this comedy of yours an you will have me?"

"Comedy — comedy, you call it. Then what in God's name do you call Tragedy, sir?"

"I count it tragedy that Mistress Celia should marry the fat attorney."

"Don't mock me."

"Nay, lad, I am not mocking you; my mind is set on Comedy — 'tis Thalia for once I would serve, not Melpomene. You and I will play out the richest comedy Debenbridge has ever seen. Oh, superb! I see each part. It comes to me. Sir Richard Parham of Grange Manor in the County of Suffolk—I've heard of your family, lad—the dashing hero. Mistress Celia Wayne of Wayne Hall in that same county, his betrothed. My Lord Lavenham, her guardian, first villain. Giles Pender, attorney, of Debenbridge, second villain, and Mr. Clarence Howard, the famous tragedian, in his first appearance on this or any other stage in the character of comedian."

Sir Richard's hands clenched tightly, his face was clouded, his dark eyes glared. Suddenly his right hand raised and crashed on the table so that the glasses danced.

"Cease this foolery," he cried with a savage oath. "By God, Howard, I'll not be responsible for myself if you will not cease. Were you sober you would not dare to speak like this. 'Tis cowardly to mock a man in trouble."

The actor's voice dropped.

"Lad. Clarence Howard sober is an oafish clod. Clarence Howard drunk has his moments of genius. One such has just been given him. He is going to pay his debt. You gave him his life—if he give you a bride will ye account him quitted?"

"You can't do it, man—you're mad,

Yet I'd count myself your debtor for life. But—but——"

"I am not mad." Mr. Howard spoke with quiet confidence. "You know nothing of a play-actor's subtlety. I can play this part. I'll lie for you, I'll forge for you, I'll perjure myself if needs be. Think you I cannot bemuse two fools? I pledge you my word it shall be done, and you shall see the prettiest comedy the mind of man ever conceived. You shall have your bride. More, you shall take her away in broad daylight under their very eyes, and they'll not have the wits to stop you—that is, if she'll go with you?"

"Go with me? She'll go." Sir Richard's voice was hardly audible. He was dazed. "'Tis my only chance. God! I must believe you—though I know 'tis all a drunken folly. What would you have me do, sir?"

Mr. Howard rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"I'd have you sup with me, sir, for I'll wager 'tis long since food passed your lips. And you'll need your strength in the morning. 'Tis a main long drive from here to Gretna."

He crossed the room and flung open the door."

"Below there!" he bellowed. "Landlord, Mr. Clarence Howard and his friend starve. Bring food. Bring of your best."

YES. 'Twas all a drunken folly. Sir Richard found it hard to drive that sense from his heavy heart. And yet, by God! it gave him hope, hope he had not known for many a long day. For this play-actor's scheme was so fantastically impudent that it compelled belief.

Mr. Howard ate prodigiously of a great game pie followed by a massive cheese. Sir Richard could find little appetite at first. Mr. Howard plied him with wine, though he drank sparingly himself.

His spirits rose as he expounded his scheme. He slapped his thigh and bellowed with laughter at each new quip that crossed his quick brain, while Sir Richard marvelled.

"Why, 'tis all so simple, lad," Mr. Howard said, sitting back in his chair and chuckling. "I use but the oldest lure in the world: greed. Can you not see those two rogues slobbering at the mouth when I speak of twenty thousand pounds—or shall I make it thirty? Twenty or thirty, 'tis all one to me. A play-actor's money, lad, is cheap. I'll make it thirty." He let out another of his boisterous laughs, then raised a hand to hold the young man's attention.

"And hark ye, I'll do more. I'll set those two rogues at each other's throats, fighting for the pickings, and you shall sit and laugh at the comedy before you take yourself and Mistress Celia for your journey to Gretna."

"I see all that," Sir Richard said frowning, "yet I fear you do not see a difficulty. The very sight of me will set them both snarling like hungry curs. 'Twill rouse their suspicions at once."

Mr. Howard laughed again.

"Ah, there you have one of the richest jests," he answered. "They shall see you, but they shall not see you. When my man Sam has dealt with you I'll pledge you my word your own mother would not know you. You'll come with me as my man of affairs. We'll put you into a snuff-coloured coat and breeches. We'll give you an old-fashioned wig. We'll out attorney the attorney."

"But my voice?"

"Be dumb. Can you not grunt like this? 'Twill answer any question. And we'll make you deaf, too. Can you not play a part for ten minutes for the sake of a bride?"

"I'll play any part, sir."

"Of course you will. You'll enjoy it, monstrously. All you've to do is to sit like this and grunt. 'Twill be most convincing. Master Barbican, I'll call you; a good sombre name for a man of affairs. Pray now, Master Barbican, let me see you try your part. Head down, lad, head down. Now mumble and grunt."

Young Sir Richard's response was the first honest laughter he had known for weeks.

HE lay at the Crown that night and kept his chamber until near noon next day, when Sam came to him and worked such miracles that Sir Richard could but admit Mr. Howard's boast: his own mother would not have known him.

Mr. Howard spent a more active morning.

So active that it sent fat Giles Pender riding hard as his mare would carry his seventeen stone to Wayne Hall, to seek my Lord Lavenham.

Charles, seventh Baron Lavenham, received him in the oak-panelled Justice Room.

"Eh, Pender? What brings you here so hot and sweaty?" he said in surprise. "Something amiss?"

"Amiss, nay, I'd hardly count it amiss, my Lord." Giles Pender leered as he puffed and mopped his red face. "But it is a matter of vast importance, aye—vast importance." He dropped into a chair and grinned foxily so that his fat cheeks almost closed his narrow eyes. "My Lord, I was waited on this morning by Mr. Howard, the play-actor——"

"Howard!" Lord Lavenham exclaimed. "Why, in God's name, should that fellow wait on you?" His hands twitched and he moved uneasily in his great chair, his gaunt face turned upon the attorney in question.

"Faith! 'Tis a most amazing business. My Lord, hearken. The fellow came with a tale of a dowry for Mistress Celia."

My Lord rose sharply to his feet. "A dowry. Ecod, man, are ye mad or drunk? What dowry?"

Giles Pender's laugh was soft and oily.

"Aye, both mad and drunk if you will, but a dowry, my Lord; a fitting dowry for your Lordship's ward. The fellow spoke of nigh thirty thousand pounds."

"I'll not believe it. You've taken leave of your senses. Who should dower my niece with such a sum?"

"That, my Lord, will surprise you. But I am pledged to secrecy. Mr. Howard and his man of affairs come fast behind me to explain all. Yet first I would see Celia. I am to prepare her for the great news."

"Nay, nay, Giles. Wait a minute. You must tell me (*Continued on page* 109)

SWEEPING round the curve of the drive the chaise was away at a gallop

DR. VANNEVAR BUSH, the famous inventor of thinking machines, has evolved a master robot which will solve mathematical equations involving three unknown quantities. This sounds like news from the supernatural rather than the scientific realm—until one turns a closer glance upon the robot. One then perceives that he is, after all, only the latest and most distinguished recruit to a rapidly increasing intellectual class of robots. For the notion that our hordes of robot slaves —on whom we are unloading more and more of the monotonous and fatiguing work of the modern world—are only substitutes for the hands and muscles of unskilled labourers, is a major error.

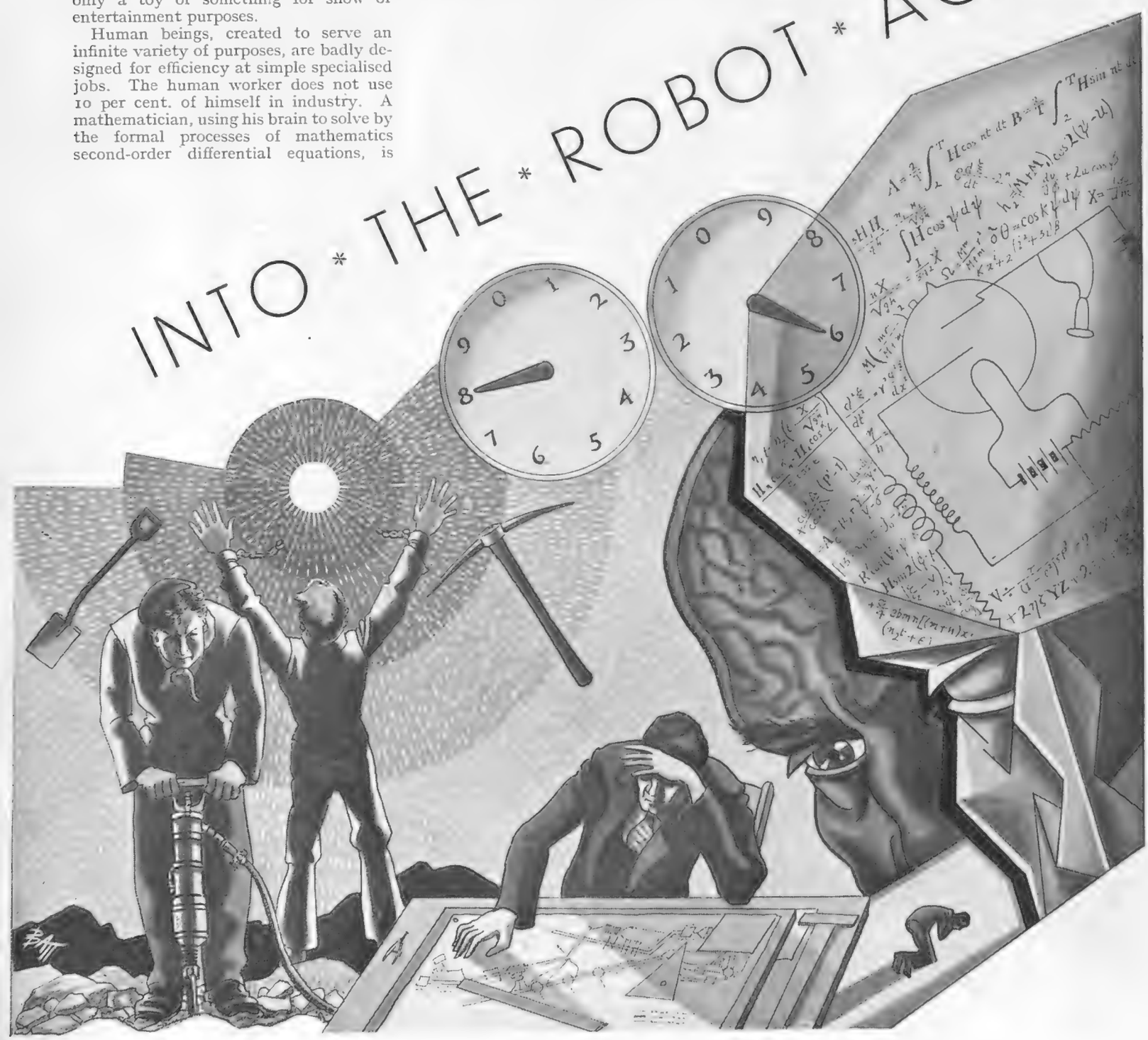
Karel Capek's Robots were machines in human form. But our scientists and engineers laugh at such simplicity. There is no need to copy the human shape when making a robot to perform some specific human function (which is the only reason why robots are made); and in fact the men who still occasionally make an automaton in their own image are building only a toy or something for show or entertainment purposes.

Human beings, created to serve an infinite variety of purposes, are badly designed for efficiency at simple specialised jobs. The human worker does not use 10 per cent. of himself in industry. A mathematician, using his brain to solve by the formal processes of mathematics second-order differential equations, is using only one of his brain lobes—and is using it to do something which a robot can do a thousand times faster than he can.

The real robots, more powerful and efficient than men, are made as an engineer would make a human being who had only the one function to perform. There are robots now which can see, hear, speak, feel, move, measure, manufacture, count, command human beings by light and sound signals. But none are in human shape. Many indeed are hidden and silent, never intruding on our attention.

MOST modern homes have a robot or two on the job. One is an ingenious little fellow who, attached to a water-heater, keeps the water at a predetermined temperature by automatically cutting off the gas or electric current when this heat is reached, and turning it on again if the temperature falls. Your up-to-date electric stove and flat-iron have hidden in them a heat-sensitive robot which cuts off the current when the temperature rises too high, and switches it on again when it returns to working temperature.

Engineers are experimenting now with a robot which, on a telephoned instruction, will go to work and perform such domestic tasks as turning on electric lights, starting an electric fan, operating a vacuum cleaner, stoking up a furnace, and even rocking the baby. The idea may sound fantastic, but in the all-electric house of to-morrow such conveniences will be a commonplace, enabling the housewife to control things from a distance. Technically, this long-distance control is possible to-day. The robot is only a higher application of our old friend the Televox, the robot which, made to perform some definite function, is set in motion by electric vibrations, which



The Latest Recruit to the Army of Robots, who now do so much of the World's Work, can Perform Computations beyond the Power of the Human Brain

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Illustrated by Batt

throw a switch. He will start work on command, carry out his work cycle, and automatically stop and not restart until the vibrations he recognises galvanise him into life again.

THERE is a robot at one of the world's biggest reservoirs which reports the water level in response to a telephoned inquiry from a distant office. The official rings the number, and the robot takes the receiver off the hook, listens, and on receiving the inquiry, gives the required information and replaces the receiver. If a wrong number call sets him off, he will pause a moment, and then replace the receiver without a word. Our friend does not use human language. He hears over the open telephone line three buzzes keyed to a certain pitch. These convey the question, and he then takes the measure, and reports it over the line in a similar language of musical notes. He is better than any relay of watchmen. He never sleeps or eats, and is always on the job.

Ordinary watchmen, indeed, are being rapidly outdated by the robot guard. The other day, a robber broke into the Pioneer Gold Mine office block in Montreal, and moved stealthily towards the gold room where the molten gold is poured into bar moulds for transit to the Ottawa Mint. He got within a yard of the door he had to work on with his metal cutting tools when a tremendous clamour began. A burglar alarm had gone off. The burglar robber was astounded, for he thought he had fixed that automatic alarm along with the human watchman. He was not aware that a secret robot guarded the approach—an invisible ray of light, which, if broken, threw a switch that set off a battery of bells, summoning aid. The robber was captured.

The invention of the selenium cell made possible a whole legion of robots of this type. Light energises the cell, producing a mild electric current. Any object which passes between the ray of light and the cell shuts off the ray for a fraction of a second and interrupts the current. The robot operated by this device can perform a variety of human functions much more efficiently than a human being. He can, for example, check numbers of men or vehicles or objects of any sort passing through a bottleneck, and do it faster and more accurately than a team of human checkers; and he can time fast-moving objects, like racing-cars, more accurately than any expert with a stop-watch. You do not have to stay by him. You can leave him. He will keep on working at maximum efficiency.

Much of our traffic is now controlled by robots. The more complex ones can regulate the flow of traffic at busy junctions, actually releasing the road which has the most vehicles, in preference to the one where a lesser number are waiting, the latter being released a set number of minutes later. These traffic robots will also differentiate between fast and slow moving traffic.

In the realm of industry the tendency is increasingly towards building robots to do the heavy job, the human worker being relieved to control and supervise. In the Wigan coalfield, for instance, a robot coal-miner has been on test for the last year which experts believe will revolutionise the (*Continued on page* 105)

A VIEW of the Aga Khan's beautiful villa at Antibes. He is very fond of the South of France and stays there during the winter months whenever his official duties permit

THE wedding ceremony, in Aix-les-Bains Town Hall, of the Aga Khan and Mlle. Andrée Carron, who with her sister once owned a dressmaker's shop on the Boulevard Haussmann

A Gentleman from PERSIA

PRINCE ALI KHAN, who, like his father, takes a great interest in horse-racing. He has ridden several winners in amateur riders' races

IF drama means a violent contrasting of light and shade, then the Sultan Mahomed Shah, known to the man-in-the-street as The Aga Khan, and to intimates as " The Aga," must be the most dramatic man in the world. To the West he represents the East, and when he goes East he is the West personified. To millions the Aga Khan is a middle-aged playboy, throwing his money about on race-courses and in casinos; to at least a hundred million he is a sacred person of strong character who is welding his Moslem followers into a solid phalanx, even though segments may be scattered all through the Middle and Far East.

You have seen this Spiritual Prince of India wearing a grey topper at Ascot, but did you know he had just been on a secret mission to Lausanne, which is the storm-centre of Oriental politics in Europe?

His Highness the Prince Aga Khan has not yet been seen this winter at Cannes. No? Well, you see, he has not yet got back from an important diplomatic mission to Egypt.

And so it goes on, the pendulum swinging backwards and forwards. He attends a sale of yearlings at Deauville, and he takes a hand when a very critical situation arises because the Greek Army has been defeated by the Turks.

Has any living man had more fabulous stories told about him than the Aga Khan? Nobody has suggested that he drinks his bath water, but hundreds of thousands believe that the chief source of his wealth arises from the bottling and selling of the bath water. Not a word of truth in those stories. He has many possessions, lands and houses in India, two houses in France, a stud farm in Ireland, and at one time his personal wealth undoubtedly ran into several millions of pounds sterling, but to-day I doubt whether he is worth more than two million pounds. Even multi-millionaires are affected by the world-wide economic crisis.

" The Aga " is a very astute financier. A forty-third direct descendant from the Prophet, he combines the cultural background of the East, and he is an outstanding man of culture, with the financial finessing of the West. Some of the biggest financial figures of both Great Britain and the U.S. have told me almost prayerfully that any moment he chose the Aga Khan could have his pick of partnerships in any of the world's biggest financial houses. And please remember that when the Assembly of the League of Nations met in Geneva last September, " The Aga " was elected Vice-President of the Assembly.

Drama runs right through his life. See him in his suite in the Ritz Hotel, London. Miss Blain, a very beautiful and capable young woman who has been

A HAPPY snapshot of the Aga Khan taken at Antibes. He used to have two ambitions—to win the Derby and to win an open Golf Championship

MISS BLAIN, who has been the Aga Khan's secretary for twelve years

the Aga Khan's secretary for twelve years, is reminding him of his immediate engagements. No letters are ever typewritten, Miss Blain writes them all in her own handwriting. There are soft lights, an air of well-being. Hundreds of begging letters reach him every week, most of them preposterous, men asking for a mere twenty thousand pounds. Then comes a letter from some poor follower, an Ismali Moslem. He is in need. Like an Arabian Night dream come true, his needs are filled. Not by any foolish throwing of largesse—the Aga Khan is too clever a man for that. The needful one is put in touch with one of the many institutes supported by the Aga Khan for charitable and educational purposes.

LET us look a little more closely into the working of this gigantic machine, directed silently by the Aga Khan, whether he be in London, Paris, Deauville or Antibes. He is the Spiritual Chief of between sixty and seventy million Ismali Moslems, but he is also the political head of more than a hundred million Moslems. Every one of his sixty to seventy million religious followers makes periodic financial subscription to the funds administered by the Moslem priests under the direction of the Aga Khan. Probably only the Aga Khan and the Head Priest know the total amount of these subscriptions, but as it comes in, so it goes out.

All over the East there are centres for the provision of seed and cattle, for food distribution to the hungry, schools for those who would learn, universities for those seeking higher education. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of pounds, a constant stream of money flows from all over the East to the Central Fund located in Bombay, and out again, streamlets of gold, flowing through channels to bring succour to the teeming millions (*Continued on page* 104)

(Left): *EPSOM, 1930. The Aga Khan, with a beaming smile, leads in Blenheim, his first Derby winner. (Below): The latest studio portrait of the Aga Khan taken in London by Elwin Neame*

Sportsman, financier, High Priest, millionaire play-boy of the West, direct descendant of the Prophet, leader of seventy million Moslems, the most Dramatic Man in the World—the Aga Khan

By Harry J. Greenwall

Orange Blossom

"Kiss and make Friends" on the Eve of your Honeymoon by all means—fair or foul!

By Joseph Shearing

THE bride sat in a Paris hotel bedroom writing a letter of farewell to one whom she loved and who loved her deeply. "It will be too dangerous," she wrote. "I shall have no liberty and hardly a penny of my own."

Her head was bent forward above the paper, the face serene in the ugly light of the gaselier. It was a fair face of a fashionable type, small straight features, large eyes, and the elegant head was piled with the heavy rich locks so much admired in London society. She paused, pen in hand, considering how she should finish the letter, in terms sufficiently passionate to show that her love had not faded, and yet with the tone of firm resolution which would prove to her lover that all must end.

There was also the posting of the letter to be pondered over. It seemed, perhaps, rather foolish to write at all so soon, but she was afraid that if the impetuous young man did not hear from her, if he was not kept in check by her cool common sense and clear judgment, he would do something imprudent that might betray their secret. Besides, he was the only person in the world in whom she had an unselfish interest, and to write to him took off the edge of her present unpleasant situation.

She found she could not finish the letter adequately without further reflection; she sighed and rose, a shade of distress on her face, which usually she kept so impassive.

She was a good fighter, an accomplished intriguer, but these were combinations of circumstances when even she must own defeat. Her trained glance took in the details of the room; the gaudy carpet, the imitation lace at the windows and on the bed-testers folds of rather dusty red plush; faded paper on the walls, the gilt furniture, the diminishing mirror with the

ball frame and the spread eagle on the top, an embarrassing gilt mirror above the marble mantelpiece, the large Chinese vases filled with the soiled plumes of pampas grass.

It was comfortable enough, and not too shabby; but the hotel was not first class; the bride had seen enough of such places, with their air of pretension and luxury masking out-of-date shabbiness. She went into the *cabinet de toilette* and the dressing-room; yes, the place was third rate, the marble cracked and stained, the marble shelves chipped; even the bath looked as if it had never been used, and she was sure that there were cobwebs in the corners of the high ceiling. No wonder that the bridegroom had almost apologised for his choice of an hotel.

"I ought to have taken you to the *Angleterre*, but——"

He had muttered some excuses; *this* place was full, *that* place too far from the station. But the bride knew that there were no excuses possible; there was only one thing that prevented you from having the best of everything—that was lack of money. Yet the bridegroom was a wealthy man; she had married him solely because of that.

Pausing in the chill bedroom, she had a sensation of defeat. A man who economised on his honeymoon—a man who thought she could manage with the third rate. She was angry with herself for so mistaking him; she had thought herself so good at reading character; she had known that he was careful, fond of money, but she had thought that he would grudge her nothing, a woman for whom (she was sure) he felt a violent passion.

The bride concealed the unfinished letter among the garments of silk and tulle in her large open trunk, shut and locked it, then went into the *salon*, which was more cheerful, for although it was furnished in atrocious taste a large fire burned in the grate and on the table was a bowl of forced violets and winter roses.

A flamboyant ormolu clock showed half-past nine; he would soon, surely, be returning, and she ought to think out a plan of conduct; she looked upon her future married life as an endless campaign and she was gravely anxious to win the first battle.

But how? The enemy appeared to have all the weapons needed for success. She had only one, her beauty and the value he put on it. That value, this hotel! Anger and calculation gave her face a displeasing expression. Her mother, her sole ally, had warned her—"he's going to be difficult, but you ought to be able to manage him. Anyhow, it's about our last chance."

Then Lady Maule's anxious advice had faltered before the cool, worldly wisdom in her daughter's disillusioned eyes

"Well, you know all that I can tell you, my dear, only remember — remember — if there's any trouble—just kiss and make friends."

Yes, the bride knew her own world as she knew her own face. She was versed in all the shifts of genteel poverty, in all the stages of the long struggle to obtain by marriage the easy life that was hers by right, but which she could obtain in no other way.

TEN o'clock. Why was he late? The bride became thoughtful; the whole thing had been unfortunate; her maid had been so ill on the crossing that they had had to leave her behind at Calais; one of the trunks had been lost in the customs; none of the bridegroom's favourite dishes had been available for dinner, and he had seemed uneasy and taciturn, though his glance had rested on her full of fervent love.

Illustrated by
D. Lloyd Wynne

THE visitor was ushered in. She wore a pretty little fur mantle, a feathered hat perched forward on her forehead, high lacquered boots with scarlet tassels

Her female friends had envied her this marriage—and this was the climax of it—this third-rate Parisian hotel, without a maid, alone on her wedding night. She put her hand to the bosom of her gray silk bodice where lay the marriage settlement which he had refused to sign—she had wanted the little *cottage orné* he had at Twickenham for her own, with five hundred a year. He had said it was absurd, he could pay all her bills and allow her generous pin money; she could have a handsome establishment—but this—no.

"We can't bargain," Lady Maule had said bitterly, "as if you were a kept woman."

"What else am I?" the bride had answered. "He'll have to keep me, won't he?"

She had had hopes that perhaps, on their wedding night, she could have induced him to sign—these had now vanished. The cheap hotel, his depressed mood, even the delay he made in coming to her showed that she had no chance to extract anything more from him.

The bride would have fought hard for that cottage and that five hundred a year, for they would have meant independence; she would not have felt so chained to him, she might even have been able to defy him; now there was no hope unless she became a handsomely provided-for widow; but the bridegroom was robust and had only thirty years to her twenty-seven.

Half-past ten. Where could he be—what could he be doing? The bride pulled the red cord by the fireplace. When the chambermaid came she ordered the two fires to be made up and some hot milk and biscuits to be brought.

"Now, Madame, or when Monsieur returns?"

Without any concern, for she was well used to duplicity, the bride replied:—

"Now. Monsieur will not be long—he has gone to get some headache powders for me."

The woman smiled with her hard brown peasant's eyes; the bride's cold anger increased. "This is the sort of place where you feel spied upon. In a good hotel nothing would be noticed."

When she was alone again she put her hand to her full bosom and asked herself: "Why? Why?"

He was certainly in love with her; he had no reason whatever else for marrying her, poor, proud and selfish as he knew her to be. And she had been so careful, had done all she could to please him, flattered, caressed. She still had something to give too—she was really lovely and took the greatest possible pains with her person and her clothes, her manners and her accomplishments. Was it possible that, despite her ceaseless prudence, he had found out about her and Terry?

The thought was like a dart in her heart—but she soon plucked it out.

If he had suspected such a thing he would not have married her, neither would he have been able to conceal his jealousy, vain and uncontrolled as he was.

Well, then, what?

She leaned back in the ugly armchair and stared into the red coals; the maid brought the milk, fidgeted with the curtains: "What a fog there was—it was to be hoped that Monsieur had not lost his way."

"It is always possible," smiled the bride, "but I am not nervous at being left alone."

Alone she sat, sipping her milk; she was tired and would have liked to have slept; what a senseless vigil! Was there any *métier* in the world more fatiguing than that of being a woman who lived by exploiting her charms?

The bride thought with bitter regret of her true lover, the man she loved; he would never have behaved like this. What contempt he would have poured on this hotel. Though he never had any money he never did anything in a shabby fashion.

A KNOCK on the door. The bride smiled faintly; whatever his excuses she could not afford to show temper.

"Come in."

The chambermaid again.

"A lady wants to see Madame. She is very persistent—but it is so late, and I thought—the porter thought——"

The bride's wonder spun in her head; she had only a few slight acquaintances in Paris; none of them knew she was there.

"What is the name?"

"Silk—Madame Bessie Silk."

The bride had never heard the name before.

"She says it is very, very urgent, Madame."

"Please ask her to come up—stop, you are quite sure that there is not some mistake—it is really for me she has come?"

"Oh, yes. She said the lady who arrived here this evening, Madame Towle."

"Very well, then, bring her up."

The bride's face became thoughtful with curiosity; who could it be—some touting dressmaker or perfumer who had seen her marriage announced in the court circular? No, such a person would not dare, this hour of night. She glanced at herself sideways in the mirror that reflected the gaselier, the tasteless room, her own beauty; it always reassured her to glance thus at herself.

The visitor was ushered in. She wore a pretty little fur mantle, a feathered hat perched forward on her forehead, high lacquered boots with scarlet tassels; the bride knew her at once for what she was, so did the chambermaid. The bride was deeply offended, the servant very curious; there was a little pause,

THE three women drank their tea, drawn round the pleasant fire

then the stranger said in English, with a mincing tone :

" You are Mrs. Martin Towle ? "

" Yes. I don't know *you* : please forgive me."

" No ; I 'll tell you, if you 'll allow me."

" Certainly."

Curiosity overcame offence in the bride's mind; her nostrils widened, like those of a highly-bred greyhound picking up the scent of a cur.

The chambermaid reluctantly left them ; a little fog seemed to have entered the tawdry room with Mrs. Bessie Silk—everything seemed slightly tarnished. The bride reached a delicate hand for the violets in the bowl, gathered them up, and held them to her nostrils.

THE stranger was much at her ease ; she remarked on the heat of the fire, and threw back her fur mantle, showing a low-cut, heart - shaped bodice with a lace tucker ; she was pretty, her face white with pearl powder, and her lips reddened so that they looked wet and lustrous.

The bride breathed softly into the violets, alert, watchful ; she was trained to wait for any possible advantage and pounce on it quickly.

" You 're wondering about me," began Bessie Silk.

" We needn't trouble about that. Just come to the point, please, and tell me what you want."

The visitor looked surprised.

" I see. You 're one of the cool sort," she remarked thoughtfully.

" Please be quick—my husband will return any moment——"

" Oh, no, he won't," said Bessie Silk flatly.

Mrs. Towle remained silent, as she always did when nonplussed ; this left the other woman in an awkward position.

" It 's about him that I 've come here," she said at last.

" Oh, indeed ? "

" Yes. I want to have a little talk with you about Mr. Martin Towle—I suppose there is no one else here ? " She lowered her voice confidentially.

" My maid was ill—we left her at Calais. But you and I could hardly have secrets together, could we, Mrs. Silk ? "

" I don't know. And it 's Miss Silk, if you please. I 'm sure you 're not the sort of young lady I expected to find."

" I dare say not." The bride raised her beautiful eyes, that were rather brilliant, and glittering than soft and tender, from the knot of violets. " But will you tell me, please, why you think my husband won't come back here ? "

" Because *I 've* sent him on a wild-goose chase—if he 's here by midnight, it 'll be as soon as he 'll do it."

" Well, what else ? "

Bessie Silk tossed her head.

" Don't try to get over me with those genteel airs. I can see you know a thing or two—I don't say I should have come if I 'd guessed what you were like——"

" What am I like ? "

" Well, you 're older than I thought, and better-looking, and you know what you know." (*Continued on page* 82.)

" MARIA, you can't go back. Not now. It was only through trying to shield you. I made such a damnable muddle of it all. I lost my head," he added hoarsely, catching at her bare arms, " because I 'm so in love with you—I thought that you, too, loved me—a little——"

Two-day *Studio* Tour

Round Hollywood in *the* Rush *Weeks*

By Margaret Chute

FRANCHOT TONE as himself, en route for lunch at Culver City Studios

JIMMY SCHNOZZLE DURANTE and Charles Butterworth clown it in a scene from "Student Tour"

ANYBODY with an aeroplane, a racing car, or a pair of roller-skates can come along. This is going to be a breathless journey, for when Hollywood is hitting on all twelve it is necessary to grab a note-book and pencil, take a deep breath, and prepare for a lightning tour. It was my good luck to strike a busy patch during my last visit to Hollywood; the studios, preparing entertainment for the early months of 1935, were literal hives of industry, and when one decided to call it a day, it had *been* a day, beyond any doubt. Two days, if you ask me.

Culver City is nine miles or so from Hollywood. That is where the Studio Tour begins, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, around nine o'clock a.m., when work has been going on for an hour on most stages. A car goes by, swiftly, silently. A girl leans back in one corner, wrapped in a dove-grey cloak; her hair, golden and long, frames a sensitive face. She is quite alone. "Look; that 's Garbo," whispers Member of Publicity Department, detailed to be Guide and Instructor in General for duration of Tour. "Going to Stage 8, for scenes in 'The Painted Veil.' Always drives from her dressing-room to the set, even if it 's only a few yards. Herbert Marshall and George Brent will be on that set later. No; we shall NOT be admitted."

That is a point I take leave to doubt, but say nothing. Where are we going? Stage 15, and "The Merry Widow," then much occupied with Maxim's Café in Paris. Cars rush up and down the roadway leading from dressing-rooms and office

EDDIE CANTOR "goes nigger" in "Kid Millions" with Ethel Merman. This is Eddie's latest film, and he is in his element—up to the eyes in people

UNA MERKEL and Russell Hardie face a half-mile tramp to a back set

GARBO the Unapproachable playing in "The Painted Veil" with Herbert Marshall and Forester Harvey. Both men are English—is there any need to quote the Garbo's nationality?

LUCKY Myrna Loy drives everywhere in her Hudson car

buildings to the immense stages. Constance Bennett in one of them, a vision clad in soft blue satin, with hair that looks like molten gold in the sunshine; her maid sits opposite, clutching make-up box and mirror. Gilbert Roland, dark and interesting, is by her side, going to watch some work being done on the play that was once called "The Green Hat," now renamed "A Woman of the World." Hugh Williams, from London, walks in same direction, bound for same stage. . . . "Hullo! coming on our set? Making some retakes; don't know how long we shall be. See you at lunch, anyhow."

Stage 15 is vast; massed with people, flooded with light. Forty-eight arcs shine down on Maxim's as it was in the '90's. A hundred or more Extras cluster round tables in the balcony, looking at the circular floor below, where the Albertina Rasch Ballet will shortly demonstrate the can-can and other dances. There is an orchestra of forty in one corner, with Herbert Stothart, shirt-sleeved, at the conductor's desk. Maurice Chevalier, in immaculate evening dress, rehearses a scene with two members of Corps de Ballet. He looks tired, but the famous smile is there.

On a canvas-backed chair in front of a battery of cameras, Ernst Lubitsch sits chewing his black cigar, lock of hair falling into one eye, as usual. He watches Maurice and Girls with eagle gaze; but, at same time, turns attention to a dozen details. Voices giving tongue in Californian-American, French, German, Russian, fill the stifling apology for air. Make-up men and girls attend to members of the cast, at long tables dazzlingly lighted, along one wall of the stage. Jeanette Macdonald, a woolly shawl across her shoulders over a gorgeous evening gown, calls for a glass of water, which is provided by a prop-boy, who gets a smiling "Thank you, Jimmy" as his reward.

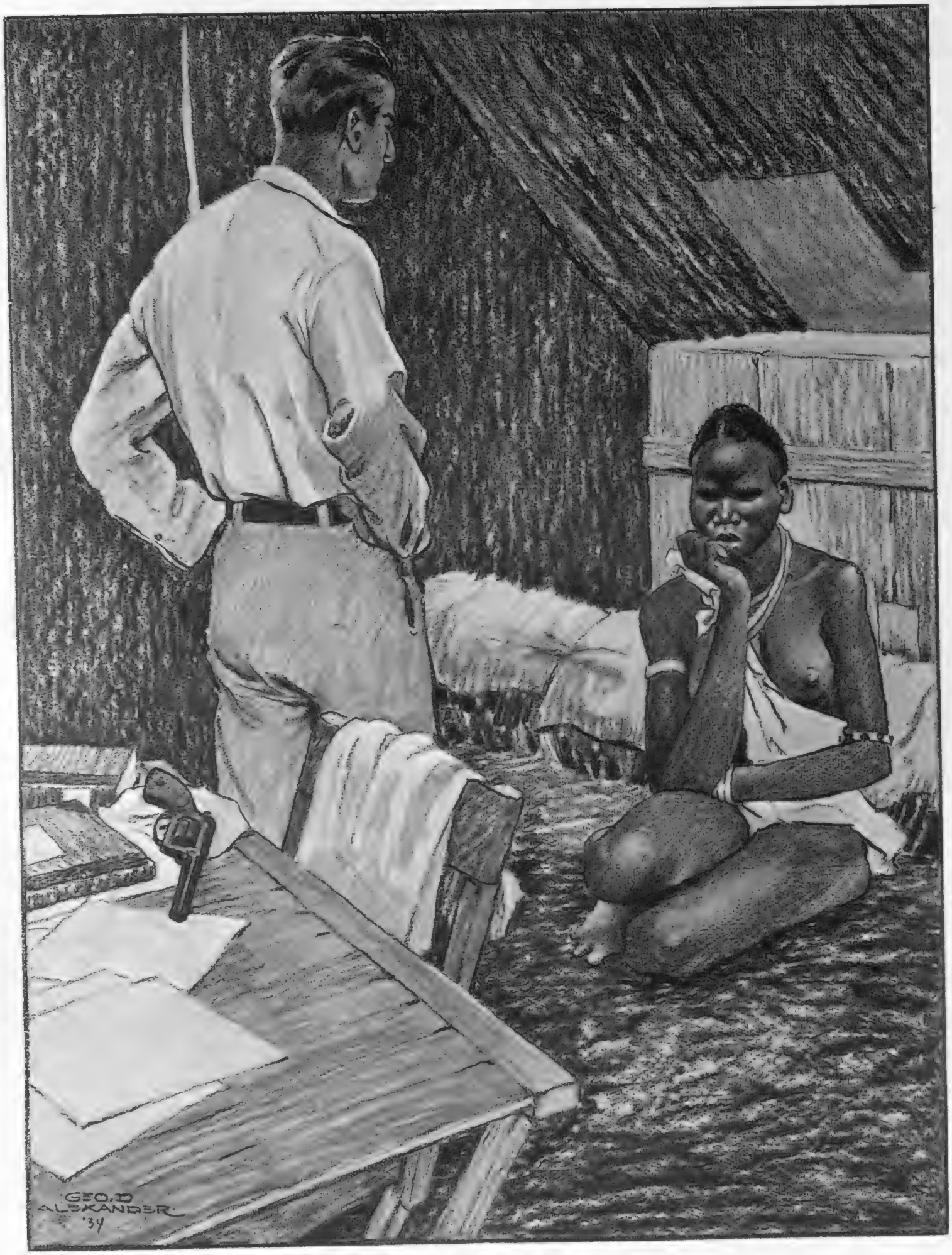
Maurice, rehearsal over, comes to his chair. "Good morning; this is a fine scene, don't you think? We have been here for many days, but to-day we finish, if we are lucky. Have you seen Ernst? Have you seen Jeanette? Stay to watch the girls dance, if you can. It is a good effect." The French cast are there, as well as the Americans; both versions are being made at the same time, first in English, then in French. Takes a long time, but saves rebuilding sets and re-fixing cameras and lights. Lubitsch looks round. "You are ready, Maurice? All right; we take it. Let it be a good one, this time!"

Someone holds a profusely numbered slate in front of the cameras; a voice speaks the scene number and the take number. There is silence. Another voice says: "They 're rolling. . . . They 're up to speed." Lubitsch says: "Go!"—and the scene begins. For one minute and a half that stage is a blaze of lights, whirling figures, waving legs; the music swells excitingly, the girls sway, the onlookers above crane their necks. Lubitsch says: "Cut!" Somebody else shouts "Save 'em!" and the take is over.

So much for "The Merry Widow." A sprint to nearby large stage where Jimmy Schnozzle Durante and Charles Butterworth are in the throes of "Student Tour." Stage is deck of a liner on a pleasure cruise. Another orchestra; hundreds of girls and boys in fancy dress, and the great Schnozzle himself, playing the clown as is his habit, quiet Charlie Butterworth at his elbow. With a pillar between them, the two comedians are struggling with words for their next scene. High Spot is fact that Schnozzle has to describe something as a catastrophe. But he *never* gets a word of more than three letters right; and this time is no exception. "Catastrophe" hits him below the belt. It comes out as something different every time. Girls and boys are giggling. Director is getting worried, overhead mounts, but Schnozzle is having the time of his life.

"We 'll shoot it!" says director, at last. Schnozzle plunges into the scene with all his heart; works up, line by line, to the fatal and final word; takes a deep breath, casts a wicked eye at Mr. Butterworth, and remarks: (*Continued on page* 84)

A Story of "Black" Magic in Africa



"WHO was it said: 'If Dala rules, men will lose their heads'?" Lang enquired. The girl was silent. "Come now, you know, and you are frightened to tell"

The Bellowing Devil

By C. T. Stoneham

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

JAMES CORTON, District Officer of that tract of country in Eastern Africa known as Ulambara, sat on the stoep of his bungalow in the dark. He had just finished dinner. The houseboy had cleared the table and retired to his hut across the compound, from whence issued the faint sounds of conversation and whining song. Save for this and the distant wail of a hungry hyena the night was silent. Corton sat thinking, smoking his cheroot, watching the fire-flies flicking amongst his rose trees beyond the lawn.

It was the magistrate's habit to sit like this on his stoep at night, and at such times information reached him from secret sources: furtive people, fearing for their lives were it suspected they carried tales to the Government, chose this time and place to divulge their wrongs and beg the interference of the White Chief. So Corton smoked his after-dinner cheroot in this spot and waited. He had much to occupy his mind, for he was the representative of law in a huge district populated by several tribes.

A twig cracked in the shrubbery beside the house. Corton made no move, but he listened intently. A low, husky voice reached his ear.

"Bwana, do you listen?" it said in the Watonga tongue.

"I listen," replied the D.O. without turning round.

"There are dead men in the trails about Moru; men without heads."

The voice was still, only the squeaking of bats broke the silence of the garden. Corton knew that his visitor had departed. He sat pondering this disturbing news.

Moru was the largest village of the Watonga tribe; Dala, the young chief, had his kraal there. Corton had been expecting trouble with the Watonga—he was always expecting trouble somewhere.

He got up, buckled on his revolver belt, and walked through the soft, starlit night to another bungalow a hundred yards distant. This was the house of Christopher Lang, the Assistant District Officer.

Lang was reading in his dining-room by the light of an oil lamp; he looked up in surprise at the entry of his superior. "Hello, Chief, what brings you here at this time?" he inquired.

Corton dropped into a chair and helped himself from the whisky bottle. "I've got a job for you," he said; "not a nice job either."

Lang threw down his book and sat up straighter. "Good egg!" he said briefly. "I was wondering when you were going to send me out."

Corton studied his broad freckled face and keen blue eyes. A good youngster; the right breed. Corton hoped Kit Lang was going to be a great help to him. It was the boy's second tour of service; the first three years he had spent as a cadet in the settled area of the Highlands. Corton had only had him three months, but in that time he had formed a good opinion of his assistant's capabilities.

"There is trouble among the Watonga," he announced. "Dala is the chief, and he lives at Moru, fifty miles north of here. I made Dala chief last year after I had hanged his uncle for murder on a large scale. A rumour spread through the country that if Dala were chief men would lose their heads. Well, men are losing their heads; there are headless bodies lying in the trails round Moru town."

Lang whistled softly. "By Jove! Does that mean war?"

"I don't think so; it means a political intrigue, if I'm any judge. To-morrow I want you to go up there and see. You will take the lorry and six men; and don't make more fuss than you can help, Lang—treat 'em kindly."

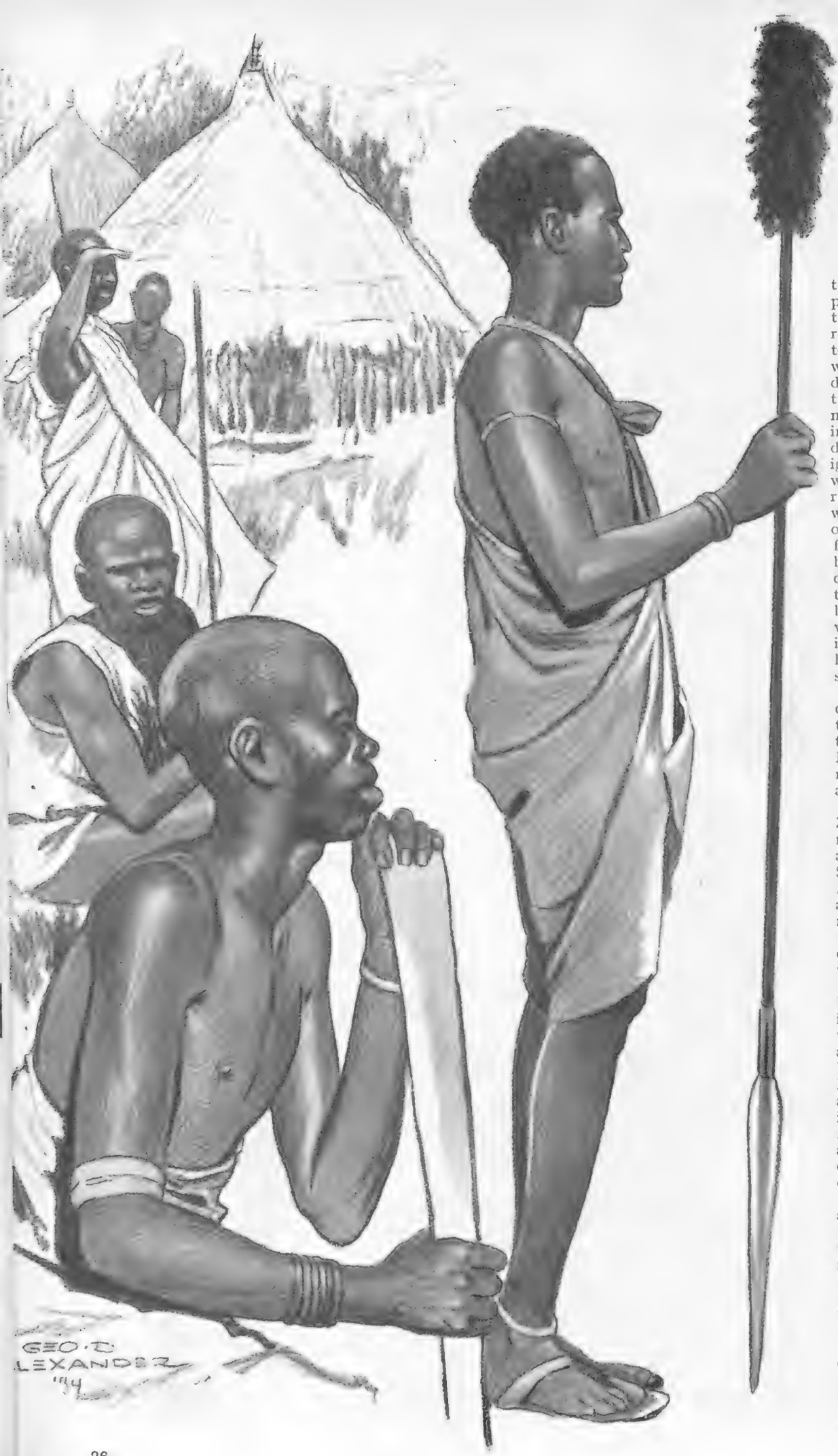
"Right ho, sir. Leave 'em to me; I'll fix it," said the young man, with what his chief considered excessive optimism.

Apparently Lang regarded the expedition as a holiday; Corton hoped he might enjoy it. "You've got to start this game some time," he said, as he rose to depart. "It might as well be now as later."

"Thanks, I'm glad of the chance, Chief," said his subordinate gratefully.

THE next morning at daybreak Lang started north over the rough jungle track. The lorry was a skeleton truck fitted with a canvas shelter over the driving seat. It held tents and kit, six police asikari, and a machine gun mounted at the back. The driver, who also acted as personal servant, was a huge Kavirondo who had spent most of his life in Lagos. His name, Rufulumbwagichabwa, being considered inappropriate, he had been facetiously christened Nodule, which Corton's dictionary defined as "a small, knotty lump." Nodule was a cheery, dependable soul who spoke peculiar English, culled from the popular fiction his mission education

NODULE approached his master. Having saluted respectfully, he said: "Say, that guy Wanegot—one big shot in this burg, I tell'um world"



enabled him to read. He supposed this linguistic ability to mark his superiority over the rest of black humanity, but his masters found the familiarity of his colloquialisms a little trying.

He had accompanied the District Officer to Moru on previous visits. "I know him, ole feller," he told Lang. "Pretty damn good place. Plenty booze, plenty girls—what ho!"

Lang determined to keep an eye on Nodule.

The track swept down from the cool hills of Nyoka and plunged into thick, tangled thorn-bush. It was one of the roads Corton had constructed to facilitate communication with the far-lying parts of his district. The road and its objectives were familiar to the white men, but the solitudes of that impenetrable jungle and the deeds done therein by an ignorant, superstitious people were known to them only by rumour and guesswork; for it was rarely that a representative of the Government strayed far from the beaten path. Spies brought stories of incredible evils—of weird, secret practices, murders and sorceries; but the details of these events were for the most part concealed in that vast maze which was the home of savage beasts and more savage men.

In the evening the party came to Moru and camped on the Luna River, a mile from the town. Tents were pitched; Nodule set about preparing his master's dinner, while Lang took a bathe in the stream.

He summoned Abdi, his Zanzibari sergeant. "Take two men; go up to the Chief's kraal and tell him of my coming. Say that to-morrow morning I shall hold a baraza here, and that he and his counsellors must attend."

Abdi saluted and departed on his mission. Lang went in to his dinner.

It was surprising that no Watonga came about the camp in the usual curious way of these people; there were huts and shambas along the river, but they seemed deserted—no human being made an appearance. The evening wore away in boredom, but Lang had a feeling exciting events were about to happen. He retired early to bed, but found it difficult to sleep.

About midnight Lang heard a scratching at the canvas. He crouched by the back of the tent, revolver in hand. "Who is there?" he asked softly in the Watonga tongue.

"It is I, Bwana: Mina, the wife of Dala," was the surprising reply.

"Come round to the front of the tent," Lang directed.

He went to the opening and looked out. The camp was quiet; the sentry stood by the lorry, gazing half-hypnotised

at the flames of the watch fire in the midst of the clearing. A slender shadow slipped past Lang into the tent; he followed, closing the flaps behind him. In the obscurity he could see little of his visitor, but deduced that she was young and not unattractive. "What do you want with me, Mina?" he asked softly.

"Bwana, it is about the killings you have come. I have news for you."

"Good," said Lang. "What do you know about these killings?"

"Bwana, every morning men are found without heads. They have been taken from their huts and killed, and no one knows how, or why."

"But you know—that is why you are here," Lang asserted.

"I do not know, but I suspect," she answered. "I am the second wife of Dala the Chief. The first wife is the daughter of Geka, he that is brother to the one Bwana Simba hanged."

The District Officer was known to the natives as Simba, The Lion, and the woman evidently referred to the execution of the old Chief. Mina did not seem diffident; she continued in a burst of speech which Lang found it difficult to follow.

"Geka and Tobalu, his son, are the enemies of Dala, though they pretend to be his friends; it is said by many that Bwana Simba should have made Geka Chief. Now men are being killed and they are Dala's friends. When the last of the strong friends of Dala are dead Geka will make himself Chief."

"Who was it said: 'If Dala rules, men will lose their heads'?" Lang inquired. The girl was silent. "Come now, you know, and you are frightened to tell. No one can hear us; I will not say that you told me."

"There are some who hear all things," said Mina in a low voice. "It is death to speak some names."

"Then why do you take the risk of bringing me this tale?"

"I try to help, Bwana," said the girl sullenly. She burst out again with considerable spite: "Malaka, the Chief's wife, is the goat; Dala is the kid. Where the goat goes the kid follows, and Malaka is Geka's daughter."

Jealousy, thought Lang. Well, these passions were often instrumental in aiding administrative work. "Who is powerful that is true to Dala?" he asked.

"Wanegot," was the eager reply. "Wanegot has many cattle, and he loves Simba's commands. He is a true man."

"Very well, Mina," said Lang reassuringly. "Go now, and I will consider your words. No one shall know that you have been here to talk with me."

The girl said no more; she slipped out of the tent and vanished in the starry night. Lang peered out behind her. "That sentry is about as much use as a tree-trunk," he grumbled as he went back to bed.

In the morning Lang sent for Nodule. "You know your way about this place," he said. "Go off and mix with the people, find out what you can about the important men, and don't get drunk."

"Not much!" responded the negro cheerfully. "I wise guy, old son; I don't let flies grow under my feet, old cock."

"Talk Swahili, you impudent scoundrel," his master directed. "Your English repels me."

"Ah, sez you," observed Nodule, and then in the vernacular: "N'dio, Effendi. I am your dog." He departed full of assurance in his capabilities.

LANG pointed at him. "Who are you?" he demanded. The man got up to reply proudly: "I am Wanegot, Bwana"

AFTER breakfast the elders arrived for the baraza. A dozen men clad in goat-skin cloaks sat down before the A.D.O.'s tent; Lang occupied a rhorkee chair under the fly. Four armed asikari stood near the judgment seat; by the lorry, close to the black muzzle of the machine gun, Abdi and the remaining soldier lounged. A crowd of several hundred natives assembled on the outskirts of the clearing.

Lang surveyed his audience. They were mostly elderly men, but in the centre sat a youth with a thin face and large, staring (*Continued on page* 100)

The Sûreté

A Frank the Vast wrongly Scotland

FOR how long a span has the French *Sûreté*—almost always referred to as "the equivalent of Scotland Yard," which it is not—been docketed away in the minds of people of this country as the last expression of detective skill, of subtle sleuthing, of general excellence.

A continuous stream of thrillers, criminologist compilations, of personal memoirs have not ceased to inculcate and spread this habit of thought. Have not some of our novelists of the first flight been instrumental in making certain Gallic *inspecteurs* as familiar (and almost as lovable) to us as the great Holmes himself? Nor have newspapers and magazines lagged behind in telling of the infallibility of a Monsieur Sammé, with his fingerprint perpetuation of Bertillon, or of the wonders achieved in blood and hair identification by a Professor Locard, in his Lyons laboratory.

Yes, these Frenchmen were evidently the goods. Seemed to possess and to be able to employ brilliantly all the very latest scientific and imaginative aids to crime-combating. Short shrift for criminals over there, evidently. This *Sûreté* looked to be, on the face of it, so considerably ahead of others.

Take its stupendous gallery of not fewer than two million photographs of native and foreign suspects. And the mountain of minute personal and anthropological dossiers attaching to each of this vast multitude! It was all very wonderful, the swiftness and efficacity of French detective work, something verily to absorb, learn from, seek to imitate. . . .

IF it be said outright that no institution in the French Republic to-day attracts more universal criticism, abuse, and condemnation than precisely this far-sung *Sûreté*, such an assertion will be nothing more than a carefully considered wording of the facts of the case. Not one tenth of what has appeared in print in France, regarding the alleged criminal activities of this historic force—statements that have been constantly reiterated and which have as constantly gone unanswered—could be included in this explanatory article of a truly extraordinary situation.

There is a book by Léon Daudet, just out, that I have been reading—*Policiers Politiques*, treating with this subject—whose potentiality for libel damages in the London High Court one would be inclined to put at not less than £1,000,000. Yet in France it is by way of being something of a best seller because it tackles, however extravagantly, a matter of the highest social consequence which is occupying the worried thoughts of so many thinking French citizens.

Judging by our newspapers, France would appear to be currently exporting three main "stories": an acute war neurosis, a no less acute parliamentary uncertainty, and a thoroughly acute economic crisis, despite all the gold coverage in the Banque de France—nay, in goodly measure on account of it. I have little hesitation in saying that the recently renamed *Sûreté Nationale*—referred to in popular conversation as "*ces messieurs*" or "*les policiers*"—is responsible for just as much of current French arguing, in home or café, as any of the foregoing three. Nor is this so very much to be wondered at. Supposing Scotland Yard came to be virulently indicted day in and day out in pretty nearly all our prominent newspapers as being little else than a mafia, holding Press, politicians, the law in its supercriminal grasp; supposing the names of police officials that are household words to us were as regularly followed by the characterisations "blackmailer," "murderer," "dope trafficker," "white-slaver." . . . Supposing such a state of affairs befell here, shouldn't we be talking about it to the temporary second-placing of a rearming Hitler, or of stress and unemployment? One has

M. JEAN BERTHOIN, who was director of the Sûreté Nationale at the time King Alexander was assassinated in Marseilles

ONE of the "records" rooms in the Sûreté Nationale

Below:
SOME officers of the Sûreté Nationale investigating a murder on the spot where the body was found

M. CHARLES MAGNEY, the present head of the Sûreté Nationale, at work in his office

at Bay—

Scrutiny of Organisation called "The Yard of France"

THE entrance to the Sûreté Nationale in Saussaies Street in the 8th district of Paris. There is an underground passage from this building to the adjacent Ministry of the Interior

PARIS Police Officials. M. Chiappe and M. Guichard photographed on the roof of the Savoy Hotel during a visit to London

By Ferdinand Tuohy

only to remember the reams of print consecrated to a certain inspector who got 18 months' some years ago. Supposing the whole of Scotland Yard was being assailed?

Well, that is what has happened and is still happening in France; and let me explain why there is even more cause for French nationals to be exercised than there would be in similar circumstances here.

It is common to associate the words "personal liberty" with life in France. In certain matters—talk, print, drink and hotels, for instance—there may be more freedom than elsewhere. Yet every Frenchman knows his life to be much of an open book to "*ces messieurs*," knows that he is being indirectly spied upon, that a dossier in his regard exists, however completely free in the law-breaking sense he may all his life have been. That is why "*ces messieurs*" are so cordially disliked across the Channel; and that is also (*Continued on page* 88)

BIG News

A very Human Comedy of Fleet Street

By

Hannen Swaffer

IT was his first day in journalism. Would he last it out? He wondered.

Fleet Street has terrors for everybody, except crime reporters. And even the police are sometimes afraid of them.

It is all such a mystery—how News gets into papers, where it comes from, and who starts it.

But that didn't worry Williamson. It was the job. Could he hold it down?

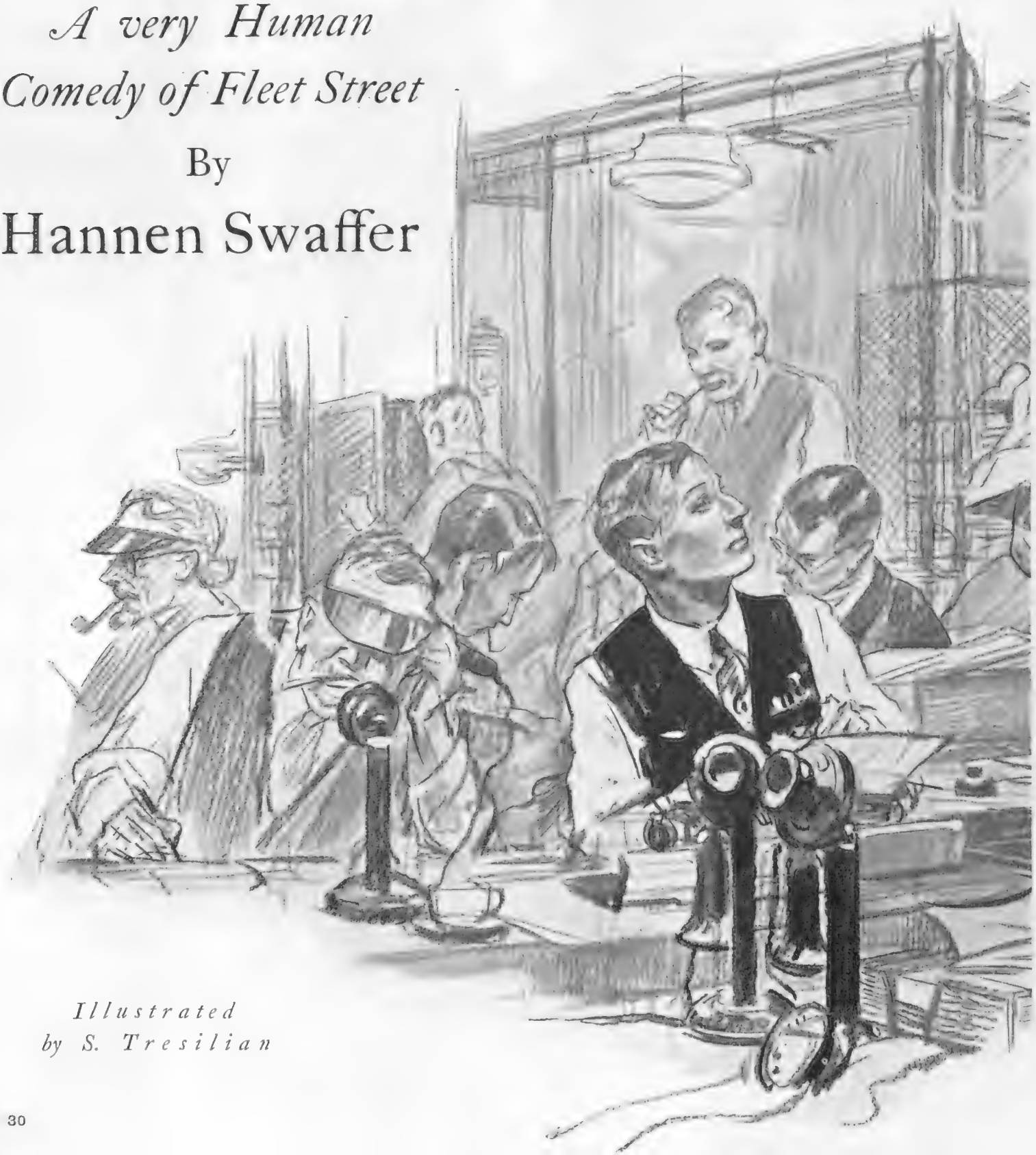
He had had three months out of work, and there was a baby coming. And you can't save much on fifty shillings a week.

Yes, there was that baby. It could not be very long now. It might come any hour. A strange woman, a nurse, was already in the house....

He had known weeks of tramping round in search of a job, and then there came, at last, this chance—when all hope seemed gone.

He had been given a trial as shorthand-telephonist on the "Daily Blare"—four pounds a week for night work. His wife hadn't liked the sound of that. It meant being left alone at Streatham all through those dull hours.

Still, as she said, "There will be a baby soon." Yes, it would be very



Illustrated by S. Tresilian

soon. Perhaps they would call him up that night, while he was working. . . .

You, I am sure, have never been into Fleet Street for the first time, as an employee. You have never entered one of those great doorways with commissionaires carefully on guard, and a challenge every now and then. They seem to make so many attempts to stop news getting into an office that the stranger wonders how on earth it ever gets there.

THE old hand knows that Big News walks up the stairs by itself, without brooking any interference, enters the News Editor's door without knocking, looks at him calmly, and says : " You cannot leave me out." Then, no-one could.

But Williamson did not know that. He gave his name at the front door. He said he was on the staff. Nobody believed him. They never believe anything at a newspaper office's outside door.

So he showed a letter he had, and then, very nervously, he went upstairs.

And, as he went, he wondered. . . . Could he write shorthand fast enough ? And then, he wondered, would he be able to read his notes ? Anyone could write shorthand. Reading it afterwards is another matter.

The News Editor challenged him first.

" Can you spell Przemysl ? "

Williamson said " Yes," and then hoped the News Editor would not ask him.

" Do you know who Pilsudski is ? "

" Yes," said Williamson, making a wild guess. " You mean the Dictator."

" That's right," said the News Editor, not brutal enough in his mood to add " Dictator of where ? " For that would have flummoxed Williamson.

" You've got to be quick, you know," said the News Editor. " Warsaw is 7s. 9d. for three minutes—and at night rates too. We cannot afford for you to take spelling lessons on the long distance telephone. Heaven help you if you mix up towns and statesmen. Those foreign guys and those foreign hangouts all sound the same when you're talking to someone a thousand miles away."

Streatham began to seem very far away by then.

For then started the strangest experience of Williamson's life. He had spent it, hitherto, taking down dreary letters about deliveries of skins from the Baltic, or typing out invoices and bills of lading—dreary things.

But that night his mind was open to new wonders.

" Rome on," someone shouted, soon after he began his job.

" Look slippy ! " a colleague screamed. " Rome's 8s. a call—and that correspondent stammers."

Heavens, how he stammered that night. And, every now and then, there came, in between the stammering, a buzz or a blur. Still, Williamson could spell Mussolini all right, and he gathered that there was going to be another war.

Istanbul was 10s. 9d. a call. That worried him still more, when a man surrounded by Turks called up, for the sound at the other end grew faint, and then lost itself.

" Don't worry about that," shouted someone comfortingly. " Reuter's have covered it."

Then there was the worry of sub-editors who stood over Williamson sometimes, and tore the sheets from his machine, slip by slip.

" Come on ! " they shouted. " Come on ! "

All the correspondents in Europe, it seemed, were trying to get on, all at the same time. Paris put in calls about every hour. Berlin was busy. Essen butted in.

Even Majorca—12s. a call, that one—found something to say. And there was Leningrad, said to be on the verge of revolt because food was scarce.

ALL around Williamson sub-editors worked feverishly. Or, at least, they seemed to be working feverishly.

" That is their artfulness," said a telephonist close to him. " The faster they look the slower they work."

For hours Williamson and the rest of them slaved away, first on the telephone, and then on the typewriter. Columns and columns poured in from half the countries of the earth. Williamson wondered how any newspaper could hold it all. Then there came a shock.

" Haven't you got any big news to-night ? " bellowed a voice, which he had not heard before. It was the Night Editor, frantic.

" What's all this muck our guys are sending in ? We haven't got a splash of any kind."

Williamson had never heard of so much. Why, his eyes were dazzled when he took down the story of the earthquake in Sicily.

" Ten people killed," he had said to himself. " Good God ! " But ten people weren't much to the " Daily Blare," unless they had titles or belonged to the Follies.

Then Williamson remembered. . . . (*Continued on page 98*)

" I ALWAYS like everyone to know me," said the Night Editor. " If you know any news, bring it in. Even mugs like you might hear something one day "

The Painting of the MASK

A Morning in the Life of Elizabeth, Queen of England

By Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson

SHE had prayed that summer morning

ALTHOUGH the early morning sunlight had dispelled the silver shrouds of mist clinging to the river and had dried the dewy damp from the grey stone blocks of the Thorn Quay, where gaily-decorated vessels lay at anchor, the town of Faversham was still quiet. No smoke curled lazily from the red roofs, and the town seemed plunged in a torpor of exhaustion after the festivities of the day before. Only the flags and streamers of vine leaves, which hung over the cobbled streets, stirred in the fresh breeze blowing off the water, and the shutters were still closed of the room where Elizabeth, Queen of England, in whose honour the town was decorated, had passed her restless night.

In that room flared rows of candles, lighting it brilliantly for her elaborate toilet, for those moments of prayer with which she, at all times, commenced her troublous day, and the aloof privacy of the earlier, more intimate stages of her dressing were completed.

To the attendants, who, with Lady Scroop, chief lady-in-waiting upon the summer progress, had been clustering beyond the door waiting for their summons, the Queen had seemed longer than usual over her devotions. They had heard her murmuring as she read from the tiny shagreen prayer-book, with its ruby clasps, which lay always beside her bed, and in which from time to time she, in her own hand, added further forms of petition.

"Lord God, Eternal Father," she had prayed that summer morning of August, 1573," give to me, the Queen, Thy counsels that I may judge the people in justice and Thy poor in understanding. My frail body weighs down the spirit, and its earthly dwelling oppresses my mind! Send from Heaven the spirit of Thy wisdom. May I so rule others with my sceptre that I govern myself with Thy word. I am afraid—I am full of despondency. Grant that I may not be confounded. Thou hast set me on high, and my flesh is frail and weak. . . . I see all things in this life subject to mutability. Grant this my kingdom, through Thee, shall be established in peace, which, Merciful Father, grant for the merit of Thy Son. . . ."

She had risen from her cushion with an effort, for the ulcer gnawing above her ankle pained her, and she almost limped as she walked. But as she stood, a little later, in flaring, quilted petticoat, a dressing-wrap over her bare shoulders, calling for the tirewomen, there was no trace of weakness in her appearance. Rather there was irritable anger in the groove between her eyes, and Lady Scroop, watchful in attendance, frowned in warning to the women who were busying themselves around the person of the Queen.

"Your Grace slept ill?" she asked sympathetically. She had, with quick shrewd eyes, already noticed the bed, with its flung-back curtains revealing the sheets, tumbled from restless tossing, the fur-lined coverlet fallen to the floor. She glimpsed the reflection of Elizabeth's face in the great silver-framed mirror which was laboriously transported from place to place in the baggage wagons and hidden from the Queen whenever possible.

Elizabeth did not return her glance in the mirror. She was carefully examining her face, which, partially painted, was without the final touches which were designed to convey the recapture of youth. At the temples, from which the hair had receded, blue veins showed in a mesh of relief, swollen and angry. Her face was long, thin and bitter, with a sunken upper lip, tightly held and livid in lack of rouge.

Her expression displeased her, and she made a nervous grimace as if to force a smile. At that moment her teeth

showed, yellow, uneven and fanglike, and she twisted her lips back hastily to their habitual control of concealment.

"How may one sleep in such a bed, and in three nights never the same?" she asked irritably. "I am nigh to death upon this progress . . ."

"Your Grace," begged Lady Scroop, "be warned. You strive too hard . . ."

"Too hard! Shall I live for ever?" Elizabeth twisted her head, upon which the woman was building up a towering edifice of hair, and her voice rasped. "Should I hold England for a hundred years yet I could not accomplish all my purpose. And, for all my strength, I am a woman with God's curse of weakness. Why am I cursed with this puny woman's body when I must do the work of a man? I see it age under my very eyes. Yet do I not age . . . nor will I!"

She leaned forward, staring again at her reflection.

"There be yet some beauty . . ."

"Your Grace is radiant," came the swift murmur of her women.

"Wait but till your Grace be fully apparelled . . ."

"I am not radiant!" snarled Elizabeth. "Make me radiant! Set me the gown admired by that mountebank France names ambassador. He hath taste in such matters, though he shifts and lies like a two-tailed weathercock. I will have colour; these dark hues make me hideous when I am weary . . ."

LADY SCROOP sighed as she gestured to one of the women, who came forward bearing a great billow of crimson velvet.

Was that, then, the cause of the Queen's restless night? The French marriage again? Surely she would not seriously consider the project: the boy was so young . . . there was more than ten years' difference in their ages, and Elizabeth's ill-health had wrecked her! She looked nearer fifty than forty! England under a French prince? It would be an unpopular marriage.

Her reflections were interrupted by a sharp crack. Elizabeth's arm had shot out like a flail and the tiring woman's cheek showed red as she knelt proffering the gown.

"I said the gown admired by the French Ambassador, with the gold sleeves and the great ruff. Have I not three loads of apparel furnished by Mistress Montague, and you proffer this which hath been worn before."

Lady Scroop came forward swiftly.

"Your Grace, have a care . . . you are not in health—you will be prostrate . . ."

The older woman was sincerely anxious. She recognised the nervous signs which were often the prelude to one of the strange fits of hysterical anger which frequently ended in temporary unconsciousness. She could tell from experience that Elizabeth had been exercising all her strength in an effort at self-control, but that she was reaching the end of her assumed calm.

Lady Scroop had been in attendance upon the Queen for months, for since the illness which had so weakened her, which had followed some form of smallpox at Hampton Court the previous summer, Elizabeth had shown a dislike of solitude. She would not admit weakness, even to Mistress Ashley, who had nursed and petted her from her childhood, but it was obvious that she recognised it herself and strove to conceal it. In solitude her nerves gave way, and her overstrung mind reacted accordingly. She would not have attendants near her, yet she could not bear them to be far away.

Lady Scroop, on the progress, had slept in a chamber adjoining that of the Queen, for she had been subject to nightmare terrors.

"If you were in the habit of seeing such things in your bed as I do in mine, you would not persuade me to go there," she had said only the night before, when Lord Burleigh had begged her to rest.

"Her mind frets," thought Lady Scroop. "Is it the French marriage . . . or . . .? No," she thought again, "she cannot know—yet!"

She heard Elizabeth, shrill in hysteria: "Will ye all plague me, when I so suffer? All night hath my leg ached and my feet are swollen, yet must I journey. And ye will not make me beautiful. I

"SHALL I live for ever?" Elizabeth twisted her head, upon which the woman was building up a towering edifice of hair

must make entry to Sandwich as befits my father's daughter. I must make them a show—a great show this day, for they shall build me ships. I will not have them murmur that I lack money, though God wot, this year there be not a crown which can be spared to build me ships. God's Son, I am weary but I must get me ships . . ."

"Her Grace hath a touch of the 'Mother'—a fit is coming upon her." As Elizabeth's friend, attendant, and kinswoman strove to calm her, she trembled. There was more behind this royal rage than an uneasy night. There was more than anxiety over the protracted matrimonial negotiations with France. Did she know? Lady Scroop's uneasy mind questioned. Did the Queen know?

It had been the previous night when Lord Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer of England, had confided the information which had so terrified the lady-in-waiting.

"The Queen must be kept calm," he had warned.

"Yet 'tis only my Lord Leycester who shall calm her," Lady Scroop had murmured. "Do you remember last summer, the night that he watched the night through with her? Your nephew Walsingham himself wrote me from France that it had been told him she lay then a dying . . ."

"Yet on a progress my Lord Leycester must be lodged elsewhere. There hath been too much of that old scandal revived with this talk of the French marriage. But, madam, this is for your ear . . . watch well her Grace, lest news come to her ear. There is news of my Lord Leycester, and proof indeed—though he attends this progress, there is one languishing for him, who my servants tell me is but now brought to bed of a fair son. . ."

"Not my Lady Sheffield?"

"Who is now the Countess of Leycester!" whispered Burleigh.

"He hath married her!"

Lady Scroop stared aghast.

"Is there a secret," she admired, "that you know not upon the same day?"

"Is it not my privilege to guard England for England?" he parried. He knew the unpopularity of his unequalled service of espionage and avoided reference to it whenever possible. With Lady Scroop, however, he could be at ease.

"The cost beggars me, yet I serve her Grace," he said. "But such news I fear."

BOTH knew the importance of that hidden secret marriage between the Queen's favourite and the woman who had, for so long, fought for him, both her sister and her sovereign. Both knew the effect its revelation would have upon the Queen.

"He will be like to lose his head," Lady Scroop whispered at last as she stood, her wide skirts swaying with her frightened movement, beside the Lord Treasurer.

She had so often heard the Queen's explanations, her denials, her insistence upon her affection for the man whose presence made her days endurable. Did she love him? It was always a riddle, yet she would not be without him.

"I have always dearly loved Lord Robert," so often Lady Scroop had heard the words. "As God is my witness, nothing improper has ever passed between us, yet I ever love his virtues. If all the world forsook me, I think he would be true . . ."

"True? And this secret marriage?"

As Lady Scroop stood by the great silver mirror the information passed on to her the night before weighed upon her heavily. Observing the Queen she felt sure that in the depths of that secretive mind there was some disturbing, tormenting knowledge. There were always mornings when the waning of her looks threw Elizabeth into irritable rage. It was not mere vanity; it was that the Queen felt, as she saw the ravages of time, that it made her task of controlling others more difficult.

When she had been first crowned she had been fresh, pretty and appealing. The men who surrounded her had yielded quick homage to her charm and bowed to her will, and she had employed a display of femininity which had reacted greatly to her advantage.

Then it had paid her well and cost her little effort, but, with her fortieth birthday barely a month distant, with the loss of health which had robbed her of so much vitality, she was obliged to exert herself greatly to obtain the same results.

KNELT Mistress Ashley, stiff in her age, before Elizabeth. The frown between the Queen's eyes relaxed

She was a painted mask against the young faces of her maids of honour, and in her heart she knew it. Her only recourse was pageantry. Wider skirts, tighter lacing, jewels, jewels—jewels! Redder hair, towering above her pale face to show off her last charm, the darkness of her shining eyes; huger ruffs to frame her glittering ears and detract from the

scrawny neck. Youth and beauty might surround her, but she stood, a peacock centre, paling her background in her eye-dazzling magnificence. It was all she could do, yet she carried her pageantry to a success which amounted to genius. Her pomp, her glitter, her insistence upon her attractions convinced those who first bent their knees to her in obligatory courtesy which held mockery into eventual, sincere admiration. They saw her as she wished them to see her—as the symbol of England, rich, powerful, the centre of all eyes, dazzling, bewildering!

Yet such success needed continual effort. So long the toilet took—so difficult the painting of the mask! Beside the flaring candles Lady Scroop stood waiting, watching, longing for the moment when she could order the removal of the mirror. The Queen was in the frame of mind when a paroxysm of despair might cause her to fling it to the ground, as she had done before, if she was permitted to see her reflection by daylight. The fumes of the candles were suffocating and the women sweated in their laced clothes as they worked, longing for the opening of the shutters to the freshness of morning.

"You are clumsy with your fingers this morning . . ." again came Elizabeth's voice, sharp in impatience. "And I will have more jewels in my hair. Where be the great pearl? Have I not said that I will make a show? And a large ruff with much gold in it. Ye may lace me well, for the first hour I will ride in my coach, so it matters not . . . haste ye, I would enter Sandwich at noon, and it is seven of the clock . . ."

Elizabeth twisted round to see the ruff one of the women offered for her approval.

"I said a great ruff and golden. . . . How will that match the gown of crimson and gold sleeves?"

With a quick snatch of her long, nervous fingers she tore the frilled lace to shreds.

"Your Grace . . ." begged Lady Scroop, "you must be calm."

"The word 'must' is not to be used to princes!" Elizabeth turned upon her. "Indeed I know well I must be calm. All night hath mine leg pained, yet lest there be evil report of it made, I must dance and ride, showing that I am a woman of proper paces. . . . I must journey, I must show myself, and ye will not make me beautiful! Get me a great ruff and more jewels and send to the maids of honour that they shall flaunt their finest gear, but that there shall be no bright colours—so shall I shine amid them . . ."

While the women laced her into her great skirts they felt her tremble with her anger. Her breath swelled her body and they paused.

"Haste ye!" She twisted her shoulders to peer at them.

LADY SCROOP had moved from her place and was hurrying the nervous serving maids who were struggling to remove the great basin filled with heated water in which Elizabeth had bathed, and to bring in the table upon which were the silver dishes containing the Queen's breakfast.

"Haste ye!" Elizabeth screamed again, violently. "Throw out the breakfast covers. I will not eat. Send to my Lord Burleigh—I will start now. Where is my coach? . . . I have work to do while ye chatter . . ."

Lady Scroop dropped to her knees before her.

"Your Grace, I will serve you swiftly; but I beg your Grace to eat . . ."

"I will not eat!"

"There is a dish sent from my Lord Leycester . . ."

"Throw it out of the window!" said Elizabeth, and, despite a tremendous effort of self-control, her voice grew shriller.

"I will have my Lord Robert ride beside me when I take horse, for he doth always make a brave show and that costing me naught . . . but he can keep his dish!"

"She knows!" trembled Lady Scroop. "She hath her own spies as hath my Lord Burleigh . . . she knows!"

"Aye . . .," continued Elizabeth, "So will I show him favour. And there be more to come, for he is of use to me, though he doth know it not. I think to raise him to be sworn of the Privy Council!"

IT had been the previous night when Lord Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer of England, had confided the information which had so terrified the lady-in-waiting

There was a bitterness in her voice which struck a chill in Lady Scroop's blood, although since the windows had been opened the room was filled with the warmth of sunlight.

Leycester to be raised to the Privy Council, yet the offering from his own table, which would be normally welcomed by the Queen, was ordered to be thrown out of the window! Elizabeth's rewards in anger were capable of a subtle interpretation!

"She knows!" Lady Scroop again told herself. She herself assisted in the hasty removal of the meal and outside the door whispered, "Send for Mistress Ashley, and be swift. Her Grace has a rage and is belike to swoon. Be swift—and to my Lord Burleigh that there shall be no delay in leaving Faversham . . ."

And behind her, in all the paraphernalia of conquest, the Queen had taken again her tiny prayer-book. In it she placed a miniature, torn from its jewelled frame.

"Walsingham will be at Dover, bringing me letters from the French Prince," she was muttering. "I will so show Bob. I will so cast him down! I will accept Alençon's offer—for the time at least! What—shall I so far forget myself as to prefer a poor servant of mine own making to a first prince in Christendom? There is but little difference in our ages. It might be better if the Prince was my senior, but since it has pleased God to have him younger, doubtless he will be contented with my other advantages!"

She thrust the tiny book between her shrivelled breasts and turned angrily as she heard a footstep at the door.

And then:

"Kate!. . ." she cried. "Kate!"

Within a moment, following Lady Scroop's gesture, the tirewomen melted from the room.

"Your Grace"—knelt Mistress Ashley, stiff in her age, before Elizabeth. The frown between the Queen's eyes relaxed. For all her tight lacing, she too sank down beside the older woman upon a cushion.

"Kate," she said, almost in the tones she had used as the pitiful, neglected child she had once been with no one but Mistress Ashley to love her.

"Kate, is it not hard that I must still be a woman? I am sick—you know how these years past I cannot cast my sickness from me. When I have the greatest need am I sick when I would feel strong! And now—I must suffer in my heart again! That crafty boy! That villain for whom I have done so much . . ." Her voice broke. "Kate, since I can remember I have opened my heart to you. Do you remember in those sad days at Hatfield you counselled me when there was talk of marriage. Then you urged Dudley on me—always! And I . . . . I have always said that if we are of an age, and as brother and sister—for there was never other whose arm I could bear round me when I was woman and would weep against a man's shoulder . . . yet I have never thought of marrying him. You know that I have shown him favour because of his goodness to me when I was

in trouble during the reign of my sister. He sold his possessions to provide us with funds . . ."

"Your Grace said, 'I do not want a husband who honours me as a Queen if he does not love me as a woman,' and I said always that my Lord Leycester would die at your feet!"

"What of it when he marries in secret that whey-faced strumpet?"

"Married!" echoed Kate Ashley, aghast. "My Lady Sheffield?"

"Who else? Hath she not striven enow?" Elizabeth snarled. "And she hath been right marked with the small-pox, for she did not take the care I did! But I will have her to Court, and I shall be merry when his marriage bed grows cold. I had always intended to provide for him so that he shall never be in want and shall always be near me in an honourable position, but . . ."—she shrugged—"since he thinks my Lady Sheffield is so well dowered!"

She paused for breath, watching the other woman's downcast face.

"Aye, Kate, you have ever loved him," she said. "And I too. I have loved him dearly. But I hate that he attends me now, thinking me such a fool that I do not know that she hath made him marry her that this son be not a bastard. And I . . . Kate . .. I am barren stock . . . barren!"

"Your Grace is—England!"

Elizabeth lifted her head proudly as the woman who loved her whispered the one note of comfort which she dared offer.

"They who know what cares I bear would not think I took any great joy in wearing a crown. Yet must I wear it! While the world watches to see who shall pluck it from my head to grace their own. Kate, in the night I have come to a mind. You were ever against this French marriage, for ever you urged Dudley's suit. I am reminded of Sir William Drury's words, and I like them well since I have known of Dudley's marriage. God's Death! Shall I suffer it without a suitor for my own hand that I may dismiss as he? I will have this French marriage urged on. See you his portrait?"

FROM the leaves of her prayer-book she drew out the miniature and displayed it.

"He is comely enough, though young!"

"When you were a child, your Grace, I could advise—not now!" said Mistress Ashley. "There hath been talk of this these two years past, yet have you always said the marriage pleased you not."

"But to-day I am of a different mind. I say that it shall go through. None shall scorn, jeering that he, through whom I have suffered much slander for my pure love and loyalty to him, hath set another in the place so often offered me. Did I not say that all the Court should hear, 'On your life, be never so presumptuous as to aspire to my hand,' and that since a month when she he hath married was then great with child! Affection?—affection's false!"

She turned away towards the table upon which had been set the removed mirror, as if seeking reassurance.

"I was never beautiful," she said wistfully. "But I had the reputation of it. And I thought he cared for me—not the favour I have seemed to lock up in him. But since he hath become so insolent I shall put him down, just as I raised him! Yet will I use him still—for I must. Keep a still tongue, Kate. I would not brook a quarrel upon this progress. I need his brave show, his men, well apparelled, to follow me, for I must get my ships! England hath need of these ships, and will England furnish money for them unless they see fine nobles bending before England's Majesty? Always the people must have their show. . . then will they furnish my ships without carking . . ."

She clapped her hands loudly.

"Ho . . . there! Where is my coach? Send to my lords that I will set out. . . . Sandwich, by noon, shall see England's Queen and Sandwich, richest of England's ports, shall give England ships to spit in Philip's beard!"

There was a rumbling of wheels upon the cobbles, the stamping of horses' hoofs, and the oaths of men as they hurried and shouted in their preparations.

"Way there for the Queen's Grace . . . Make way for my Lord of Leycester . . . make way . . . make way . . ."

The Maids of Honour were jerked up into their saddles while yeomen held their horses' heads. The great velvet-lined coach moved off at long last at the head of the procession, while the crowd ran cheering and strewing freshly plucked branches and flowers before it.

"Make way . . . make way . . ."

"God save her Grace . . . God save her Grace!"

Shouting, the country people ran beside in the dust of the coach wheels acclaiming the painted smile of the mask which showed at the window.

The sunlight glittered upon the great tinsel ruff, the golden fan in the Queen's hand. It sparkled from the jewels in her ears, and blazed a rainbow from her stomacher.

Pomp . . . Glitter . . . Magnificence! That was a Queen, they thought, as they cheered her. She was great, so must they be and England their country shine since so great a Queen ruled it!

Leycester and his men, brilliantly liveried, with banners streaming, clattered behind. The Earl of Sussex and his train followed the Lord Treasurer, whose more soberly dressed followers conveyed no hint of economy, but only subdued ostentation. Then the gay figures of the Maids of Honour and the long train of baggage wagons and attendants.

The dust rose in clouds from the dry road until the women cried out for their complexions.

"And we are to make a show at Sandwich!" grumbled one Maid to another. "See you, my safeguard ruined already!"

"Her Grace is in such haste she will not tarry . . . she will be sorely jolted upon this road!"

"Aye, she got but a silver cup at Faversham. God send Sandwich will be more generous, else we will rest not until we come to Dover!"

"God save her Grace . . . her Grace!" came the last shouting as the procession wound along the road from Faversham, and in the great coach sat Elizabeth, her eyes bright and intent, while she jolted agonisingly in the stiff lacing of her whalebone supports. She paid no attention to the noblemen who rode on either side of the coach, for she was occupied in composing some verses.

"I will write them to-night and they shall be sent to Walsingham, who shall present them ere he leaves France," Elizabeth was thinking. "They will create a good impression of encouragement." Her lips moved faintly as she recited the words over again to herself:—

"I grieve yet dare not show my discontent;
I love and yet am forced to hate;
I dote but dare not what I ever meant:
I seem stark mute yet inwardly do prate
I am and not—freeze and yet I burn;
Since from myself my other self I turn."

"He shall make what he likes of it, and since he would wed with me . . ." She sighed and the lacing of her waist hurt her. "Some gentler passion steal into my mind," she said the words over below her breath.

"For I am soft and made of melting snow,
Or be more cruel, love, or be more kind . ."

Perhaps it was the dust of the road which made those bright eyes blink so hurriedly. Or the glare of the sunlight? On the uneven dirt road the coach behind the six grey horses swayed and rocked as it carried the stiff, erect, glittering figure.

"Rob . . . Rob . . ." whispered Elizabeth. "You shall regret this or I am not Queen of England . . . and you shall bow your knee to Alençon, sitting upon my right hand!"

Along the road to Sandwich the coach went crashing behind the straining horses.

"Rob!" came the faint mutter, drowned by the pounding hoofs.

The mask was firmer set as the grey church steeples of Sandwich grew nearer.

"A fair town . . . with wealth!" The tight lips moved again. "Surely shall they build me my ships. They shall not deem me poor when I make entry with my nobles and their men. . . . Robert? There is no more Robert! There is but Leycester, who is my tool and who shall serve me and England!"

HELP for

A discussion of materials which may are contemplating decorations — or

By Winifred

REXINE is a modern innovation for wall treatment. Panelled off as shown on the left it is effective and satisfactorily durable as well. "Contemporary Decorations"

THROUGHOUT this house the walls are treated with a natural sand-faced plaster finish. This is a background of neutral colouring well suited to modern schemes. It is also permanent. Architect: John Leech

FEW of us would think of buying furniture without knowing something of the quality concerned, and fewer still would select a carpet without some enquiry as to its virtues—present and future; yet in choosing decorations for the house we show a blissful indifference to details, though there is just as much money at stake.

"Let's have the sitting-room decorated," we decide in the Spring. So along comes the decorator with his patterns.

"That's a nice wallpaper . . . and that's a pretty paint. How much will they cost?" we demand.

"Ten pounds!" says the decorator. This is a blow, but we face it squarely.

"All right. Let's get the beastly job over!" and phut goes ten pounds without any further enquiry than that.

Not another word about materials. Not a whisper about the quality of paint and, even more important, not a sound about the quantity!

It's a great pity, because there's no need to be a technician to know what you're getting for your money. A few simple facts about decorating materials are easily acquired, and they make an important contribution to the upkeep of your house, which is just the same as a contribution to your pocket.

To begin well is to realise that the most spurious form of economy is that of using cheap materials. Whether you do the decorating yourself, or whether you employ a professional, it's just the same.

Amateur decorating is exciting and often quite effective, but the undoubted difficulties of amateur work are only enhanced by the use of cheap materials, just as results are ruined by the use of poor implements.

This applies more especially to paints. A good paint is more easily workable than a poor one. It goes farther and it spreads better. Moreover it lasts!

So far as professional decorating is concerned the position is much the same, with this important amendment: Three-fourths of the cost of decorating a room is allocated to labour, so it is obvious that a few shillings saved on materials is only "spoiling the ship" when the cost of applying them is the same.

When your decorator asks you to choose between a glossy and a matt paint, it is as well to know something of their practical virtues as well as their appearance before you decide.

A good brand of enamel paint with a high gloss finish is hard to beat for interior paintwork if you like a glossy finish. It saves labour because the dirt and dust glance off the polished surface without adhering, but there *is* a snag.

Proper cleaning with a sponge and water, or with one of the reliable cleansing creams now made for the purpose, will maintain the perfect surface of a good enamel paint indefinitely, but unless you are sure your household is free of people with a taste for scouring with gritty cleansers and strong soaps, you'll be safer with a flat oil paint—not only safer, but in the fashion.

Some matt finishes are dead flat, others have the slightest suggestion of a sheen, enough for catching colour reflections and adding a "character" to the surface.

HOME DECORATORS

interest you if you even if you are not!

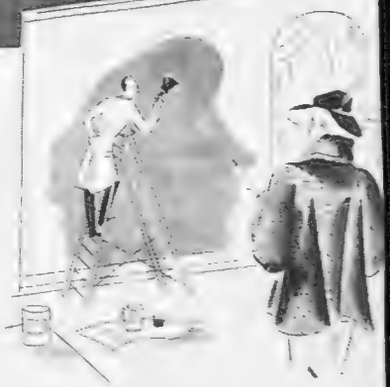
Lewis

Both these types, provided they are one of the better brands, are washable. You can even scrub them with safety, and there's a lot to be said for that!

Undercoatings are another matter of importance, so have an agreement with your decorator on this point, because a bad undercoating is capable of ruining the best surface paint, and even professionals may sometimes be tempted to "economise."

Manufacturers of the better class of paint provide an undercoating for every paint they make. This is scientifically prepared to "carry" the finishing coat. At the same time it enhances its lasting qualities.

SO much of this room is window that little else remained to be decorated. Some fine play with fabrics has a dramatic effect, both in the sense of spaciousness and colour



Left:
AMATEUR painting is more than fun—it is quite often effective. Some simple carpentry, assisted by paint and patience, have quite definitely improved this landing

So don't be tempted to save money on the coat which "doesn't show." It's so unpleasant to find the perfect surface of your paintwork growing rough and "dirty-looking." Or that tiny blemishes are forcing through the surface. But that is the price of "economy."

Another mistake is to thin paint beyond the stipulated point in order to make it go a little farther. You can ruin the finest paint in this way, and a few shillings saved in the beginning cost you pounds in the end.

Synthetic paint is a recent discovery which shows promise of replacing all other kinds. This paint is made from synthetic instead of natural gum. It dries more quickly; it is more easily manipulated and has all the enduring qualities of its elders. For the present there is no great difference in price between the two, but that will come! In the meantime, it will speed up your decorating considerably and, since time is money, that's worth considering.

YOU may find something here to help you—or you may find your particular problem is not discussed. That isn't to say we can't discuss it. Why not send it to us? Address your query to the Editor, Woman's Department, Britannia and Eve, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2 and enclose a stamped envelope for a reply

Happy Feet

General Health depends to a large extent on Foot Health. Whatever your Foot Trouble, there is a Palliative for it

By Chrysis

ACCORDING to the Napoleonic epigram, an army marches on its stomach, but a civilian population has to stand, or run, for the first train or the last bus, and even to dance, upon its feet.

It is not an exaggeration to say that upon these marvellously and intricately designed members of our anatomy depends, or descends, the onus of mental and physical balance.

Nothing is so destructive of efficiency, pleasure, well-being—to say nothing of grace and beauty—as discomfort or pain in one's feet.

Weakness of the arches or ankles may not only be the cause of local pain and disablement, but may seriously affect the internal organs, the spine and the nervous system.

Parents should see that any tendency to weakness or malformity in their children is counteracted by special shoes with instep supports, foot exercises, massage and salt water baths.

Several of our leading shoemakers have X-ray apparatus to ensure perfect fitting and the necessary freedom and absence of pressure, invaluable both to children and adults.

Another thing that anyone with the slightest tendency to foot trouble cannot afford to ignore is the apparatus, designed under the ægis of a famous specialist, for the relief of all pressure on joints, to straighten toes which have been cramped or are congenitally imperfect, and to give adequate support where and when needed.

CORNS are often the result of pressure from inappropriate footwear and can be relieved by the intelligent choice of shoes and scientific pads and supports.

But they are often symptoms of rheumatic tendencies and uric acid in the blood, in which case it is advisable to take footbaths to which antacid and oxygenated salts have been added.

In many cases chronic corns have been cured by this means and all tenderness and swelling dissipated, so that a smaller size in shoes can be worn with comfort. Soft corns and tenderness between the toes can often be cured by the use of bicarbonate of soda, or its addition to a good talcum powder, locally applied as a dusting powder after the bath.

IN the case of obstinate corns or callouses of long standing, the attention of an expert chiropodist may be advisable, or a corn cure such as that sponsored by a famous firm of chemists, which consists of a paint containing salicylic acid, chlorophyll, æther and collodion, should be used.

If this is applied for several nights running, and the little pads supplied with it are used to relieve pressure, it should be simple to remove the corn completely, without cutting, after a hot footbath.

One of the most delightful adjuncts to water therapy is a pine extract which constitutes a delicious and invigorating water softener, for bath or footbath. It soothes skin irritation, relieves tired or aching limbs *and feet*. Each tablet contains genuine Tyrolean pine extract.

Chilblains are another torment. There are a number of more or less efficient local treatments, successful or not according to the severity of the case. But there is a growing school of medical thought which attributes these scourges to the chemical constitution of the blood, and their treatment by injection and medicine has proved very successful during recent years.

Scientists are now of opinion that chilblains are often the result of calcium deficiency, and a safe and efficient treatment is to take a course of calcium lactate.

Possibly the best of these preparations on the market, much advocated by doctors, are tablets of which the most important constituents are calcium lactate and sodium lactate. The latter largely increases the digestibility of the calcium and its absorption by the blood.

This is a valuable prescription, as it is not only an effective treatment for chilblains, but it improves the general condition, and is beneficial to general health, being especially good for nursing mothers, babies when teething, and in all conditions, such as anæmia, gout, high blood pressure, in which the blood and circulation may need attention.

These are only indications of the modern methods which may be adopted to keep the feet healthy and "happy." This is such an essential aspect of general welfare.

IN the winter it is important that the feet should be kept warm and dry. Exercise and massage should be utilised to improve circulation. In warmer weather massage with eau-de-Cologne or a good foot lotion and the use of talcum powder are not merely luxuries, but necessities.

A last word of warning: having drawn out all "fevers" by the use of soothing and stimulating salts, got rid of all corns and callouses by the most appropriate means, strengthened muscles, bones and ligaments with massage and exercise—do not undo all the good work by wearing inappropriate, worn, uncomfortable and badly balanced shoes.

A cramped foot is not even smart and will not look any smaller because it is forced into a shoe half a size less. Compression not only wrecks grace, causes pain and corns but, by hindering circulation, may produce swelling, cold feet and chilblains.

The Making of a Good-looking Woman

Survey of the Best Modern Beauty Methods and their Particular Application in the Preservation and Manufacture of Loveliness

THE small son of a doctor was taken to an exhibition in one section of which there were baby incubators, which interested him enormously.

When, later, he went to school he was totally incredulous and contemptuous of "the facts of life" as expounded by the other boys, because, as he asserted sturdily, "he had seen the shop"! He *knew* how babies were made.

Many of us share his logical and yet ignorant assurance in regard to beauty culture. We think because we have seen the shop, the fascinating array of pots and bottles, and have benefited by the ministrations of experts, that we know how beauty is made.

But there is a lot that we ignore—experiment and study in laboratories and the salons themselves, the knowledge born of experience which has gone to the evolution of beneficial preparations and, what is perhaps the most important aspect of effective beauty culture, the correct diagnosis and prescription of various treatments applicable to the individual needs of clients.

Realisation of individuality in subject and treatment is the key which unlocks the treasure chest of beauty secrets to-day.

As personal experiment would be both exhaustive and exhausting, it may be useful to survey some of the *special* treatments of the best proven practitioners to-day and discover their particular application.

IF you want further details of any of the methods mentioned on these two pages, write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope

ONE of the most prevalent types of complexion in this country is the fair Anglo-Saxon skin, lovely at its best, but super-sensitive, delicate and difficult.

Its owners often suffer from acidity of the blood, and are vulnerable to climatic and atmospheric influences.

Treatment and preparations particularly appropriate to its care and preservation are the fundamental principles of a long-established and famous British beauty specialist.

A valuable and unique element in her system is the use of a special lotion. Painted on the skin at night once or twice a week, it forms a kind of mask which draws all impurities and secretions to the surface.

In the morning, skin food, rich in nutriment (varied to suit the age and constitution), is massaged into the skin and then washed off with the most delicious of real complexion soaps which dissolves and removes the cream, the residue of the lotion and all extraneous matter.

The final touch is a rinse in cold water to which a refreshing camphorated tonic has been added.

Even the most sensitive and most unwashable complexions support this treatment, and the result is an immediate and appreciable lightening of tone, clarity; fineness and refreshment.

An exceptional cleansing lotion, a mildly astringent and whitening complexion milk and a protective lotion for daytime use are among the valuable items of this regimen.

Another world-famous beauty culturist realises the importance of the influences of heredity, climate and the outdoor life.

Being herself a chemist, she evolved a protective cream to make the most delicate complexion impervious to the effect of wind and sun and to avert the dreaded veins which too often transform a fair complexion into a florid and weather-beaten one.

Her anti-wrinkle cream, based on a recipe used by the devotees of Athene in ancient Greece, prevents and cures the fine lines about the eyes which come from dryness and malnutrition.

She was also a pioneer in the introduction of hormones into toilet preparations.

Her day and night hormone creams, by adding to and stimulating the organic feeding elements of cells and tissues, have an almost miraculously rejuvenating effect, and make a naturally fragile skin stay young.

NO survey of beauty problems to-day is complete without mention of general physical culture. Apart from the excellence and efficacy of all her treatments and cosmetics, one of the most commendable branches of another of our leading specialist's activities is her exercise salon.

Here, in the most luxurious surroundings, the fat can regain healthy and youthful proportions, the thin are built up and restored.

Limbs and torso are made lovely and supple and general health improved. Thereby the complexion becomes clear and energy and *joie de vivre* return.

This department includes special reducing treatment, sun-ray and wax baths, to eliminate toxins and adipose tissue, massage and (*Continued on page* 91)

THE Pye Radio seen on the left is a fine example of the high standard of decorative achievement these manufacturers have reached. The technical excellencies of the model need no reiteration

Radio *for* Modern Rooms

Some news of the modern wireless set and its setting. Shows the decorative and the practical in alliance

IT was once said that a woman chose her motor car for its colour, and blow the inside! Well, that raised a laugh for a time until women were found asking awkward questions at the Motor Show, delving into subjects they were not supposed to understand, and another masculine illusion went phut!

The real truth of the situation is that while men are content with mere efficiency in mechanical devices, women demand some decorative merit as well. It doesn't follow that the mechanical efficiency is impaired. Why should it?

The improvement in the modern radio set is a case in point. Who could recognise a relationship between the elegant pieces of furniture which grace our modern rooms and "the wireless set" which once held its unsightly sway in the sitting-room and belied its name by laying trip-wires at all points for the fingers and feet of the unwary?

Women have demanded the banishment of these things, and it is to them that manufacturers have bent in designing instruments which have a fine fidelity of tone along with the appearance which makes them an acceptable feature of the furnishing scheme.

To-day, we choose the radio set with as much care for its effect in the decorative sense as we choose the carpet and the curtains. If the room is modern, the radio cabinet is severely simple in design—always matched with the wood of other furnishing in the room. Perhaps it stands upon a slim, chromium stand. Whichever we choose, the effect is one of harmony with the surroundings.

THE radiogram is a piece of furniture of importance as well as treasured amenity in another sense. One of the newest of these incorporates a system of reproduction called "Twin-true." The use of two loud-speakers (one moving coil speaker to handle lower frequencies and an exponential horn to handle the higher) ensures an absolute perfection of tone. The illustration speaks for the outward appearance of this instrument. Who could ask for more?

It is fun to speculate as to what the next few years will bring in wireless development. Telephone, television, radio—will they be one? The "wireless" wireless of to-day seems merely a hint of what is to come.

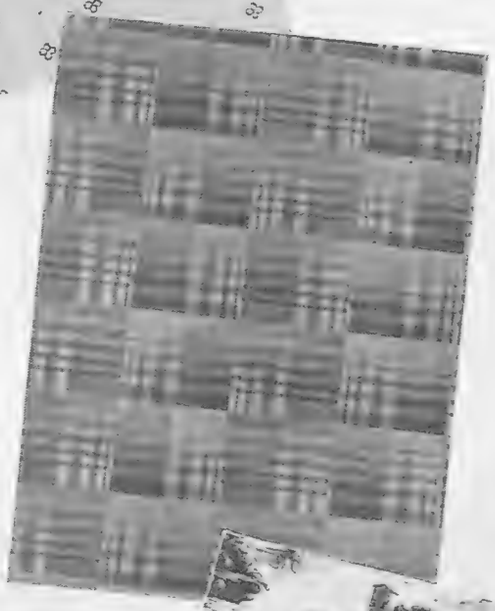
IT seems probable that among other developments in the next decade we shall have the new house with garage and car already installed. Wireless-television, gramophone and telephone will be part of the normal equipment of the house—and part of the purchase price, too. As in the case of the car all these amenities will have reached such a stage of perfection that "breakdowns" will be unknown. It will be impossible to improve upon them and no "model" will have any special significance while the year of manufacture will cease to count as a factor.

That seems all right for everybody but the inveterate "tinkerer." And what will the "knob-twister" do then, poor thing?

THE "Cambridge" radiogram is shown here in a setting which enhances its own important status in the sphere of decoration. This model is fitted with automatic record change and "Twin-true" reproduction

A SIMPLE nursery treated with a Viennese paper of many colours on a sea-green ground. The paintwork is sea-green and the jaspé linoleum incorporates all the colours of the paper. The curtains and light-shade are of brick-red chintz patterned with white. Architect: Maurice Yates

A VERY dainty wallpaper for the chintz room. You can have it in almost any shade—with or without a glossy ground



THIS 1935 design originated in France and can be had in shaded green, peach or yellow. Price 3/- per piece

Wallpapers *are* Versatile

Describing the effects of comfort and atmosphere that follow upon the use of wallpaper in decoration

FOR all the deluge of writing and discussion on the subject of decorating, very little is said about wallpapers; yet they remain one of the most popular and effective mediums in homes where cost is a factor of importance.

A well-known decorator tells me that in most cases where he is called upon to create schemes of decoration at a low cost he uses wallpaper. "The atmosphere is created at once," he says, "and it is then only necessary to supplement it in simple ways."

Unfortunately wallpaper is widely used under an impression that, from an artistic point of view, it is "safe." Actually, though it has many solid virtues, wallpaper requires the greatest care in its selection.

Small patterns in large rooms; large patterns in small ones; elongated designs in high rooms and abbreviated ones in low rooms are errors into which thousands fall. Patterned walls with indiscreetly patterned carpets and fabrics are responsible for many disastrous effects. But that's not the fault of the wallpaper.

The two rooms pictured on this page show the effectiveness of paper in creating an atmosphere of comfort, colour and character. The sitting-room is an especially good example, inasmuch as inexpert handling of the design could easily have proved disastrous.

The wallpaper shows a scenic design carried out in two shades of sepia. The paintwork is shaded to tone with old parchment, and gently subdues, whilst giving a touch of delicacy to the background. Curtains and chair covers are of the same design, but the colouring is varied to a soft plum shade. Touches of green offset this colouring, which is one of variety without restlessness.

A dainty "period" paper, used with plain coloured percale or discreetly patterned chintz, is an inexpensive way of creating a period bedroom so long as the furniture is moderately in tune. Similarly, a modern wallpaper used with plain fabrics or patterned ones, very judiciously harmonised, at once creates a modern room, so long as extraneous decoration is subdued and one is consistent in the choice of ornaments and fittings.

Wallpapers, in fact, are capable of almost any effect—at almost any price.

THIS is a similar paper to the one used in the study photographed. The design is in a rich Vandyke brown on a light ground

A ROOM which owes much of its comfortable intimacy to the decorative use of wallpaper. This shows a Louis XIV hunting design in sepia. The paintwork is in old parchment and the linen curtains are of the same design in a deep plum colour. Lamp standards are green and the carpet honey coloured. Architect: Maurice Yates

Old Tales Re-told

The Romance of Maria di Monferrato

By Nina Warner Hooke Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

THE lives and loves of the great have probably kept more pens busy than any other subject since the dawn of history. But how pitifully few of these records end in anything resembling the normal ideal of happiness!

When, therefore, the historian comes across a story like that of Maria Gonzaga, Duchess of Monferrato, in the early seventeenth century, he is conscious of a sense of almost triumphant relief. For here is a tale to delight all hearts, in the best and fullest romantic tradition.

"The noble house of Gonzaga," says an old Italian writer, "forgetful of its ancient valour and wisdom, had given itself up to luxury and intemperance. Three brothers had successively filled the ducal chair of Mantua, and each had distinguished himself, not by restoring any vigour to a decaying line, but by introducing new modes and forms of vice."

A severe enough indictment, but well merited.

In those turbulent times, Italy was composed of a number of petty states, each with its ruling family. Frequently the castles of these feudal dukes and princes became the courts of despots wherein there could be no right of appeal against arrogance and tyranny of the worst order. One such despot was Francesco, eldest of the three brothers referred to. With his accession to the duchies of Mantua and Monferrato began the decline of the house of Gonzaga. His immediate ancestors had been great soldiers, wise rulers and patrons of art and learning. But Francesco proved a vicious scoundrel whose sole aim was the gratification of his desires by means of the vast wealth at his disposal. His wretched wife, after many years of ill-treatment, finally died in giving birth to their daughter, Maria. Very shortly after Francesco himself was dead, and the way lay clear for his brother Ferdinando to assume the titles. This he did with typical unscrupulousness, styling himself Duke of Mantua and Monferrato, in spite of the fact that the Duchy of Monferrato should now belong, in her own right, to the infant Maria. This situation being likely to give rise to the most annoying complications, he took immediate steps to deal with it.

It has to be admitted that, for perhaps the only time in his life, he showed admirable forbearance. Instead of having the child quietly done away with, he removed her, with her nurse and a serving woman, to a convent a few miles from the city of Mantua. And here, in the strictest seclusion, she was reared and educated. When she rode out on her palfrey she was heavily veiled, and it was forbidden, on pain of the severest penalty, for anyone to address her. The nuns dared not tell her the truth of the matter, and she was trained to resign herself to the prospect of entering their order when she was of age to take the vows.

The slow years of her childhood and adolescence crept on, unmarked by events. The only excitements she knew were the religious feast days. Her only knowledge of the outer world she had gleaned from the conversation of the novices, and it could not have sounded so inviting a place—in those wild and licentious times—that she would have wished to leave the shelter of the convent walls. And then, when she was between fifteen and sixteen years old, the tranquil course of her life was altered with dramatic suddenness.

Duke Ferdinando fell an early victim to the consequences of a life of dissipation and died, childless, in the year 1626. The third brother, Vincenzo, the profligate cardinal, last and worst of his line, succeeded to the titles.

His first act on assuming his inheritance was to send for Maria from the convent. In the person of this girl lay the solution to a problem which had long vexed his family—that of the rightful possession of Monferrato. Well, he would settle the thing for good by marrying her, before any other claimant could do so.

When she received the summons, through the lips of the Reverend Mother, the girl was terrified. Many a dark tale of this man's crimes and debauchery were current among the novices, to whom he had assumed the proportions of a monster.

The good abbess, powerless to do anything but surrender her charge, tried to soothe her, bidding her be brave and trust in God to bring her safely back from that dread presence.

When she had composed herself a little, Maria went out into the garden to await the carriage which was to take her to Mantua. She had not been there long before a voice called softly "*Highness!*"

The next moment a man stepped out from behind one of the stone buttresses.

"I beg of you, Highness, do not be alarmed. I am a friend who wishes only to warn and to help you."

Maria stared at him, speechless.

Then, "Why do you call me 'Highness'?" she whispered.

The man smiled, revealing flashing teeth that enhanced his dark good looks. He was young, well made and carried himself with distinction, though his clothing was plain and unpretentious. "I shall tell you."

He led her to a seat in the shadow of the wall. His touch was gentle but masterful and she followed him obediently.

"You must listen carefully, for I have to speak quickly. My time is short. And you must trust me. You must believe implicitly that I am telling you the truth because I wish to help you."

She nodded dumbly, her eyes fixed on his face.

Glancing round to make sure he was unobserved, the young man launched into rapid explanation of the deception that had been practised on Maria. When she would have protested that she had no wish to be a duchess, he silenced her, for he had much to tell.

With the accession of the last Gonzaga in the direct line, she had become a personage of much importance and was coveted in marriage by three princes—the Duke of Rhetel, Prince Ferrand of Guastalla and, most powerful of all, Duke Vincenzo, *her uncle*, whose coach was now on its way to fetch her.

She was near swooning at this terrible news, but the man continued inexorably. Vincenzo would defy the laws of God and man to bring off this *coup*, but he had reckoned without his rival, Prince Ferrand. The latter had been secretly plotting to waylay the coach and abduct the young duchess. The stranger instructed Maria how to frustrate this plot, adding that he would be at hand, should she need him. He counselled her further to feign complacence when in the duke's presence, to show neither fear nor repugnance, yet at the same time to make it plain that she could not permit his attentions until he had divorced his wife, Isabella, and was again a free man.

"I will do as you say," she whispered.

The clatter of the coach could be heard as it approached the convent gates. Her unknown helper stood up to go.

"*To-morrow, at this hour, I will come again.*"

SOON afterwards, very pale but composed, she was being driven away in the massive gilded coach.

The horses plunged down the hill in the gathering darkness on to the valley highway, following it for a mile or two, till the looming bulk of the castle of Sasso marked the forking of the roads just ahead. Here, summoning all her courage to obey the instructions she had been given, Maria halted the coach and ordered the driver to turn to the left. The man glared at her in some surprise, then turned and whipped up his team. But to her dismay, she saw that he made no attempt to turn the horses, and plainly intended to continue along the main road. She was helpless, for she had not been prepared for such an emergency. Fortunately, however, the young postilion suspected the man's treachery and, snatching the reins by main force, he pulled up the sweating horses in a few yards. A heated altercation ensued between the two men, but they were presently interrupted by the sound of galloping hooves. The driver gave an exultant shout, for this was what he had hoped and expected.

A body of ten or twelve horsemen appeared out of the darkness ahead, bearing down upon the coach. Panic-stricken, Maria crouched down in her corner, fearing the worst.

Suddenly, simultaneously with the approach of the oncomers, other horsemen appeared out of a little copse at the roadside. They streamed across the highway, forming a barrier between the coach and its would-be marauders. Peering from the window, Maria recognised the figure at their head, and her heart leaped in her breast. The conflict that ensued was brief but violent, filling the night with shouts and curses, pounding hooves and the clash of steel.

Some shots were fired, and once a man screamed. It was impossible for her to tell which side had the advantage; but the coachman, having a better view, was soon able to make up his mind. Lashing his rearing horses, he turned

PEERING from the window, Maria recognised the figure at their head, and her heart leaped in her breast

WHEN the duke rose and came towards her, her first sensation was one was no hideous ogre, but a graceful and handsome man who greeted her

them at top speed down the road he had been ordered to take.

Soon the noise of the fight had been left far behind, and Maria began to be assailed by fresh terrors as she approached her destination. Already she was in the shadow of those grim walls where, for centuries, Gonzagas had ruled Mantua and where now Duke Vincenzo awaited her. As gate and drawbridge were passed, her terror increased. Fervently, desperately, she began to pray. . . .

She was conducted, on arrival, to the banqueting hall, where the duke and his dissolute court were at meat. On the threshold she paused, bewildered at the scene confronting her. She saw tables piled with gold and silver plate, fragments of food and overturned bottles from which the wine dripped on to the floor in crimson pools. Around them, in every stage of drunkenness and abandon, lolled the gorgeously clad courtesans and parasites of the Court.

When the duke rose and came towards her, her first sensation was one of profound relief. This was no hideous ogre, but a graceful and handsome man, who greeted her with disarming courtesy.

of profound relief. This with disarming courtesy

Only, as he approached and she saw him more closely, her reassurance faded abruptly. Here was a face so ravaged by vice that it resembled that of an old man, and his eyes, belying the smiling mouth, were cold and evil as a snake's. His near presence affected her with such horror that she had to force herself to stand her ground and not run from him, screaming.

He took her hand and led her to the vacant chair on his right, announcing to his court:

"I present to you Her Highness the Duchess Maria di Monferrato!"

A hush fell on that noisy company, and they stared in open curiosity at the slight, shrinking figure whose pale beauty was accentuated by her uncurled hair and convent dress.

Food and costly wine were set before Maria, but she could touch neither. She was striving desperately to keep her head and reply fittingly to the duke's courteous discourse. He regretted, he said, that she should have been kept so long in ignorance of her true status, but it had been a measure of Duke Ferdinando's policy for which there was, happily, no further need.

It was not long before he broached the subject she so dreaded. But he treated the matter deprecatingly, as an instance of State necessity. Princes must be the slaves of their destinies, and he was sure she would offer no opposition to an arrangement which would finally settle the contending claims on Mantua and Monferrato. Yet, all the while he was speaking, his eyes sought out the lines of her young body till she had the painful illusion that she was naked.

With a tremendous effort she answered as she had been instructed.

The duke seemed agreeably surprised by her complacent attitude, and assured her that his divorce would be put through without delay, so that the nuptials could be celebrated as soon as possible. She summoned courage to request that she might spend the intervening time at the convent, and Vincenzo acquiesced at once, to her inexpressible relief.

At this point the banquet suffered a welcome interruption in the shape of the young postilion, who related to the duke the incident of the attack on the coach and the treachery of the driver. Vincenzo heard him out without a change of expression. Then he summoned his secretary and gave him a peremptory order.

A few minutes later there came through the open windows the sound of a volley of shots, a piercing cry, and then silence.

Maria shook with fear, but the duke continued his conversation without the least sign that he had heard anything whatever. At last the ordeal was over.

A woman came to conduct her to her apartments, and Vincenzo bade her a formal good-night. But the smile with which he did so turned her blood cold in her veins.

Arrived at her room, she dismissed the woman who attended on her, barred the door and fell, half-fainting, on the great carved bed.

There she lay until daybreak, unable to sleep for the memory of those cold, snake's eyes and that obscene smile. . . .

Before noon she was driven back to the convent, though by a different coachman.

WHEN, that evening, her visitor climbed over the wall again, she ran to him in undisguised joy and relief and they clasped hands, as though they had known each other all their lives.

"Did I do well last night?" he asked her, smiling.

"Most valiantly indeed! I thank you with all my heart—but you were not hurt?"

"No, Highness."

"Thank God—thank God!" she sighed.

"Were you so anxious for my safety?"

"Why should I not have been? You are my protector—the only one I have."

"Am I to be no more than that, Maria?"

WHEN a priest came forward whispering, "The Duke awaits your Highness—there is not a moment to lose," she drew herself up with the reckless pride of a Gonzaga

She made no answer, but her candid eyes spoke for her. They lingered together in the twilit garden, growing closer every minute in intimate companionship.

It is recorded that the young Duchess spent three more evenings with her unknown lover. The joy and solace these meetings must have meant to her in her unhappy plight are past description, and if the good nuns had their suspicions, they made no sign.

But on the third, the young man greeted her with unwonted gravity. There were reasons, he said, which necessitated his absence from the country for three months. But she might be so sure of his return that, in three months to a day, she was to await him at the same hour.

Maria was inconsolable, and he divined at once the panic that lay behind her grief.

"I beg you, do not weep so, my beloved. Three months is an age to parted lovers, but it is not long for the cumbrous working of ecclesiastic law. It will be more than that before Vincenzo is again a free man, and much may happen ere then. Also, it is known to a privileged few that he has long been sick of a mortal disease, and may take to his bed at any time. I implore you, Maria, not to give way to despair. Remember always that I love you and that I will be with you again at the appointed hour, no matter what may happen."

She was persuaded at last to dry her tears and gather courage for the pain of this parting by talking of other things. But she was secretly troubled by the fact that he had as yet made no move to acquaint her of his name and identity. This she finally put to him with some directness, for her mind was incapable of subterfuge. He was silent for a while. Then replied:

"Is it a matter of so much account? What name could any man offer that might compare in splendour with those of your princely suitors? This much I can tell you: I have youth and strength, I have done no man any wrong, and I will serve you till the end of my days. Is not this enough?"

For answer she threw herself into his arms, ashamed that she had betrayed his trust.

"It is more than enough, and I swear that I will never ask again. Whoever you may be, whatever you may be, I love you—and I will love you till I die!"

AFTER he had gone she abandoned herself to grief. The menace that hung over her became ten times more terrible because of her loneliness.

The weeks rolled slowly by like years.

The future seemed hopeless. At any moment she might receive the appalling news of the completion of the divorce proceedings, and be summoned to Mantua to meet a fate too horrible to contemplate. Bitterly she reproached the providence that had given her a taste of joy and must for ever deny her its consummation.

Rumours were in constant circulation of movements at the Court of Rome. The Duke's divorce suit seemed to be causing more difficulty than he had expected. Messengers came and went with conflicting reports. Sometimes they left Maria sick at heart with despair—sometimes with a wild hope.

The agonising strain of this suspense soon made its mark on her young beauty. She grew pale and thin to fragility, and her eyes were heavy with sleeplessness.

It came at last—the news that paralysed her with terror.

The divorce petition had been successful. Vincenzo was free.

It is probable that Maria would have found some means of destroying herself, had not this message been followed almost immediately by another, of even greater significance. In the hour of his triumph, the Duke had succumbed to his disease, and was lying helpless, almost at the point of death.

After this, rumour upon rumour spread about with bewildering rapidity. There were reports of arming in Guastalla, and of the movements of French and Austrian forces to annex the duchy on the Duke's decease. Couriers were dispatched between Paris, Vienna, and Mantua, while the weeks went by and Maria hid, trembling, in her convent.

At last, when it was full winter, the day dawned that she had dared not hope to see—that of her lover's return.

She rose early and poured out her heart to God in passionate thanksgiving. She had survived the menace that had threatened for so long. Now, armed with a new determination, she was ready to keep the tryst. She was willing to risk pursuit and capture, possibly death for them both, in a desperate bid for happiness—to fly with him, if he were of the same mind, wherever he would take her.

Fortified with this resolve, she spent the morning in a state of feverish excitement.

Noon came and went. She withdrew to her room to make ready her few possessions, fretting that she had no other dress than the white habit of the convent.

As the afternoon waned, her heart began to sing.

"Nothing can come between us now!"

The next moment came that sound which was more terrible than a death knell—the clatter of hoofs and the clanging of the convent bell in imperious summons. A courier had arrived with the news that Vincenzo was dying. A light carriage waited outside with orders to convey the young duchess to Mantua to hear her uncle's last words. He was not expected to live more than an hour. Maria's heart sank like a stone. But she reflected that there was still hope. If the physicians proved right, there was just time to return from Vincenzo's deathbed before the hour of vespers.

She therefore hastened to obey the summons and soon, surrounded by state, with outriders on either side and a noblewoman of the court to accompany her, she was driven away.

When they had covered about half the distance, her companion drew herself up and addressed her as follows:

"I have been commanded to inform your Highness, so soon as we were actually on the road, that it will be necessary for you to prepare your mind for a drastic change of circumstances. Our lord the Duke is unfortunately at death's door, and his acknowledged heir is Charles Gonzaga, Duke of Rhetel. As it is vitally important that all claims to Mantua and Monferrato should centre in one line, it has been decided that your Highness should give your hand to Duke Charles. Your destined husband arrived in Mantua this morning and the dispensations have come from Rome. Your uncle is determined to see this alliance completed before his death, and all arrangements have been made for it to take place on your arrival at the castle this evening——"

She got no further, for Maria had fainted.

Regaining consciousness, the girl attempted to throw herself from the carriage, and when her companion restrained her by main force, she burst into a storm of hysterical grief.

"I will not do it—I will not, let them do what they may! They can but kill me—God send they may do so; but they cannot make me marry this stranger!"

The noblewoman, embarrassed by the girl's distress, answered coldly that she feared her Highness would find herself *obliged* to obey.

By the time they reached the castle Maria had lapsed into the apathy of despair. She huddled in her seat, staring wide-eyed through the ruin of her hopes to that corner of the convent garden where, in a few hours, her lover would wait for her in vain. . . .

THE courtyard of the castle was filled with soldiery. Cannon were mounted on the walls, and all precautions had been taken to prevent any disturbance on the death of the reigning duke.

An officer detached himself from the guard and escorted Maria into the great hall. She was obliged to lean on his arm or she would have fallen. She moved in a trance, unaware of the curiosity of the silent groups of nobles, ladies, lacqueys, soldiers and court officials through which she passed.

She was taken to a small ante-chamber opening into a dim and lofty stateroom. The air was heavy with incense. Through the half-open door she could see her uncle's wasted body on a magnificent bed.

Beyond the bed, raised on a dais in the centre of the room, was a small altar.

The sight of it roused Maria from her stupor.

When a priest came forward whispering, "The Duke awaits your Highness—there is not a moment to lose," she drew herself up with the reckless pride of a Gonzaga.

"Go back to my uncle and say that I refuse to accede to his wishes."

The priest stared in consternation at the slight, defiant figure with its white face and indomitable eyes.

"But—your Highness——"

"Go back, I say, and repeat what I have told you!"

The man shrugged unhappily and went back into the room. A murmured colloquy ensued at the bedside, interrupted by the angry voice of Vincenzo:

"—if not by good will, then by *force*!"

Then silence, and another voice, one that was painfully, poignantly familiar. She closed her eyes, for the room was dissolving round her in waves of faintness.

"Perhaps, my gracious lord, if you will let me speak with her——"

Dear God, how could it be?

A moment more and he came out to her. He was unchanged save for the richness of his dress. At sight of him she started forward in wild joy, then stopped and fell on her knees, weeping.

"Why have you come, since there is no hope? Are you here to torture me? You are too late—*too late*——"

"Not too late, beloved, since the tryst is kept!"

He lifted her into his arms, kissing away her tears. But she drew back, her eyes fixed on his face.

"Once I swore that I would never ask—but now I demand to know. Who are you?"

"*I am Charles Gonzaga!*"

"ONCE I swore that I would never ask —but now I demand to know. Who are you?" "I am Charles Gonzaga!"

THE men of Colonel Stratford-Willson's shooting party were sitting after dinner in the library. The talk had turned in a somewhat comfortably detached fashion to the troubled state of Europe, to the fall of civil liberty, and the rise of dictatorships on every side; and Edward Masshiter, eminent K.C., made the not very original remark that no one could foresee a week ahead as to what might happen next.

"The last props of civilisation are rocking," he pronounced blandly, pulling with evident satisfaction at his cigar.

Colonel Stratford-Willson, a hale old sportsman in the seventies, smiled beneath his heavy white moustache. "I never remember the time, Edward," he said, "when there weren't fellows like you who went about croaking in that fashion. And up to a point, I suppose, they spoke the truth. Civilisation always *has* been rocking."

He paused to give the fire an energetic poking, and went on.

"Fifty years ago—yes, by jove, exactly fifty years ago—I saw the sudden and swift rise of an empire larger in extent than Europe. I saw that empire ground under the iron heel of a military dictator, every vestige of liberty and justice swept away. I saw more than three-quarters of the population perish beneath the cruelty and misrule of the despot. I saw, too, the destruction of that tyranny in a single day; and, finally, I had the satisfaction of seeing peace and prosperity, such as they had never dreamed of, brought to those oppressed people."

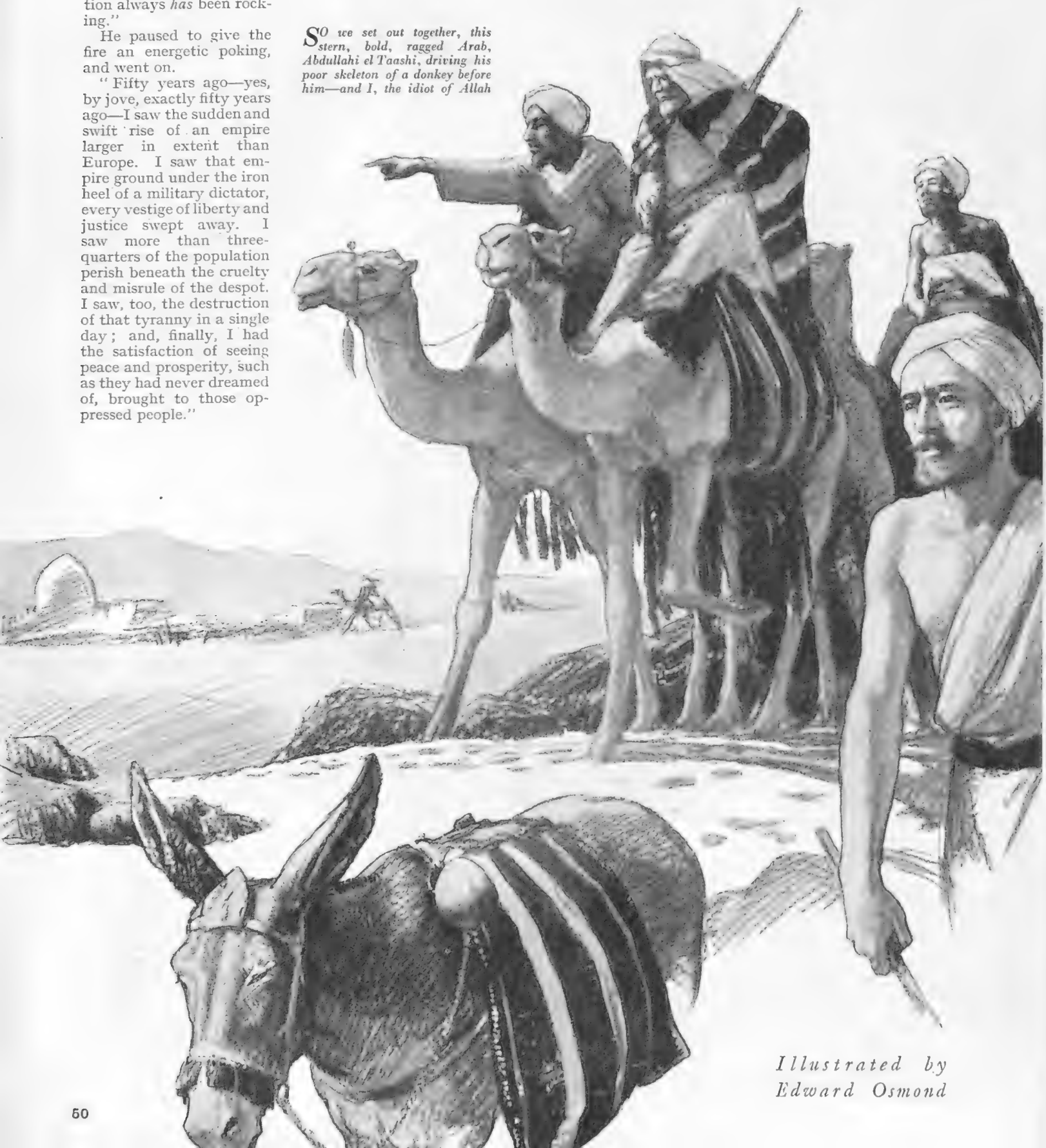
The Colonel puffed reminiscently at his cigar.

"All the giants of my early days were involved in that great drama—Queen Victoria, Gladstone, Gordon, Cromer, Wolseley, Kitchener, Charlie Beresford. Ah, there were giants in those days—strong, God-fearing men and women who knew very well what they believed was right, and were not afraid to act up to it. I am proud to remember, too, that I had a part, a very minor part of course, but still a part, in those great events when our Western civilisation was in danger of being overrun by savagery."

We settled more comfortably into our chairs, for we saw that a rare thing was going to happen: the Colonel was going to tell a story—and his stories were worth listening to.

"Fifty years ago, almost to the day," he murmured reflec-

SO we set out together, this stern, bold, ragged Arab, Abdullahi el Taashi, driving his poor skeleton of a donkey before him—and I, the idiot of Allah



Illustrated by Edward Osmond

tively, and, rising out of his chair, he took down from the wall with a curious touch of reverence a quaint-looking, broad-bladed spear, but made of wood, like a canoe paddle.

"Do you know what that is?" he asked, indicating a dark stain on the blade.

"Paint?" hazarded Edward Masshiter.

"Gordon's blood," said the Colonel.

A silence followed the dramatic simplicity of this statement.

"Tell us about it," I ventured.

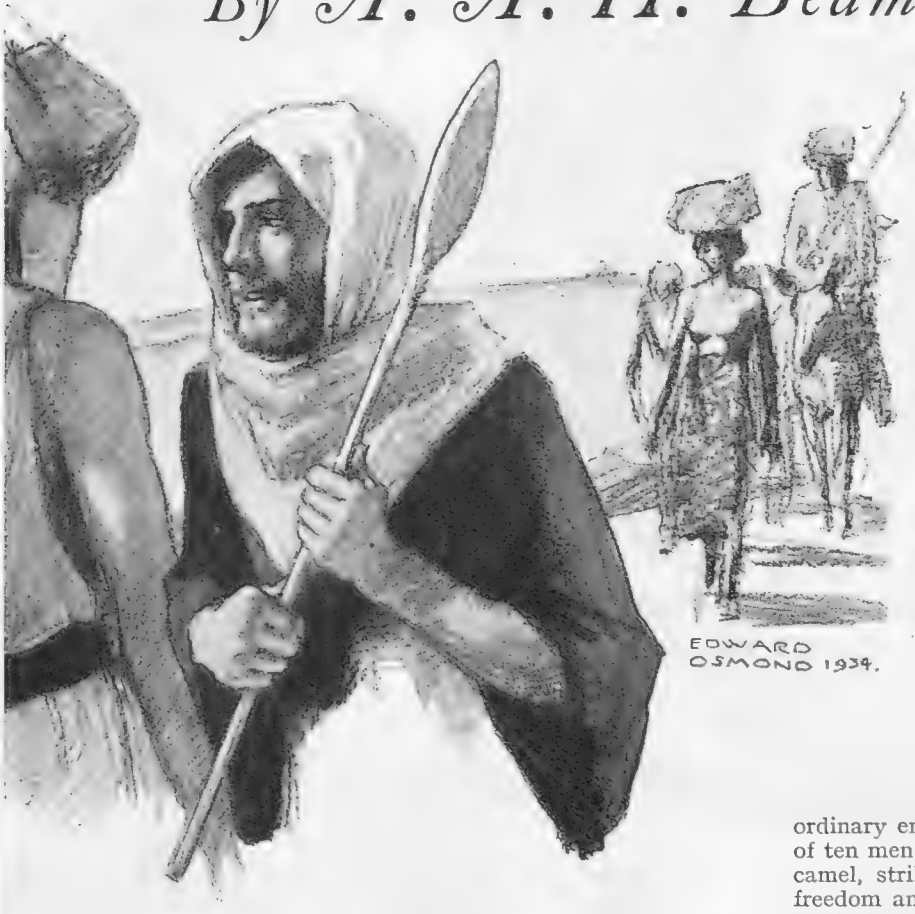
"But the Vicar already knows the story—and I have a horror of becoming a bore in my old age."

"Go ahead!" smiled the Vicar. "It is a story that will well bear retelling, especially on this fiftieth anniversary."

Fifty Years Ago

An Old Soldier tells the Story of a Wooden Spear Dipped in the Heroic Blood of—Gordon

By A. A. H. Beaman



We filled our glasses, settled into our chairs, and the Colonel began his story.

WHEN I first landed in Egypt, affairs there were in a complicated state. Arabia had rebelled against the Government; our fleet had bombarded Alexandria; Lord Wolseley then made his swift and brilliant march on Cairo, defeating the rebels at Tel-el-Kebir and Kassassin. The lives of the European nationals were safeguarded, law and order and good government quickly restored, and Mr. Gladstone was anxious to withdraw our fleet and army, and indeed all intervention of ours in Egyptian affairs, as soon as this could safely be done.

A British agent, however, Sir Evelyn Baring, later to become the famous Lord Cromer, was left to advise the Khedive's Government, and a handful of specially selected British officers were seconded to reorganise and train the Egyptian army.

THIS new service, with its ever warlike frontiers, held out the prospect of such wide and stirring activity, and of such speedy advancement, that it was eagerly sought after by the more adventurous spirits among our young officers, and I thought myself wonderfully fortunate to be among the chosen few.

I must tell you that I had to some degree a natural gift for languages. I found little difficulty in acquiring fluency, not only in Arabic, but in the dialects of the principal Sudanese tribes. Consequently I soon found myself withdrawn from regimental duty to serve in the Intelligence Department, under Major Herbert Kitchener.

What was Kitchener like then, in the freshness of his youth? Most of you remember him as the massive, enigmatic, sphinx-like figure, invested with the retrospective authority of his career, the Great High Constable of Britain, under whose right arm our people in 1914 rose with trustful confidence to defend their liberties. In those far-away Egyptian days he was in the thirties, with no achievements behind him, a young officer, like the rest of us, with his way to make. But even then he immediately impressed you as no ordinary man, as, indeed, a man of destiny—a magnificent commanding figure, fair, ruddy-faced, with remarkably penetrating blue eyes that seemed to search down into the very bottom of your thoughts. He was an iron man, iron of will and iron in physique, a tireless worker, whose sole aim was duty, in the fulfilment of which he spared no one—least of all himself. But he was an inspiring leader to work under, and a lifelong friend to those who won his confidence. For my part I would have gladly done anything for him.

Yes, those were days of endless activity—anxious yet exhilarating. No sooner were we beginning to get affairs in Egypt itself straightened out than a new and incalculable danger loomed up in the Sudan. For some years Charles Gordon—Chinese Gordon—that strange mixture of brilliant soldier and religious mystic, had been Governor-General of the dependency, appointed principally for the purpose of exterminating the slave trade. Gordon's extraordinary energy, how in that deadly climate he did the work of ten men, and covered thousands of miles yearly on his fleet camel, striking heavy blows at the slave traders, scattering freedom and justice among the natives, protecting the weak, punishing the wicked; the remarkable power of his personality, which won the devotion of even the fiercest cannibal tribes, so that he could ride unarmed and alone where a brigade of soldiers dared not venture—and particularly the famous exploit when he rode alone into the armed camp of Suleiman Zobeir, the slaver-king, and compelled his submission—his heroic, chivalrous, noble work during that stormy period, is, of course, still fairly well known to everybody.

But Gordon had lately left the Sudan, and trouble was brewing. An Egyptian Governor-General had taken his place at Khartoum.

That vast slice of Africa, inhabited by a mixture of races, Arabs, negroes, and many degrees of hybrids between the two,

was simmering with unrest. Since Gordon's departure, the Arab slave-hunters had begun again to prey on the negro villages to the south, massacring the valueless and carrying off the young males and females into slavery. The slave routes across the desert could be descried from afar off by the continuous trail of white bones shimmering in the sun. And this huge tract of country was administered by a comparatively small number of Egyptian officials and troops, mostly effete and corrupt, who, far away from the surveillance of Cairo, took bribes from the slave-hunters and oppressed the poor people in the most merciless manner.

The Arabs and negroes, both valiant and warlike, hated and despised their cowardly oppressors, but owing to interminable inter-tribal jealousies and feuds, they had not the faculty of combining to throw off the yoke. It was clear to all of us who knew anything about the country that if ever some unifying force arose among the Sudanese peoples, the days of the Toork domination would be numbered.

And one day Kitchener sent for me to his office.

"Look here, Willson," he said in his abrupt, rather boyish manner of speech, "there's a new *fiki*, or holy man, on Abba Island, south of Khartoum, who needs watching. He's quarrelled with the religious Superior of Khartoum and set up on his own. Numbers of people are flocking to hear him. My information is very indefinite, but I gather this man is something unusual and important."

"Yes, sir," I said, with interest. "Abba Island's outside my particular section, as you know, and I hadn't heard of him."

"Yes, I know. But I'm going to send you on a special mission. You've done some native-disguise jobs pretty well, and I think you can do this one. It's not very difficult. Start up the Nile by the mail to-night. Cross the frontier in your usual disguise, and make your way to this holy man as seems best to you, moving as much as possible among the people, so that you can pick up what they are talking and thinking about. Report in the usual manner—and take your time. Is that quite clear?"

"Quite clear, sir." I flushed with pleasure at the hint of a compliment from this iron chief.

"Right. Good luck."

He turned again to the papers on his desk as a sign of dismissal. I saluted and hurried away to make my preparations.

THE disguise I adopted when on such missions among the natives was that of the meanest sort of Dervish. I stained my skin, wore a tattered old jibba, and let the hair grow all over my face; and I assumed the character and manners of an almost inarticulate imbecile. For, as you know, in the East those whom Allah has so afflicted are treated with especial kindness. And to make the character more convincing, I carried that toy wooden spear which you see on the wall. It caused a good deal of amusement among the people, who laughingly called me a bold warrior and threw me scraps of food.

I will not weary you with details of my long journey to Abba Island; some of it on pilgrim boats up the Nile, some of it in the train of caravans across the desert. But long before I reached my destination I became aware that a strange and powerful ferment was working through the country; that some vast and incalculable upheaval was imminent. And the name of Mohammed Ahmed, the priest of Abba, was on everybody's lips.

When I reached Abba Island, I found that, although continual streams of pilgrims from all parts of the country were arriving, the priest himself, Mohammed Ahmed, was not there. I learnt that he was walking, staff in hand, through the country, preaching in burning words the purification of religion. I saw his two brothers and his uncle, with whom he lived, calmly pursuing their craft of boat-building on the river bank—and, I may mention here, it is a strange thing that, through all the tremendous convulsions which were shortly to shake the Sudan, these men continued to follow their peaceful industry—were still doing so when I finally left the country nearly twenty years later. I went, too, among the pilgrims, to visit the rough hole in the cliff above the river which Mohammed Ahmed had scooped out for himself, and where he used to dwell for weeks at a time, fasting and praying—seeking, as he declared, to learn the will of God.

Feigning idiocy if ever I was spoken to, I moved disregarded or good-humouredly laughed at among the tumultuous going and coming of the varied tribes and races, but listening attentively to everything that was said. I heard strange tales of this new Zahed—Reformer—who had come to purify the faith; of his sanctity, his supernatural powers, the signs and wonders he had wrought—all the usual superstitious imagery of the East. And sitting on the outskirts of the cooking fires, I heard, too, whisperings that a man had been found who would break from off the necks of the people the oppressive yoke of the Toork—those cowardly foreigners who, under force of arms, plundered their property, ravished their women, flogged and tortured the innocent.

Presently I made my way to one of our secret agents in Khartoum, a Greek shopkeeper—shortly to meet with a fearful end; for when Khartoum fell, they poured paraffin over his clothes and burnt him alive—and reported very fully in cypher the state of affairs.

The reply came back from Kitchener telling me to make my way to Mohammed Ahmed himself, and for the present to remain in observation.

WITH the flashing blade uplifted, he stood there, while the fanatical host surged past him, shouting for the battle

I learned that the Zahed was in Kordofan, surrounded by numerous disciples, engaged in preaching and in building a tomb over the remains of a certain holy sheikh who had recently died. On my journey there, I met with a very singular experience.

One night I had slept in a village, as usual begging my food, and was about to start off at dawn, when I heard an altercation. A crowd of villagers were jeering at a poverty-stricken Arab, who was dressed only in the cotton shirt of the Taashi tribe, and spoke the dialect of Darfur. He had a half-starved donkey, with a frightful gall on its back, which carried his water-skin and bag of corn. The villagers mocked him and said, " What do you want ? Go back to your own country. There is nothing to steal here ! "

" I am seeking Mohammed Ahmed, the Zahed," said the Arab fiercely ; whereupon the villagers laughed more loudly, saying, " Mohammed Ahmed, indeed. He will have nothing to do with the likes of you." Then they laid hands on the donkey, declaring they recognised it as having been stolen from the village in the previous year. But a leading villager came up and rebuked them for their behaviour, and began to direct the stranger to Mohammed Ahmed. Seeing the chance of a stalwart travelling companion, I capered forward, stuttering and mouthing " Mohammed Ahmed ! Mohammed Ahmed ! "

The villagers renewed their jeering, saying we would make a fine couple of disciples for the Holy Man ; but the stranger gave me a stern glance and said, " Very well, poor fool, you are wiser than they. Come with me."

So we set out together, this stern, bold, ragged Arab, Abdullahi el Taashi, driving his poor skeleton of a donkey before him—and I, the idiot of Allah.

Little could I then foresee that this man, whose entire possessions consisted of one saddle-galled donkey, would in less than three years be the absolute ruler of a vast empire —the dread Khalifa. And still less could I foresee that I should witness the day when, after fourteen years of despotic power, he would ride off the field of Omdurman, an almost solitary fugitive, his empire shrunk once more to the measure of a saddle-galled donkey.

Nevertheless, I am bound to say that at that time I respected the man. In spite of his poverty he had all, and something more, of the dignity of his race, its courage, its hardihood. Since my response was invariably inane mouthings and grimaces, he soon gave up any attempts at conversation.

Often he seemed to be absorbed in stern and concentrated broodings ; but when, as we progressed, we fell in with an ever swelling multitude of people, all thronging in the same direction—namely, towards the Holy Man—I saw that Abdullahi could be very charming in his intercourse with other people.

There was a kind of rugged manliness about him that appealed to a young British soldier, and which, I noticed, quickly gave him an ascendancy over the large company with whom we were now journeying.

As we drew near to Messalamia, where Mohammed Ahmed and his followers were erecting the tomb, it became increasingly clear that the storm was gathering. Across the whole horizon of the desert you could see bands of men on camels, on horses, on donkeys and on foot, all hurrying in the same direction. One had the impression of an entire people tumultuously uprising ; pouring wholesale out of their villages towards a common point, under the stress of some tremendous excitement.

You can imagine how interested I was to see this man, this humble boat-builder, whose preaching and personality, and whose epistles broadcast throughout the provinces, had been able to create so great an upheaval.

And then we came (*Continued on page 92*)

MARGERY SHARP, whose book, "Sophy Cassmajor," is a slightly precious but charming little tale of a voyage to India a hundred years ago

ROBERT GRAVES, author of "Claudius the God." An impressive, even a splendid, achievement, and a novel which more than repays the effort required to read it

MALCOLM DOUGHERTY, Editor of Basil Blackwell's "Works of William Shakespeare." Issued in one volume, in good, readable print, are all the plays and poems

BOOKS: *A Duty on Humour— A Premium on Size*

Reviewed by ARNOLD PALMER

EVERY year, English publishers select one or two American humorists, of whom there seems to be a good supply, and introduce them to us. We come up smiling, endeavour to get in the unanswerable "Pleased to meet you" before the other fellow says it to us, and then stand anxiously listening. We know, because Americans have often told us so, that the American sense of humour is far keener than our own, and we are all tuned up so as not to come in late with our laughs. But it is no good—at least, not to me. My laughs get later and later, and depression gains on me. I have tried to analyse this blight. Is it caused, I wonder, by the fact that the humorist is a professional humorist? Or is American humour really too quick for me? Or is the explanation simply that American and English humour are just as different as American and English voices?

The third suggestion is, for all parties, the most comfortable. How blithe, then, I feel at being able to announce that I believe it to be the correct one! Let me give my reasons and draw a map. I have just been reading *How to Tell your Friends from the Apes* (Methuen, 5s.), by the very newest Transatlantic sideshaker, Mr. Will Cuppy; and I found him quite, but not distressingly, funny. After a time, feeling that I had done all that politeness demanded, I turned back to Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, who was, so to speak, standing near the door. (I am never late on my laughs with Mr. Wodehouse, never weary of him; which seems to dispose of the objection to professional humorists). His short Introduction is full of quotations from

Memories—Pleasant and Unpleasant

"War Memoirs of David Lloyd George." Vol. 4
(Nicholson & Watson, 21s.)
"A Time to Keep": *by Halliday Sutherland*
(Bles, 10s. 6d.)
"I'll Go No More A-Roving": *by Charles Ladds*
(Selwyn & Blount, 8s. 6d.)
"Café Royal Days": *by Capt. D. Nichols Pigache*
(Hutchinson, 18s.)

MUCH has been said already, much more will be said, about this fourth instalment of Mr. Lloyd George's story of the war. (His mounting resentment of the British Commander and his methods reaches what must surely be its climax in the account of Passchendaele.) Meanwhile, much is being said by journalists about the issuing of Vols. 3 and 4 within a few weeks of each other. Why were they not produced simultaneously? How many more volumes may we expect? And at what intervals? Are monthly periodicals, for instance, to go on reserving a page for Mr. Lloyd George until further notice?

A Time to Keep, like its elder brother, *Arches of the Years*, is one of those rambling reminiscences which, for no very easily identifiable reason, sell by thousands and are enjoyed by tens of thousands. Far safer to recommend it than attempt to describe it! Scores of reviewers have called Mr. Sutherland the "English Munthe," his book the English "San Michele." It would be fun to disagree with them; but one would have to yield in the end. Mr. Charles Ladds's voice is louder without being funnier. The publishers of his book are careful not to vouch for the truth of it, but surely they are unduly cautious. Mr. Ladds is not hard to classify or to believe. Like so many young men, at once courageous and self-satisfied, who leave home at an early age, he has had tremendous adventures on land and sea, all the world over; and they lose nothing in the telling. Lastly, a book that raises but does not, alas! fulfil the highest hopes—*Café Royal Days*. If only Captain Pigache had been a good writer, or even if he had known nothing at all about writing, what a book this might have been! Unhappily, he is sufficiently literary to have picked up every fault and to have thrown away every natural quality. Yet, though exasperating, though enough to make half London weep, his book is worth reading by everyone who has spent an evening on those red plush benches in Regent Street.

HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND

Mr. Cuppy's pages, and the extraordinary thing is that the same jokes which had seemed to me, a few moments earlier, only fairly funny, became thrice as good when repeated by Mr. Wodehouse. What (as we are painfully learning to say) do you know about that? It looks as if a joke which is to travel the globe requires a change of tempo, voice, face and manner at every frontier. Well, we knew that before we started; so we may as well pass on.

A FEW days ago, emerging from a picture gallery in Bond Street, I met an old friend, a novelist whose satisfying royalties have long been envied by me and many others. As we walked along, I noticed that he seemed depressed, and he admitted that he was. "Financially depressed," he said, adding that during the last three years his sales had dwindled alarmingly and continuously. He had, indeed, just been to his publisher's, where the advice given to him was the advice he had dreaded—till further notice his novels should be 700 pages long instead of 350. "Isn't it nonsense," he burst out, "that I have to recognise in mid-career that my public will melt away unless I turn myself into a bore?"

His views, his disgust, are shared not only by me, but by almost every author and reviewer I meet. The demand for immense novels, half of which are valueless, save as footstools or trouser-presses, is ruining the English novel, making it slow, cold, and heavy as dough. That it is beginning to ruin the Continental novel also is no consolation. In front of me lies a vast tome, 650 pages, large pages, small print. It is called *The Forty Days* (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.), and it is translated from the German of Franz Werfel by Geoffrey Dunlop. Its theme is the destruction of the Armenians by the Turks during the War, and heaven knows the theme is sufficiently grim and tragic to deserve treatment on a great scale. But, because an author finds a tremendous subject and writes of it at length, he has not necessarily produced another *War and Peace*. Nobody who ever tackled Tolstoi's gigantic novel can have found it one word too long. Nobody, surely, will ever plod through *The Forty Days* without wishing they were a week-end. I do not (*Continued on page* 96)

Heroes—of a Kind

"King Henry V": *by Philip Lindsay*
(Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 10s. 6d.)

"The Life and Times of Catherine de Medici: *by Francis Watson*
(Hutchinson, 18s.)

FRANCIS WATSON

THE author of that successful novel, *Here Comes the King*, continues to travel backwards in time. After Henry VIII, Richard III; now we are at Henry V, and already Mr. Lindsay seems to be casting hungry glances at Edward III. Well, it sometimes pays to look at history in reverse, to seek causes from effects as well as effects from causes; and Mr. Lindsay is always worth reading, in whatever direction he is moving. But he must not let the pedagogue within him oust the writer. It is bad enough that he should address us in the kindly tones familiar to favourite pupils. It is far worse that, in the old class-room manner, he should award marks to princes, statesmen and warriors. A little more care to preserve an appearance of impersonality would have made a more convincing chronicle.

Every historian must harbour prejudices, but Mr. Watson is careful to offer opinions and not to affix labels. In swift, vivid prose he gives a masterly picture of Europe surging and plotting its way through the tumultuous sixteenth century. Leonardo was just dead, America was discovered, Machiavelli was believed, the authority of the Papacy was being rejected. On this stormy scene, like two suns in an angry sky, two indomitable women rose, Elizabeth and Catherine. Their fates were intertwined. Catherine sent Mary Stuart to plague the English queen; Catherine's work was ended by death a few months after Elizabeth had rounded off the labours of a lifetime by defeating the Armada. One cannot give Mr. Watson higher praise than to say that he shows himself worthy in all respects to tell the story of a tremendous era. His book, like Mr. Lindsay's, would have been improved by the addition of genealogical tables, but he has the gift of lucidity and one does not often feel the lack of them. The illustrations have been selected with intelligence and success.

PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY, who has collaborated with C. R. W. Nevinson in writing "Exodus A.D." The theme of this book is one more emphatic warning of what we may expect in future war

HANNEN SWAFFER, author of "When Men Talk Truth," a series of thirteen short stories

Even the Busiest Woman Can find Time for these

Five-Minute Exercises

By Margaret Lowe

MANY women who subscribe to the cult of beauty to the extent of keeping complexions in condition and averting the catastrophe of a broken chin line still sigh at the thought of physical culture and organised exercise. They abhor the idea of the tyranny of organised, possibly cranky, gymnastic mania, or anything that they think is going to take up too much time. They think "So long as I stay around nine and a half stone I won't bother." They worry vaguely about localised fat, do occasional half-hearted exercises, diet irregularly, and leave it at that.

But the fact is that if you want to retain youth and beauty, which means elasticity, suppleness, alertness of mind and body—all dependent on the activity of circulation and the natural functions—as well as the right silhouette, you must constantly stimulate the blood, the muscles and the eliminating and breathing organs, which include the pores of the skin.

This all sounds quite formidable. Actually it is a question of a simple routine which can be done with a minimum expenditure of time and energy.

Exercises need not be strenuous, nor need you let them tyrannise you. Allow ten minutes a day if you can manage this.

Here are a few simple and straightforward exercises for localised fat. Choose the ones for your own troubles, and be faithful to them. By the time your scales and mirror show you gratifying results you would as soon think of neglecting their daily practice as you would of brushing your teeth.

Hips and Thighs

Stand upright, one arm outstretched with one hand against the wall, and swing the opposite leg forward, then backward, three to six times, with the foot well pointed down, so that you feel the pull on it. Each day the leg will swing more freely. Turn about and use the other leg in the same way. This exercise makes the muscles around the hip, thigh and pelvis lissome and taut and disposes, by means of circulation, of those born settlers, the fatty cells.

Stomach

This classic is unrivalled. Lie flat on your back on a blanket or exercise mat, and slowly raise your legs, both together, from the hips, bring them over your head and back again slowly. After loosening up a little you will be able to touch the floor beyond your head with your toes.

This should not be done more than three times if it is difficult, and to repeat it six times after practice is sufficient to pull in and strengthen the abdominal muscles.

It not only reduces waist and hip measurements but improves internal functions.

Gradually you can add to this exercise that of using each leg separately in the same way, and of "bicycling" in the air, which increases grace and suppleness and improves the shape of legs and thighs.

Middle-aged Shoulders

Stand upright, legs slightly apart, arms upstretched. (*Continued on page* 100)

And now a more interesting but slightly more difficult diaphragm exercise

THIS is part of a dancer's routine. The four positions are related by sweeping, rounded movements. You glide slowly, firmly, silkily from one position to another.

Each movement and each position is beautiful. Mastered, they will not only melt away the above-the-waist bulge quicker than anything else. They will also give you grace, suppleness and perfect body control.

1. Turn to the left, bend the left knee, letting it take your weight, hands shoulder height, left above the right.

2. Slowly turn the body to the front, transferring the weight to the right leg, swinging the arms into the position shown. While doing this keep the hips well forward, the waist muscle taut, and stretch the arms so that you can feel the pull across the back.

3. Change the weight from right to left leg, bend back as far as you can go and force the hands well down by the right thigh, until you can feel the pull at the shoulders.

4. Come up from the back bend and go into the last position, rising on the toes, head well back, stretching arms upwards as far as possible, tautening the waist.

Relax completely, bending over to the ground, head down, arms dangling, before starting the exercise again.

Posed and explained by Inga Andersen, well-known dancer, dance designer and physical culture expert.

Photographs by Helen MacGregor.

At Last . . .

A Leader *of* Fashion

By Jean Burnup,

Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve"

WE are in for a nice long period of simplicity and good line in dress, thanking goodness . . . and the Duchess of Kent.

I can't remember the days when there was a leader of feminine style in this country. But anyone will tell you that there were such women in the time of reigning beauties and toasts of the town. They will tell you how people crowded in the park for hours, hoping to catch sight of incomparable Lily Langtry riding by in her victoria, and how men solemnly raised their hats to her, and women noted every detail of her dress and scurried along to their dressmakers.

Since beautiful women are more frequently met with to-day (which really means that most women have learnt how to make the best of themselves and to give an effect of beauty if it wasn't handed out at the start by Nature), no one is outstanding enough to influence our style of dressing.

Film stars like Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer sway hair and eyebrow styles, and in some New York shops you can buy copies of the clothes the stars wear in their films. And there are always women being photographed and described as "the best-dressed woman in London" or Monte Carlo or somewhere. But this doesn't mean a thing, and is an easily acquired reputation.

I once worked on a newspaper where they took a photograph of a famous hostess and, for the purpose for which it was being used, labelled her grandly, "the best-dressed woman in London."

Others papers copied, and whenever her name was mentioned in print or her picture appeared, the lines always followed, "known as the best-dressed woman in London." This went on for about three years.

But a leader of feminine fashion, in the same way as the Prince of Wales is regarded as a leader of masculine fashion—no, we haven't had one.

And now, in the Duchess of Kent, we have.

Directly the first full-length, shyly smiling photographs of her began to appear, we knew.

We knew she was not only an astonishingly good-looking modern type, and that her tall slimness was ideally shaped for the clothes of to-day.

But we knew also, right away, that she had a flair for clothes.

Her taste, instinctively good, sharpened to perfection by Paris residence and experience, is so right that we knew, long before the published photographs of her trousseau appeared, that she abhors the bits and pieces school of dressing, inclines to classic, severe simplicity and concentrates on cut and line.

You can measure the extent of the influence she is going to wield by that first little hat we saw her in. Overnight it was a rage in two countries.

BEFORE her wedding, reasonable copies of her trousseau were to be seen in the shop windows of Paris, London, and New York. They would have been there by news and romantic interest alone. But they were also there

(Continued on page 91)

MRS. JOHN HALLETT poses in a chiffon evening gown that is a harmony of heavenly colour (night in Venice blue) and gracious, flattering line. Debenham & Freebody. Photograph by Paul Tanqueray

TEMPTATIONS . . .

THE smart cardigan has bone buttons, ties at the neck, and looks as if busy fingers had knitted it. In many colours, 12/9

BACK and front view of dull crêpe elegant party dress. Coral and brown, light blue and navy, or other colour contrasts. £2 10s.

UP at the top is a buckle and clip set in polished bronze, with an embossed unicorn. Wear them on a severe black frock and make your friends envious. 17/6

THE Empire nightdress is floral crêpe, in peach, ivory, or rose green, grounds. 10½.

THE newest scent from a historic perfume house is ingratiating and seductive. The 3/9 size is drawn here, but you can get it up to 47/6. This house, long famed for its personality perfumes, has recently opened a new London Salon, where women are invited to consult the resident beauty expert on the perfumes that best express their personality

They looked so good that we could not resist sketching them. Regard the prices. Can you resist buying them?

Write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," if you want to know the names of the shops where they can be found

THE smart tailored tweed coat and skirt costs two guineas. So does the coat that is made of the same green-flecked material

A MANNISH dressing-gown in heavy checked art silk. Royal blue, wine, green, and brown. £1

THE velvet bag (black or brown) looks equally good for dressy day or evening wear. 12/9

THE little cape, imitating ermine very well indeed, is cocoa brown, but can also be obtained in black, white, and grey. 19/11

A GOLD lamé evening blouse, soft ruffle at the neck, ties at the back or side with a diamanté buckle. 29/6

Other People's Houses:

"The Barretts," the charming Essex home of Miss Dodie Smith, the dramatist

Specially Photographed for "Britannia and Eve" by "Sasha"

(Left)
THREE hundred and fifty years have passed since the foundations of this delightful old-world cottage were laid, and within living memory it was a small "pub"

(Centre)
THE author of "Autumn Crocus," "Service" and "Touch Wood" seeks inspiration for her fourth play from her work-room looking southward over the green pastures of the Essex countryside

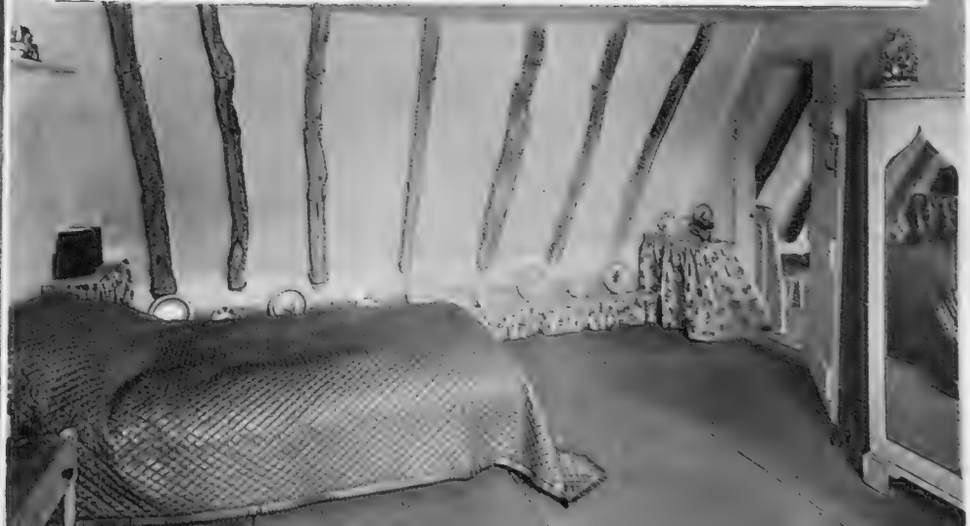
(Above)
THE old beams of the living-room have, happily, never been spoilt by stain or paint. *Below:* With her natural appreciation of an old-world environment, Miss Smith has chosen a bedroom in the old part of the house for herself

(Above)
THE dining-room is furnished with stripped and limed pine. The old bake-oven to the right of the open fireplace makes an excellent storing place for logs

(Right)
THE lovely aspect and peaceful atmosphere of Miss Smith's work-room are conducive to thought and inspiration, and here she is engaged in writing her fourth play

(Below, right)
"OLD Flower Print" chintz cleverly conceals the modern central-heating in this guest-room in the old part of the house

(Below)
A ROOM with a view! It is a guest-room in the new wing, and is charmingly upholstered in pink and white chintz



I'll *Tell* You

By Mary

A NEW shaving-cream that gives a really close shave

MY good resolution this year is never again to have a cold and cheerless room at *any* time of the day or night. I have just invested in a wonderful stove which is going to keep my resolution for me. It is of a very pleasing appearance, so that disposes of the old objection that a stove is too ugly to be placed in a sitting-room.

PERMANENT WARMTH

But the practical advantage of my new stove is this : it will burn anthracite as either a closed or open fire. When I want to sit reading or working before it, I simply open the doors and enjoy all the comfort of a cheerful open fire. When the doors are open, the heat is regulated by a special damper.

Then at night, or if I want to leave the stove unattended for a length of time, I simply shut up the doors, set the stove for slow combustion, and there I am, sure of a steadily burning fire and a warm room whenever I need it again.

At all times, whether the doors are open or shut, the stove gives off a continual supply of warmed air which spreads evenly all over the room, leaving not a single unwarmed nook or cranny.

There is another stove made by the same firm, which is very similar to the one I have described, but which will burn any smokeless fuel, as well as anthracite, as either a closed or open fire.

I HAVE got the cocktail habit. The difference between mine and others' is that it is *not* taken internally, but applied externally to the complexion. Actually it is a tonic skin lotion, but its makers describe it as a complexion cocktail. That is a very good name, for it has exactly the same effect on a tired skin that a cocktail has upon a tired body, only in the case of the complexion cocktail the benefit is lasting.

FACE COCKTAIL

This lotion is both bracing and restorative. It also cleanses the skin, and removes that dingy appearance which fogs and smoke bring. Its use will give you a tingling, youthful glow. If you are wise, you will use it not only on your face, but on your neck and arms as well.

Business women will find it convenient to keep a little bottle in their desks, for it is the perfect lotion for quickly cleansing the skin before applying fresh make-up, and its clean, sharp odour is very refreshing after a day spent in a close atmosphere.

From the same makers comes another interesting beauty aid. This is a permanent eyelash cosmetique which can also be used to colour the eyebrows. It is easy to apply yourself, and is remarkably lasting in its effect.

If you are interested in simple and first-rate beauty culture, write to me for an excellent free booklet which contains within a handy compass a perfect mine of information about making the very best of your appearance.

FACE Cocktail for the Tired Business Woman

WHEN the new fashions first arrived, with their underlining of feminine curves and their emphasis upon slim *WONDER* waists, I trembled *GIRDLE* for fear that our dearly won figure freedom was to be torn from us. It would really have been unbearable if we had been asked to encase ourselves in the stiff, whaleboned atrocities that our mothers wore.

But, luckily for us, the corset manufacturer of to-day understands women, and gives us what he knows we want next our skin. He has a wealth of new and remarkable materials at his disposal, and contrives to make belts and girdles that are a dream of comfort and lightness, while giving us the maximum amount of support.

These remarks are inspired by the examination of a new range of belts and all-in-one belts and brassières which have just been produced by a very well-known firm.

These are made of a new and specially patented elastic ribbon. They are feather-light, fine, and porous, and yet give the most delightful feeling of support and ease of movement.

In one of these new elastic ribbon corsets, your figure will surprise you by its symmetry ; you will have no feeling of restraint, and your newest and most feminine frocks will fit with that perfection which is only possible over a superlative foundation garment.

"IN one of these new girdles, your figure will surprise you"

DO you like to make your menfolk an occasional small present ? If you do, I know of something which is certain to be an enormous success, and which will send your stock soaring.

FOR THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

This is a new shaving-cream which is so soothing and pleasant that even the most sensitive skin will not feel sore after its use. But it has another quality which endears it to the masculine mind : instead of flattening the bristles, it stiffens them and makes them stand up, so that it is possible to get a really *close* shave with it.

Incidentally, if you yourself prefer to attend to your under-arm toilet with a razor, you will find this cream much nicer to use than soap. It will leave your skin velvety soft and smooth, with none of that distressingly bristly appearance which shaving under the arm sometimes gives.

I HAVE found a wonderful treatment for rheumatism—in a beauty salon. In this treatment a pulsating machine fitted with a cup is applied to the spine. The effect of this is to bring up the circulation and to dissolve the crystals which cause rheumatism. The effect is rather miraculous ; the price most reasonable.

NEW TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM

This same pulsating machine can also be used with a smaller cup upon the face for tightening up relaxed muscles. In the same salon you can also be given a very up-to-date facial treatment, which consists of manipulation without either creams or lotions.

In this treatment they pinch you to

All I Know

Young

WRITE TO ME

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answers to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346 Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope. I will reply immediately

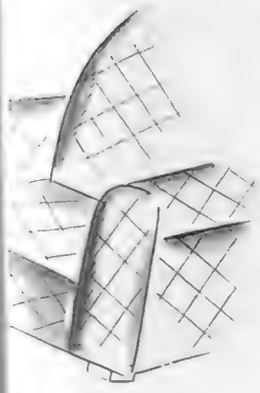
stimulate the glandular juices and to tighten up the muscles. Its effect upon double chins is nothing short of wonderful. Each treatment lasts for three-quarters of an hour, and the price is most moderate.

IS there anything more infuriating than to feel a shoulder-strap snap? If you have ever suffered from this helpless fury, let me tell you that you never need to again.

BROKEN SHOULDER-STRAPS

There is a special make of lingerie ribbon, super-strong, washable, and with no tendency tof ray. It comes in ten delectable lingerie shades, and is as light in weight and narrow in width as the filmiest underclothes can possibly require.

There is a ribbon of this make for every kind of material, smooth satin, semi- or fully delustred silk, cotton, neat brocaded geometric designs for your tailored sports sets, brocaded floral designs for evening underclothes, and inconspicuous but tenacious ribbons for your brassières.



The same firm make charming narrow ribbons in delicate colours which are specially planned for baby clothes. These can be had either in plain satin or dull silk, or brocaded with tiny rosebud and trellis designs. They have the great practical advantage of not needing to be removed for the laundry, as washing will neither cause them to lose their colour nor to wear badly.

AND now I have some good news for those of you who find it impossible to get to a specialist for beauty treatment or health massage. I have just had brought

BY YOUR OWN MASSEUSE

to my notice an excellent new appliance for home massage which you can use yourself, and which combines the advantages of both vibratory and electrical treatments.

It is a simple, safe, and scientific instrument which contains a finely adjusted electric coil, brought into action by a small switch.

This releases a soothing and stimulating current, known medically as the Faradaic current. This current passes direct into the system with very beneficial results, for it tones up the blood corpuscles, and in this way enriches the whole blood stream, giving the system renewed vigour and life.

Treatment with this ingenious instrument is far more than a mere beauty treatment, for though it will reduce wrinkles and other skin blemishes, and banish double chins, it is also excellent for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, stiff neck, headaches, and all sorts of sprains, bruises, and muscular stiffness. Also, by its aid, it is possible to reduce localised fat in a stimulating and pleasant way.

It is not complicated or tiresome to use, for it is as self-contained and safe as an ordinary electric torch. You can take it about with you on your travels, for, as the battery is incorporated in the instrument itself, there is no need to plug in to an electric point.

It is impossible to give yourself an electric shock.

THE dressing-tables of many women of my acquaintance are littered with the most amazing diversity of rouges and lipsticks. When I ask them the reason for this, they almost invariably answer that the collection has been acquired in a despairing effort to find just the right colour for their particular complexion.

INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

Now, this method of trial by error is tedious and unsatisfactory. But, by using just one cream rouge and lipstick of which I know, you can always be sure of having precisely the right colour without any trouble at all. Both this lipstick and rouge are made in *one* colour only.

Yes, I hear you say, but how on earth can one colour possibly be right for everybody? The answer is very simple, for it is the peculiar property of these two cosmetiques to change, as soon as they are applied, to exactly the right shade for the skin they touch.

In this way you can always be sure that your rouge and lipstick are a perfect match not only to each other, but to your skin as well.

Final recommendation: this lipstick is both kiss and water proof.

Should you, for special occasions or for more vividly coloured frocks, need a brighter-coloured lipstick, the same house also make a grand permanent lipstick which comes in three shades: cerise, rouge foncé, and rouge.

ARE you a busy woman? Then I am sure that you will welcome a toilet hint which will save you valuable minutes in making up.

CREAM-POWDER

This is a deliciously fine cream in which the very best quality face-powder is thoroughly incorporated, so that the cream alone need be used, instead of having to apply *both* foundation cream and powder.

Time-saving is important to everybody these days, but, quite apart from this factor, this cream is an ideal one, for it is both pure and actually beneficial to the skin. The woman who uses it will also never have to brush stray grains of powder off coat or dress.

It comes in five different shades to suit all complexions, either in their natural state or when tanned, and is put up in unbreakable jars or handy small tubes for the handbag.

There is no moment of the day or night for which this cream is unsuitable, for, besides giving the skin a lovely matt appearance in the evening, the darker shades look natural and attractive for outdoor and sports occasions.

A SIMPLE appliance which massages away a double chin, wrinkles and blemishes

I MUST tell you about a grand discovery which I have just made. I am an inveterate reader in bed, but never, no never, until now have I succeeded in doing so without straining my eyes and getting an acute attack of tennis elbow or housemaid's knee (I 'm not quite sure which) in the wrist which holds the book. But now I just snuggle back in bed with the covers tucked around my neck, and my arms nice and warm under them.

BED-READING IN COMFORT

The explanation of this seeming miracle is a most practical little book-rest which sits flat on your stomach when you are lying down, and which keeps your book at just the right angle.

It is also equipped with a cunning little electric light, which is shaded from your eyes while throwing a strong beam on the open page. In this way you can read in perfect comfort in an otherwise darkened room. But reading in bed is only one of the uses to which you can put this book-rest—do you like reading at meals, or when both your hands are occupied? Then this clever gadget is just what you have been looking for for years.

IF you want to read in bed without straining eyes, aching wrists or cold hands . . .

THE hatchway, which divides the kitchen and the scullery, has a useful unit on either side. This piece contains cupboards for storing the larger saucepans, and the drawers above are fitted for cutlery and kitchen linen. Ample table space is provided on the unit tops

Put your *Kitchen* in Uniform

UNIT Furniture, a new and a good idea for the kitchen, gives it the essential atmosphere of method and efficiency

YOU don't have to go shopping for a new hat to find that fashions change. Look what is happening to our kitchens. I have been interviewing kitchen designers and experts, visiting the small, home-y exhibitions, so I know.

First, there is the gradual disappearance of metal. This is being supplanted by wood, which looks more decorative and is much easier to live with.

The newest kitchen furniture is the Unit type. The idea began with sectional bookcases, and soon developed into furniture for bachelor-girl flats, because you could start

THE china cabinet unit shown in this picture has sliding glass doors. You can also just see the table with a cork top. The legs fold up flat underneath when a spring is pressed, turning the table into a tray, which can be used as such or leant against the wall to save more space

UNDER the sinks there are some useful garbage units. Each lifts out for emptying, and while in use can be left open, so that you can peel vegetables straight into it

by Audrey Hughes

with a few pieces, and build up a roomful in the same design. Now you can do the same with your kitchen. The new furniture is adaptable to any kitchen, whatever its shape and size. You can furnish the whole kitchen with it right away, from floor to ceiling, including the sink and copper. Or you can buy the units separately and gradually put your kitchen into that uniform which spells efficiency and method in the housewife's workshop.

This furniture clings to the walls, leaving plenty of space for work. Each unit is built to scale—twenty-one by twenty inches deep. Cupboards are made to fit into a corner too, so that most of the kitchen walls may be lined by cupboards and shelves.

Each cabinet is a three-decker. The first deck is a couple of cupboards with long chrome handles set vertically outside the doors.

Cork or marbled linoleum is fixed over the flat table top so that the edge is "wooded," stiffened and made flush with the table edge.

The second deck is composed of shelves and in the centre of these is a small lock-up cupboard for storing the housewife's handbag and account books. There is sometimes a chrome clock set in the outside of the door.

The top deck conceals more cupboards behind sliding plate-glass or wooden doors. These are much tidier-looking than the swing-out kind which often bump your head.

Any of these decks may be removed to another part of the kitchen without looking odd.

At the bottom of all this furniture the skirting is sunk back about two inches to prevent the paint being kicked. This often happens to the ordinary built-in cupboard which is made flush with the floor.

Metal is only allowed in the kitchen for sinks and real dirty-work tables. This is generally the monel-metal. Some tables have a rubber cloth with a rolled edge so that it can be clipped all round the table. This makes a warmer and pleasanter surface to work on.

It is nice, if possible, to have two sinks side by side, as one can be used for holding the dishes and pots waiting to be washed up. These always seem to take up too much room beside the sink.

Under the sinks there are some useful garbage units, placed between the unit refrigerator and cleaning cupboard. Each garbage box lifts out for emptying.

While in use it pulls outwards and can be left open, so that you can peel vegetables straight into it instead of littering up the sink basket with them.

These boxes are metal lined and shaped inside like old-fashioned coal-scuttles. Therefore they have no sharp corners to hold the dirt. Above each box is a set of ventilation slits, their outsides painted the same light colour as the rest of the kitchen furniture.

Ivory, white, green, blue and primrose are the kitchen colours of the moment.

Glass or porcelain jars on the cabinet shelves are made in the same coal-scuttle shape, with their bakelite lids protruding somewhere down their middles.

This is so that you can extract their last ounce without tipping them on end, and you can scoop out (*Continued on page* 99)

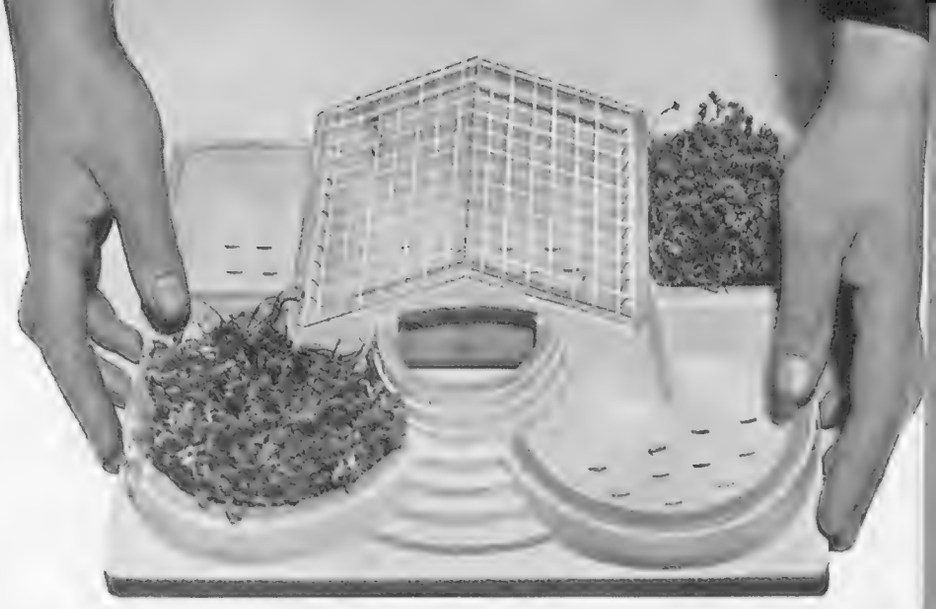
UNIT cupboards are made to fit into a corner, like this one, looking very attractive with its shelves displaying white and blue Cornish ware

THE porcelain jars on the second shelf of the cabinet on the right of the picture are coal-scuttle shape with protruding bakelite lids down their middles so that you can extract their last ounce without tipping them up

THIS three-decker interchangeable unit is fixed well back between larger unit cupboards. Notice the built-in clock

Indoor Gardens

By D. E. Bennam



THE bowl on the right shows the drainage system employed for growing cacti seeds. The bowl on the left shows them growing

A MINIATURE Japanese garden, using Opuntia and Phyllocactus, the two most usual forms of cacti, and a little imagination

If you have green fingers, which means an urge to plant and grow things, here is a fascinating way to employ them

CAN we imagine, from the look of the garden to-day, that it would ever be fit to dig and sow, plant and mow?

Impossible to think that those grim, spiky shapes in the bed outside the window are really rose trees, that the lumpy, formless tufts in the border were once a blaze of colour, and will be again, when swords of spring sunlight banish the frosts, and winter dreariness has left us.

In the meantime your true gardener, with fingers itching to grow things, decides to continue his hobby indoors.

The bulbs he potted last October are already showing active signs. In a month or so the house will be full of indoor grown tulips and daffodils, hyacinths and narcissi.

But this work has only taken a few hours, and has by no means satisfied the real gardener's mid-winter urge.

Besides, growing bulbs is the simplest form of indoor cultivation, almost too simple for the real expert. People with "green fingers" like to have a few difficulties to overcome.

So why not try your hand at a dining-room table decoration? You can make a garden, one, two, three feet in length, that has all the features of the one outside and many more besides. You can become Eastern, Japanese or rustically English.

The most entertaining plan is to create something entirely different from the outdoor variety, to grow the weirdest, most peculiar-looking miniature plants, cacti and "succulents" that try their best to imitate something other than flowers and leaves, stalks and stems.

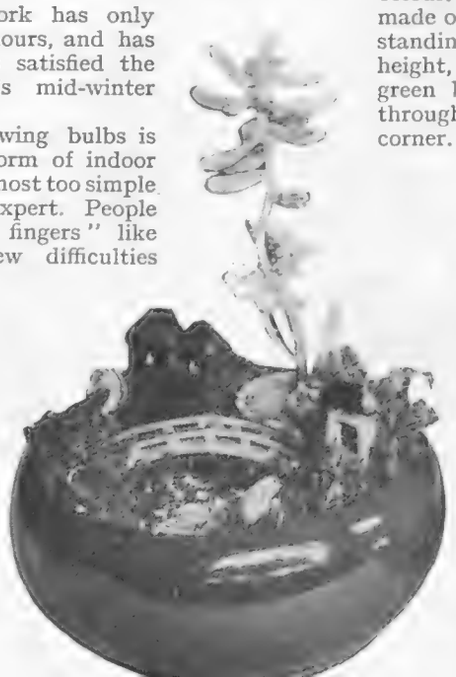
The scheme can be borrowed from the East—or from the pages of *The Arabian Nights*. It can be dramatic, picturesque or even comic.

Here is a suggestion, full of shape and colour. Men, women and children made of china, brightly painted, and standing not more than an inch in height, are walking on the bright green banks of a river that flows through the garden from corner to corner. (It was hard work to find a piece of glass of the right shape for that river. The "lawn" came from the florist and is called "bunn moss.") They are shaded by trees of shapes never before seen by human eye, fantastic trees that resemble serpents, with writhing, twisting branches of dull green.

The florist calls them "succulents," and they are grown in Africa. There are dozens of different families of these plants, ideal for miniature gardens. These particular ones are the Gasteria family. The one exactly like an exotic palm tree, tall and graceful (it stands six inches high) is of the Kleina group, and the one rather like a crazy, pale-green pagoda is known by the family name of Crassula.

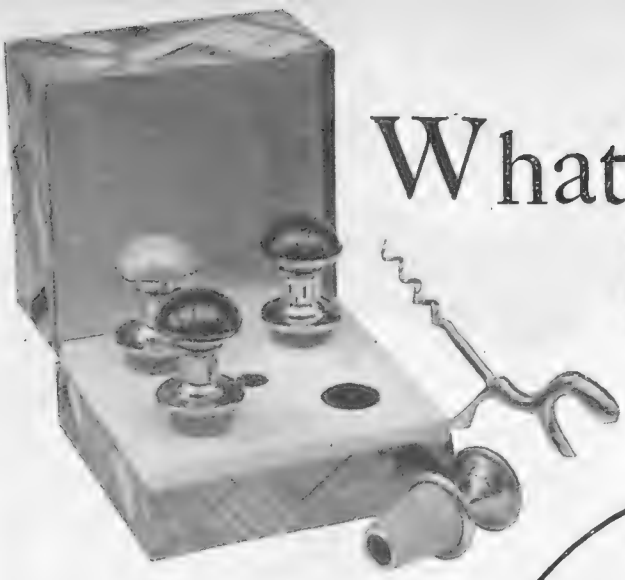
The bright scarlet bridge cost fourpence at the toyshop and the little boat on the river was made (*Continued on page* 99)

LEFT: The same little scarlet bridge, a tangle of Cephalocerus senilis (known as Old Man Cactus), Cereus martina, the trees by the pagoda, and the seven-inch tall candle plant. Right: the same trappings differently arranged and surrounded by Tapelia cacti



A TALL, graceful cactus like a palm tree (the Kleina group) dominates this little garden. The scarlet bridge costs fourpence at the toy shop

What I *have* Bought *this* Month



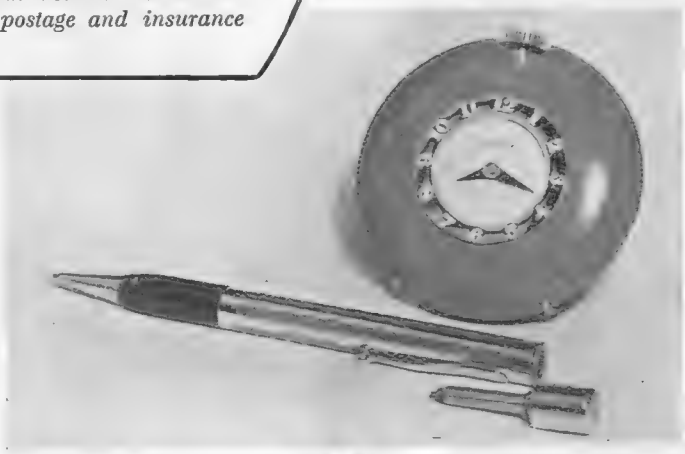
INVEST 5/- on "The Derby Winner." (He may not look a blood horse, but he is a sure favourite.) Similar chromium corkscrews at the same price are "Scottie" and "The Barking Dog." (Post free.) The four bottle tops are 10/- the set or 2/6 each, in yellow, green, blue and red. Others, hand-painted with dogs or game birds, are 16/9 the set. (Post free)

How to Buy

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Editor, Women's Department, Britannia and Eve, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. A stamped postcard must be enclosed for a reply. Alternatively, if you would like us to buy for you, send us an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you without delay. Postage for England is given in each case, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance

READ in bed, or in that dark corner, in comfort by the light of this useful clip-on book lighter. Made in bakelite in blue, green and red, the price, complete with bulb, is 10/6. (Postage 6d.)

THE "Westclox" 30-hour handbag watch is obtainable in black, white or turquoise, and is equipped with a stand for desk or table use. Price 21/-. A pencil with a double purpose has a lighter concealed in the top. In plain or engine-turned chromium or gilt. Price 8/6 and 10/6. (Both post free.)

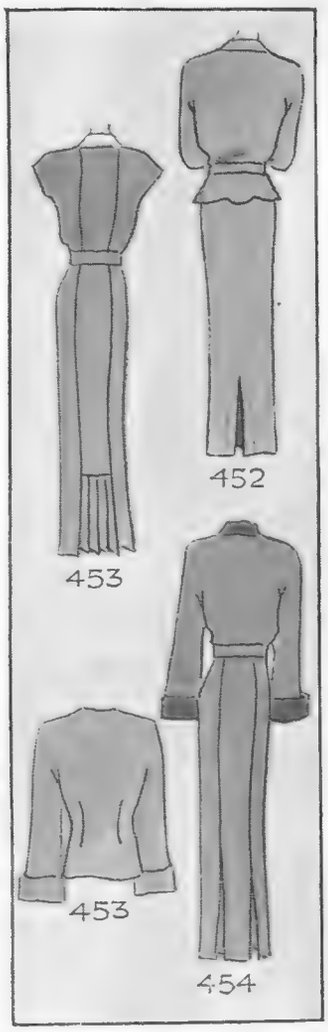


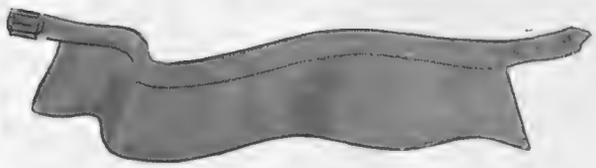
PERFECT hospitality in the guest room is expressed in this nickel-plated combined bedside lamp and cigarette box. The shade is of pink, yellow or green glass. Price 18/-. (Postage 1/-)

THESE cruet sets of English beaten pewter, very strongly made, and with blue glass containers, will look lovely on a polished table. Price 23/- the set. (Postage 9d.) The pieces may be obtained separately at 9/- for the mustard pot and 7/- each for the pepper pot and salt cellar

LUXURIATE in lavender-scented linen! In the lining of this hotwater-bottle cover lavender is concealed, and when the bottle is filled the heat brings out its delightful fragrance. Price 9/6. (Postage 4d.) Pot-pourri in a flowered jar will bring the scent of a summer garden into your room. Price 5/6. (Postage 6d.)

Dressing for Nine to Six





452

MAKE this practical office dress in a rough black woollen material and amuse yourself with your own choice of colour for the collar and buttons. It is a one-piece dress with a separate basque which makes it very simple to make. You will need only 3⅛ yards of 54″ material. Leave the basque off and wear a wide belt when you want a change. Price 1/–

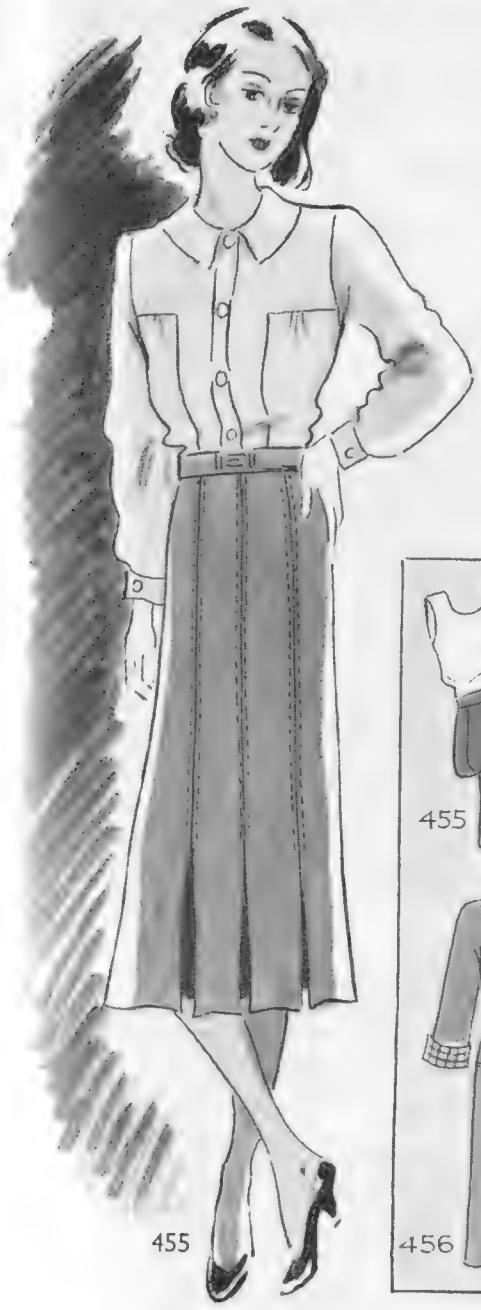
453

WHEN you are going out after office hours you may want something a little more dressy. If you haven't time to go home and change, this dress and small coat will solve your problem. The very smart and business-like fitting coat will cover up the bare arms and slightly frivolous look of the short-sleeved dress, and make it quite suitable for office wear. It would look grand in flecked angora (3¾ yards of 54″) in a nail-varnish coral with a collar of coral satin. The sleeves, which widen at the cuffs and end just short of the wrists, are very new. Price 1/–

454

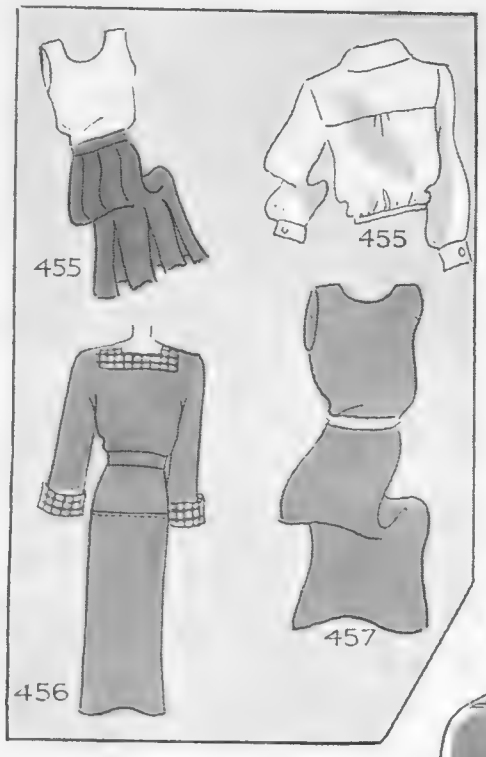
THE American shirt waist type of dress, useful, smart and becoming, influences this simple frock. It would look charming in a navy blue smooth woollen fabric (3 yards of 54″) with bodice and cuffs of Viyella No. 9126 (⅝ yard), an attractive blue and white check. Inverted pleats back and front allow freedom of movement and help to prevent seating. Note again the wide cuffs just short of the wrists. Price 1/–

For School Hours—*and* After



How to Buy

The patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.



455

THIS neat blouse would look equally well in some sort of white silk or tobralco (1¾ yards of 36"), and the skirt of navy serge, with its stitched pleats and petticoat top, will be most useful for the coming term. 1¼ yards of 54" material for the skirt, and ⅞ yard of 36" for the petticoat top. We have these patterns in three sizes: for girls of 9–11, 11–13 and 13–15 years. The amounts of materials given are for 11–13 years. Blouse and skirt together, price 1/-

456

WHEN lessons are over for the day this frock will make a welcome change from school uniform. Make it in nigger brown woollen material with yoke and cuffs of Viyella No. 9147—a gaily-coloured check of nigger, sunflower yellow and off-white. In sizes 9–11, 11–13 and 13–15 years. For 11 to 13 years you will require 1¾ yards 54" material and ⅜ yard of 36" Viyella. Price 1/-

457

A PINAFORE dress is always popular with young people; it is so comfortable and offers endless possibilities, for beneath it you can wear a variety of blouses in white or checks and plain shades to tone, and the belt can be varied both in width and colour. An inverted pleat, stitched halfway down the front, makes it roomy and practical. Make it in a sage-green wool marocain (1½ yards of 54") with a large bone button to tone. In sizes 9–11, 11–13 and 13–15 years. Price 1/-

Treated kindly, these childhood enemies will reveal themselves as good friends of the hostess who wants to serve original and exciting sweets

Nursery Puddings *with* a Dash . . .

By A. H. Adair

IF you were giving a dinner-party I am sure that you would not have a nursery pudding for the sweet course.

Yet I was once a fellow-guest of Mr. J. B. Priestley at a dinner-party given by Marcel Boulestin, who had composed a menu which finished with, of all things, semolina pudding.

Before this I remember a delicious *sole au gratin* and chicken stuffed with *foie gras*, but it was the pudding which, in its unexpectedness, first on the menu and then on our palates, took, so to speak, the cake.

Mr. Priestley afterwards wrote about it thus: "We concluded with a piece of gastronomic humour, a so-called nursery pudding which actually has our old enemy, semolina, as a basis, but is really very rich and wickedly luxurious, with a sauce laced with liqueurs."

Since then I have tried all sorts of humble puddings of the "milk" variety, and there is no end to the fun one can have in turning our old childhood enemies—still nourishing and easily digestible—into something definitely exciting.

Rice, bread and butter, macaroni, custard—all of these are easily transformed, and almost at a moment's notice, according to the state of the store cupboard.

Apart from the fact that they respond most successfully to a little kind treatment, it is most amusing to watch the surprise of our guests after the first mouthful.

And, really, the extra expense is negligible. A tablespoonful of brandy and liqueur will go quite a long way.

Bread and Butter Pudding

TAKE half a dozen thin slices of stale bread, remove crusts, cut the bread into squares and put a layer flat in a buttered pie-dish. Sprinkle with a little Cointreau, soft sugar, currants, sultanas and finely chopped candied peel.

Half-fill the pie-dish in this way, adding sugar, liqueur and fruits to each layer of bread. Now beat two eggs and mix with a pint of milk and more sugar. Pour this over the bread, soak for one hour, and bake in a very moderate oven for about fifty minutes.

Creamed Rice

USE Carolina rice and put it in boiling water for just a few minutes. Remove and drain thoroughly and put the rice in a clean saucepan and add, for every cupful of rice, three cups of milk and a vanilla pod.

Bring to the boil and cook slowly for about twenty-five minutes, by which time most of the milk should be absorbed. Remove the vanilla pod. Add sugar to taste and a tablespoonful of orange-flavoured liqueur—Cointreau, Grand Marnier, or Curaçao.

Let the rice get cold and add three tablespoonfuls of fresh cream, beating the whole mixture lightly. Serve cold.

Semolina Pudding

BRING one pint of milk to the boil, sweeten to taste and sprinkle in three tablespoonfuls of semolina. Boil gently for twelve minutes, stirring often.

Let this cool and stir in two eggs well beaten and flavour with a puddingspoonful of Cointreau. Pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake in a very moderate oven for twenty to twenty-five minutes. Serve hot with the following sauce handed separately.

Sauce Sabayon

PUT the yolks of three eggs in a warm bowl with two ounces of castor sugar. Stand the bowl over a saucepan of boiling water and cook, beating all the time until the sauce is the consistency of very thick cream.

The flavouring, which should be a mixture of brandy and Grand Marnier—a tablespoonful in all—should be added halfway through the cooking.

Floating Island

BEAT the whites of three eggs to a very stiff froth. Take a mould or round cake-tin, put in a heaped tablespoonful of castor sugar and two teaspoonfuls of cold water.

Cook this until you have a dark-brown syrup, which you swirl all round the mould to coat it. Put in the whites of eggs and stand the mould in boiling water in the oven to cook for twenty minutes.

Turn the "island" out into a fairly flat serving-dish and pour round a coffee-flavoured custard.

Coffee Custard

BRING half a pint of milk to the boil, sweeten to taste and put in two tablespoonfuls of ground coffee. Simmer for two or three minutes and pour over the yolks of two eggs, beating all the time. Pass the custard through muslin before it gets cold to remove sediment.

The custard can also be made with a coffee syrup or essence of coffee, but the above recipe, easy to follow, produces a creamy, light custard in which you have a very full flavour of fresh coffee.

The Best Dishes of Other Countries

Eating à l'Américaine

Almost every country in the world has contributed towards America's varied and excellent cuisine

IN dealing with American cookery I am up against a tough problem. What is American cookery? Where does it begin, and where do the many foreign influences leave off? For there can be no doubt that almost every known country has contributed its share to the complete collection of this very varied *cuisine*.

There are two examples, which occur to me at once, of what I might call American dishes of definite European origin—Cumberland sauce and planked shad, the first being claimed by England, and the second—the shad being no other fish than the aloze, which is caught and eaten every year in the Gironde and the Loire—by France.

However, I am not embarking on an international controversy, but simply exploring the pleasures of a good American table. Whether the best-liked dishes are of pure American origin or not is of little importance.

In any case, there are all sorts of raw materials of which the United States can be justly proud. Canvas-back duck, blue-fish, flounder, clams and wild rice are only a few.

When you consider the vastness of the country, in which there are several climates producing all sorts of delicious fruits and vegetables all the year round, you cannot help wishing sometimes that you, too, could have such a well-stocked larder.

These ingredients, however, need not be expensive luxuries imported to you from abroad. Many of the ingredients can be bought here in tins.

Here are a few notable American dishes any of which you could serve if you have an American guest to entertain. He would be most complimented.

Or you might try them yourself. They are all delicious.

Haddock Chowder

BY using our excellent smoked haddock, you can produce a very good version of this famous American soup.

Remove the skin and bones from the fish, cutting it into small pieces. Trim and cut into pieces two rashers of streaky bacon and fry them. Add a little butter and one onion, chopped. Brown the onion and put in three or four potatoes cut into small cubes, salt, pepper, and a little bunch of thyme and parsley tied together.

Cook all together for a few minutes and then add a mixture of milk and water in equal proportions and previously brought to the boil. The quantity of liquid depends on the number of people to be served, remembering that you must allow for evaporation, so for four people you would start with six portions of liquid.

Simmer until the potatoes are quite cooked, remove the herbs and pour the soup into the tureen over a few pieces of thin toast.

Chicken Maryland

CARVE the chicken (raw) into pieces, paint with beaten egg and dip in white breadcrumbs. Fry the chicken in melted butter with salt and pepper, cooking for about fifteen to twenty-five minutes according to the tenderness of the bird—remember that the legs will take longer than the rest.

Fry separately some thin rashers of streaky bacon, keep them hot, and in the bacon fat fry until golden brown a few bananas cut in two lengthways.

Arrange the bacon in a pile in a very hot serving dish, dispose the pieces of chicken on the bacon and garnish with the bananas and corn fritters, recipe for which is given below.

If you are serving a chicken for six people you should have three large bananas, twelve rashers, and about a dozen small or six larger corn fritters. Some people also serve a very creamy horse-radish sauce.

Corn Fritters

TAKE a tin of sweet corn, drain in a colander and mix it with a stiff white sauce so that you have a good thick batter. Season with salt and pepper and pour the mixture on to a floured board to get quite cold.

Now form into small cakes of any shape you fancy, dip in beaten egg and roll in breadcrumbs. Fry the fritters in deep boiling lard until crisp and golden brown. Drain well in a hot plate before serving.

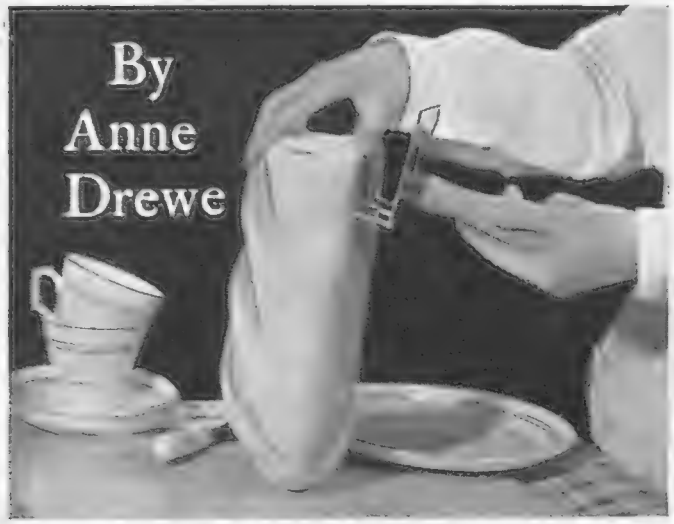
These little fritters can be served as a garnish with various dishes.

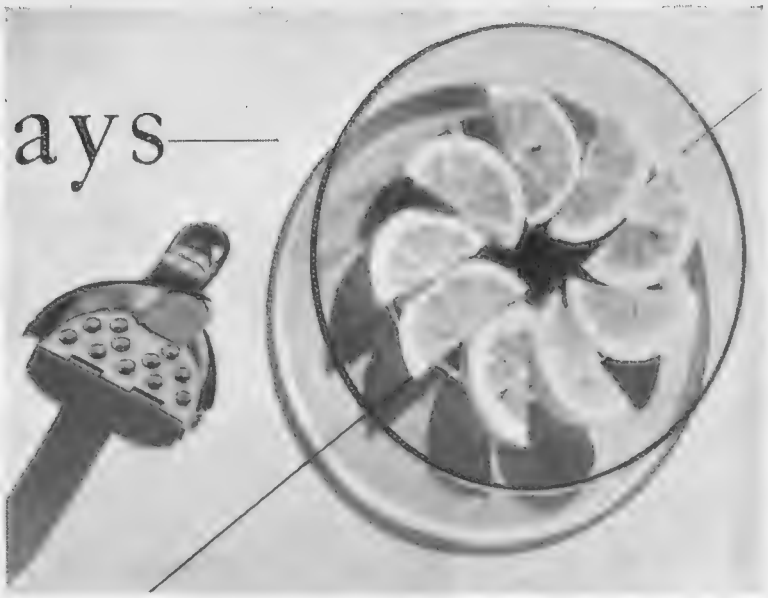
Black Currant Ice

PUT the contents of a pot of black currant jelly into a saucepan and heat until it is quite liquid. Let it cool again and add half that quantity of sweetened custard also cool. Whip together and, when cold, add the same quantity of sweetened whipped cream, whipping the whole mixture until thoroughly mixed. Freeze in the ordinary way.

My *Cook* says—

By Anne Drewe





THE table lemon squeezer

A NEW holder grips the loaf or joint firmly, guarding the hand against a slipping knife

THIS one-piece electric coffee machine makes delicious coffee on a vacuum principle, and forces the hot water up and over the coffee only once

GOOD cooking depends largely on correct oven temperatures.

Modern cookers are fitted with thermostats or regulos, but these cannot be fitted cheaply to existing ovens.

Now a cooking thermometer has arrived, a most useful gadget for ovens not fitted with a thermostatic device. This thermometer is unbreakable, being made of metal. It can stand on the oven shelf and need not be taken out except for cleaning. It is suitable for coal, electric, gas or oil ovens.

HERE is a good idea for cold winter mornings—a new fitted bedroom cabinet, which performs some astonishing tricks for you. A clock in the cabinet is set overnight at the time you wish to be called. Instead of alarming you up right away, it automatically switches on the heat under a kettlewhich,when it boils, syphons the water into the teapot. This is not all. The last action automatically turns off the heat under the kettle and then, and not till then, the alarm rings, informing you that your tea is ready and that it's time to wake up. It does everything but drink the tea for you.

THE latest electric coffee machine makes coffee on a vacuum principle, eliminating all guesswork.

It automatically holds the water temperature below boiling point and forces it up and over the coffee only once. The result is that the coffee retains all the valuable oils and the full flavour.

IF you are interested in any of the kitchen equipment mentioned in this article, write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope

I WONDERED how much longer we should have to wait before someone thought of a good way to squeeze a lemon at the table. It has always been a sticky job and you never get half the juice out, anyway. Now the simplest little table lemon squeezer has arrived.

It works like a nut cracker, but is flat, crescent-shaped, and every drop of the juice trickles through on to your oysters or pancake.

NO more cut fingers from slicing bread or the joint. A new holder grips a loaf or joint firmly, completely guarding the hand and enabling the thinnest slice to be cut without any danger of a slipping knife.

It is hygienic—for the hands need not touch the bread or meat—but it is economical, for it can be used when carving cold meat from a joint that is practically at an end.

ANTI-SPLASH frying covers, made of polished aluminium, which can be adjusted to any size frying pan, make frying quicker and crisper and also keep the gas cooker and the walls clean.

THERE is a new kitchen table, specially recommended for the small flat or anywhere where space is limited. It is fitted with a reversible top—a porcelain surface which is ideal for cooking, and a wooden top suitable for ironing. A turn of the wrist transforms it. The space beneath is utilised as a store cupboard. It has a beautiful finish and high-grade workmanship has gone to its making.

BUY yourself a clip, not for your (*Cont. on page* 98)

A BEDSIDE cabinet which makes your early morning cup of tea, and then calls you

ANTI-SPLASH frying cover, adjustable to any size pan. Makes frying quicker and crisper, and keeps the cooker clean

the family of *Shippam*

has been making pure PASTES of fresh MEATS, FISH & FOWL

which are much sought after for their goodness and delicious flavour

A quantity of Pheasants from Goodwood and other local Shoots. All for Pheasant paste—just one of Shippam's 32 distinct varieties

AN INVITATION

We admit that we are immensely proud of our factory and of the ingredients we use in making our pastes—visitors tell us we have every reason to be. We welcome visitors to our factory at any time without appointment. If you cannot call yourself, please write us for our illustrated brochure, free on request. C. Shippam Ltd., Dept. 14, Chichester, Sussex.

MINTY

CLUB CHAIR

Pat. No. 340743

The moment you sink into its deep cushioned comfort you experience a complete sense of ease and relaxation.
But that is not all. Have you ever put your hands down the sides of the seat of an ordinary armchair and raked out odd coins and things, to say nothing of dust and fluff? This cannot happen with a Minty, because it "takes to bits" (as illustrated below) to be cleaned and is therefore always absolutely Hygienic. The women-folk will appreciate this, especially if loose covers are desired. Seasoned Hardwood Frames. Patent Springing and Hair Stuffing throughout.

COWLEY MODELS

The luxurious lines and the beautiful colours appeal immediately to the eye. There is a wide choice of coverings to choose from.

THE MERTON MODEL

The "Merton" Economy Model is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout.

"MERTON" CHAIR from £3 . 19 . 6

according to length of seat.

"MERTON" SETTEE from - £7 . 19 . 6

according to length of seat.

"MERTON"

"COWLEY" SETTEE

Prices of "COWLEY" Model

CHAIR - from £7 . 7 . 0

according to length of seat.

SETTEE - from £12 . 12 . 0

Two Chairs and one Settee form an admirable suite.

DEFERRED TERMS CAN BE ARRANGED.

Write for Catalogue of the MINTY "COWLEY," "MERTON," and "ISIS" Chairs and patterns of coverings.

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London Showrooms:
123 VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

Manchester Showrooms:
5, EXCHANGE STREET, MANCHESTER

A Woollen Shirt in Simple Knitting

Which will be found most useful and practical for sports wear

This Woollen Shirt is made in a pretty, simple stitch. Bright orange-yellow "Lislama" was used for the original. The neck can be worn closed or partly open

Materials Required

7 oz. Lister's "Lislama" crochet wool (No. 899).
No. 10 and No. 14 bone needles.
Yellow wooden buttons.

Abbreviations

K.b/st.—Knit into the back of the stitch.
Rib.—K. 1, P. 1.
B.—Buttonhole.
M.—Make.

THE pattern consists of two rows. 1st row, K.b/st. 2nd row, Rib. The 1st row is the right side of the work.

The Back

Cast on 110 stitches on No. 14 needles. Work 1 row b/st., then rib for 32 rows. Change to No. 10 needles, and work pattern for 11½ inches, to bring the work to the armholes, ending on a rib row.

Next row.—Cast off 4. K.b/st. across row.

Next row.—Cast off 4. Rib across row.

In order to get a clean sweep to the armhole, you decrease one stitch at each end of the row. When this brings the alternate rib rows to an odd number of stitches, watch your pattern on the right side of the work. When necessary, start the row with a purl stitch.

Next row.—K. 1, K. 2 tog. K.b/st. across row, ending with K. 2 tog. K. 1.

Next row.—Rib across.

Repeat these 2 rows five times.

Now work 4 inches. Cast off.

The Front

Cast on 110 sts. and work ribbing to match the back. Change to pattern and No. 10 needles, and work 6 inches to bring the knitting to the centre opening. With the right side of the work towards you, work as follows:—

Next row.—K.b/st. 50, turn. M. 10 by adding 10 loops to the end of the needle just used. (Slip the remaining 60 stitches on to a spare needle.)

** *Next row.*—Rib across.

Next row.—K.b/st. Repeat from ** for 4½ inches to bring it up to the armhole.

Next row.—With the right side of the work towards you, cast off 4. K.b/st. across row.

Next row.—Rib across.

Next row.—On right side of work, K. 1, K. 2 tog. K.b/st. across row. Repeat last 2 rows 5 times.

Now continue pattern until centre opening is 9 inches deep, then shape for the neck. With the wrong side of the work towards you:

Next row.—Cast off 10. Rib across row.

Next row.—K.b/st.

Next rib row.—K. 1, P. 2 tog., then rib across, keeping to pattern.

Next row.—K.b/st.

Repeat last 2 rows 5 times.

Next row.—K. 1, P. 2 tog. Rib to within 8 of end, turn.

Next row.—K.b/st.

Next row.—K. 1, P. 2 tog. Rib to within 16, turn.

Next row.—K.b/st. Cast off across entire row.

Rejoin wool at centre edge of second front.

Next row.—Rib 10, then K.b/st. to end of row.

***Next row.*—Rib across row.

Next row.—Rib 10. K.b/st. to end.

Repeat from ** once more.

Next row.—(B) Rib 4. Cast off 2. Rib 4. K.b/st. to end.

Next row.—(B) Rib across row to cast off stitches, cast on 2. Rib 4.

*** *Next row.*—Rib 10. K. to end b/st.

Next row.—Rib across row.

Repeat from *** twice, then work the two rows marked (B) for second buttonhole.

Repeat from *** 3 times, then work 3rd buttonhole. Continue like this until you have 6 buttonholes, then shape the armhole edge to correspond with the other front. Work up the front until you have 11 buttonholes, then shape the neck and shoulder to match the other side.

The Sleeves

Cast on 90 sts. on No. 14 needles, work 1 row b/st., then rib for 9 rows. Change to No. 10 needles, and work pattern for 2½ inches, ending on a rib row.

Next row.—K. 1, M. 1, K. across b/st. M. 1, K. 1.

***Next row.*—P. 1. Rib across row, ending K. 1.

Next row.—K. across b/st.

Repeat from ** once.

Next row.—P. 1. Rib across row, ending K. 1.

Next row.—K. 1, M. 1, K.b/st. across. M. 1, K. 1.

Resume pattern rows, and work 2 inches, then with the right side of the work towards you:

***Next row.*—K. 2 tog. K. across b/st. K. 2 tog.

Next row.—K. 2 tog. Rib across, ending P. 2 tog.

Repeat from **, keeping to the pattern on the right side of the work, until there are 16 left. Cast off.

The second sleeve is worked to match.

The Collar

This is worked in ribbing on No. 14 needles. Cast on 5 stitches. K. 2 into the first stitch, rib to end of row.

Next row.—Rib to last stitch, knitting twice into it. Repeat these two rows until there are 36 sts., then work straight for 12 inches and shape the end by decreasing every row, instead of increasing at the previous end.

Making Up

Sew up shoulder seams. Fit in sleeves flat. Press seams lightly. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Pin collar at centre back and sew neatly to turn down when worn. Sew on buttons at the front.

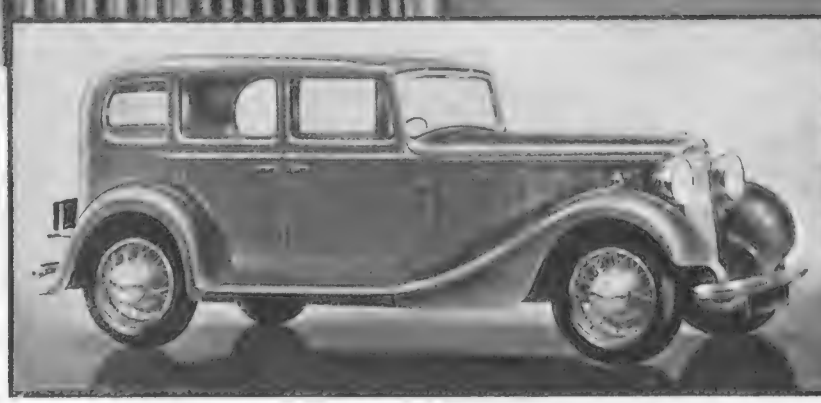
Press lightly on the wrong side.

No other car offers you so much as the

HILLMAN

TWENTY-70
SALOON
£269

BUILT WITH A MARGIN THROUGHOUT



When you buy a Hillman Twenty-70 or 16 h.p. Saloon you obtain a Bonus in Value summed up in the phrase "Built with a Margin Throughout".

KEEP BRITAIN BUSY · BUY A BRITISH CAR ·

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C.F.H. 80

Road Discipline for the Pedestrian

By The Earl of Cardigan

ALL men, in the eyes of the law, are supposedly equal. It is one of the proud boasts of English justice that no discrimination is permitted in respect of class or creed. The same consideration is accorded to the duke as to the dustman, and neither may flaunt public opinion with impunity.

To this admirable rule only one general exception is made. The law discriminates quite openly—or so it seems—between pedestrians and motorists. It regards Mr. Jones, when he is on foot, in quite a different light from the same Mr. Jones when he happens to be travelling by car. According to his mode of propulsion, so it smiles or frowns upon him.

This seems so extraordinary that it may be as well to quote one or two obvious examples of such discrimination. If Mr. Jones in his car is so imprudent as to swerve off the road on to the pavement, he is very properly punished for his erratic behaviour.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Jones on foot suddenly dashes off the pavement on to the road, no punishment can touch him. No policeman can venture more than an admonitory "Tut-tut."

THE new 10 h.p. De Luxe Ford. An ultra-modern, streamlined car in the £7 10s. tax class. This is a "single entrance" model or two-door saloon listed at £135

THE latest Riley model is a 15 h.p. "six" with aero-lined coachwork. This car, priced at £365, is exceptionally roomy and comfortable. Preselecta gear is now a standard feature

Again, if Mr. Hore-Belisha has a new idea for improving the manners of motorists, he issues an appropriate order. No horns may be sounded after 11 p.m., or no speed above a certain limit may be attained within certain areas. Very sensibly, these orders have the force of law. The motorist *must* obey them or incur a severe penalty.

If, however, Mr. Hore-Belisha has some equally sound idea for controlling the behaviour of pedestrians, he has to issue something much more in the nature of an appeal. He cannot (or will not) say to the pedestrian, "You must use my new crossings," or "You must pay regard to traffic lights." He has, in effect, to say, "Please oblige me by doing these things," or "Let me earnestly beg you to do so."

Only in one case does he dare to say "must" to a pedestrian. The pedestrian *must* not loiter on a crossing. This is an almost humorous provision. The sensible pedestrian who uses the crossings is not in the least likely to indulge in deliberate "loitering"!

As a general rule, then, we see that the motorist is compelled to behave in a reasonable manner, whereas the pedestrian may behave reasonably or unreasonably according to his personal preference. This is discrimination. It is also an illogical and foolish basis on which to handle a problem which is admittedly of vital importance.

OF course, it may be argued that the pedestrian has a special inducement, apart from the threat of legal penalties, to respect safety regulations. In any accident he is almost invariably the chief sufferer. Unfortunately, this consideration is by no means so potent as one might imagine. It is notorious that errand boys on bicycles, who are almost equally vulnerable, are among the most reckless of road users.

There are certainly two obvious regulations which pedestrians might well be compelled to observe. It should be made compulsory to use the official crossing places, provided that a crossing place is available within, say, 100 yards of where the pedestrian requires to cross. It should also be compulsory to walk on the pavement or footpath, if any, and an offence to walk needlessly in the roadway.

Another very useful regulation would be to forbid any pedestrian to step off a pavement within, say, three paces of a stationary vehicle. (Vehicles might similarly be forbidden to park within three paces of a crossing.) This would not be easy to enforce; but it would prevent, or tend to prevent, one of the most fruitful causes of accidents, *i.e.*, the sudden, unforeseen emergence of a pedestrian into the traffic stream.

IT is very far from my intention to suggest that, with greater strictness towards the pedestrian, the law should correspondingly relax its supervision of the motorist. I should indeed favour a reduction in the number of trivial charges made by the police against car owners; but, where really dangerous driving can be proved, I should be glad to see even heavier penalties imposed. A few essential regulations, enforced with unwavering determination—this seems to me the ideal basis for motoring legislation.

To put the whole matter in a nutshell, I claim that, for the pedestrian, we need regulations which *must* be observed. For the motorist, we need greater insistence on the few simple rules of good driving. For both, we need equality of status in the eyes of the law, with evenly shared responsibility for the avoidance of road accidents.

This Month's Motoring Hint

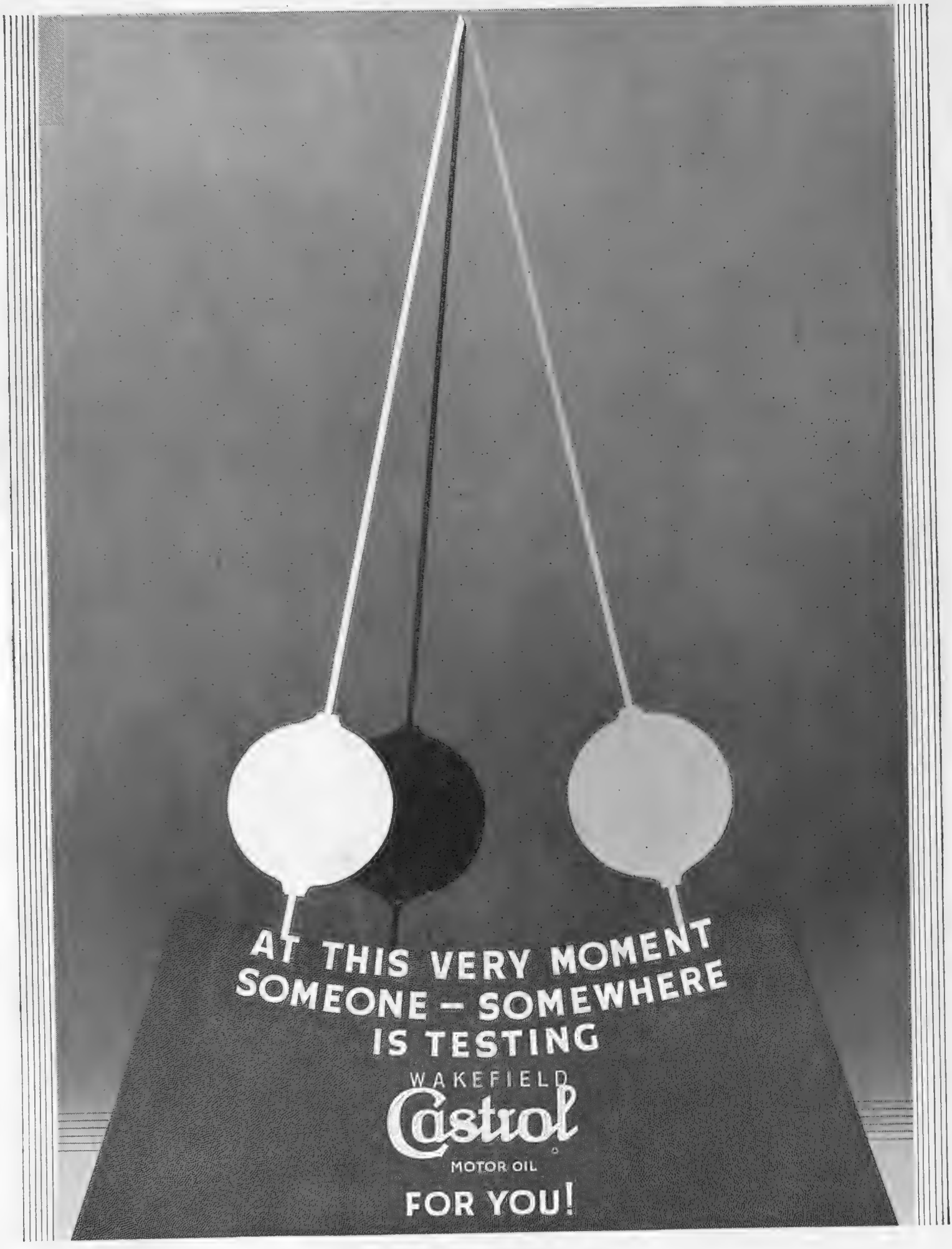
Those Mechanical Signals

I DO not wish to decry the value of mechanical signalling devices. If properly used, these may be a great convenience. There are occasions, however, when a hand signal is still to be preferred.

For example, one may wish to turn into a narrow entrance. Before doing so, one may switch the right-hand signal "on." It may then be necessary, in order to gain sufficient space for the turn, to move over further to the left of the road.

If the signalling device is of the "automatic return" variety, this left-handed movement will immediately cause the right-hand signal to switch "off." Thus, at the moment of the eventual right-hand turn there may be no signal visible at all.

This is a small point, but unpreparedness for it may easily be the cause of an accident, or at least of an embarrassing situation. I speak from experience, having once been nearly "caught out" in this way myself.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A New *and* Powerful Vauxhall

The 20 h.p. "Big Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE new "Big Six" Vauxhall is designed on modern and imposing lines

ALTHOUGH the advent of a 20 h.p. Vauxhall was announced a year or more ago, the actual appearance of the "Big Six" on the road was a comparatively recent event. It was also an event of some importance; for it marked the re-entry of the Vauxhall Company into the large car market.

That this new 20 h.p. car should have gained immediate popularity is not surprising. Like all Vauxhalls, it is notably pleasant and easy to handle; but it differs from earlier models in providing not only comfortable, but really generous seating space. The larger engine, moreover, gives a reserve of power which every driver must appreciate. A fine performance is achieved—and achieved with a delightful lack of effort.

The maximum speed is about 70 m.p.h., and an easy cruising speed can be found at 50 or even 60 m.p.h. The six-cylinder engine is very silent, and practically vibrationless. Acceleration is very rapid throughout the range of speed, and flexibility is such that a smart get-away can be made in top gear from anything above a walking pace.

From this it will be gathered that gear-changing is seldom necessary. There is no car, however, which serves the driver better when a drop to third gear seems desirable. Third and top gears are of synchro-mesh type: and it should be noted that the Vauxhall people have a longer experience of such gearing than any other English firm. Certainly, the ease of engagement between these two ratios could hardly be bettered, and a "crash" change is virtually impossible.

Maximum speed in third gear is not less than 50 m.p.h., so that a fast climb can be made, even on steep gradients. Second gear is of normal type, and is seldom needed once the car is on the move. By ordinary standards, however, it presents no difficulty.

The springing is remarkably good, and enables the car to ride comfortably at any speed over any reasonable surface. It is soft enough to smooth out the effect of pot-holes, and yet firm enough to provide the steadiness which is essential for fast driving. The steering is very light, although perfectly definite; and these two qualities combine to ensure that invaluable but elusive thing—good road-holding.

THE driving position is well arranged. There are two cubby-holes and two ash-containers flanking the instrument panel. The interior sun-vizor is of a simple, but exceedingly efficient type

The brakes are, I think, exceptional in their efficiency, while being perfectly pleasant to use. The driver can "put his foot down" in case of emergency, bring the car swiftly to a standstill, and yet have no fear of being precipitated through the windscreen. Incidentally, this smoothness of action is calculated to reduce wear and tear, both to the chassis and tyres and also to passengers' nerves.

Coachwork is thoroughly comfortable, and, as already mentioned, gives plenty of space. One should, of course, be entitled to assume this in the case of a 20 h.p. car; but, in fact, I have driven cars of 40 h.p. or more which were uncomfortable to an almost ludicrous degree! Vauxhall coachwork, however, is always built on common-sense lines, and ventilation is a special point which is studied. The "no-draught" ventilation panels in the windows are of real usefulness in this connection.

The windscreen is perhaps susceptible to criticism; for it is of the type that does not open. True, there is no possibility of draught or rattle, and the screen-wipers are efficient, but I have always felt that there are occasions—mercifully few—when a driver may find it necessary to have his windscreen open. I am not thinking now of ventilation, but rather of foggy or frosty weather conditions.

As against this, the chassis is replete with useful and convenient features. The automatic system of lubrication is one which owner-drivers are bound to appreciate. There is also a reversing light which is most valuable for backing the car after dark, and interior lights which are switched on when the doors are opened. (*Continued on page* 91)

The "Big Six" Vauxhall in Brief

Engine: 20 h.p. (27 h.p. for long wheel-base models), six cylinders, with overhead valves.

Gearbox: Four speeds, synchro-mesh third and top.

Performance: Top gear, 70 m.p.h.; third gear, 50 m.p.h.

Steering: Good, light.

Brakes: Servo type, admirably efficient.

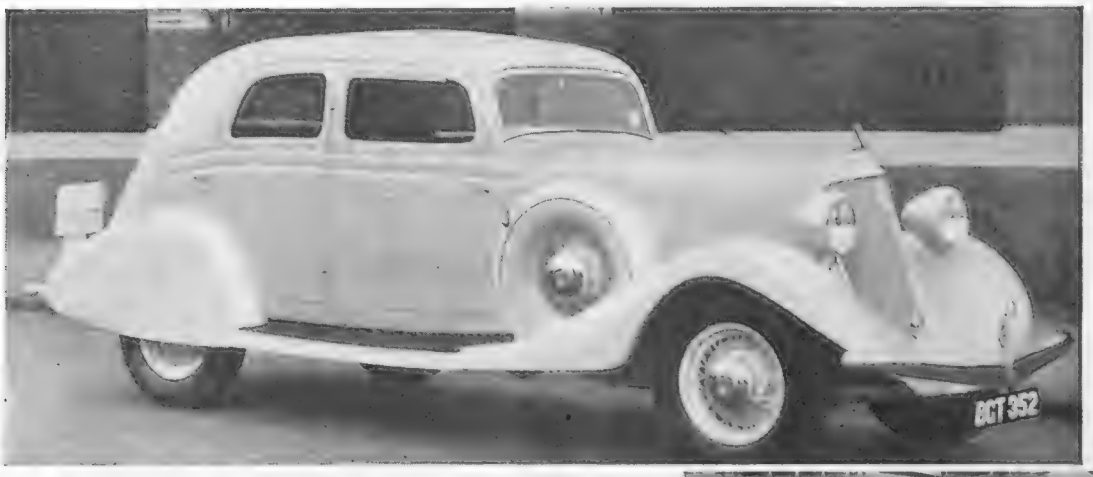
Springing: Very comfortable at all speeds.

Coachwork: Good, roomy.

Price: With saloon body, £325.

THE back seat is very comfortable, and provides ample head-room. The roof lights are cleverly arranged to switch on when either of the doors is opened

THE rear luggage-container is a very useful asset. It will hold a few small articles when closed, and can take quite a big load of suit-cases when fully opened



THIS Studebaker "Dictator Land Cruiser" is a car of definitely modern lines. At the same time, the seating is perfectly comfortable, and the performance is impressive

A New *Studebaker*

The *Powerful* "Dictator" Model

By The Earl of Cardigan

AN extraordinary example of stability. This Studebaker lacks a front wheel and there is no jack under the axle. Nevertheless, it shows no signs of capsizing, even with a man's weight on the running board!

THERE is undoubtedly something very attractive about a large car, with its invariable reserve of power, its solid sturdiness, and its luxurious accommodation. Such qualities would commend the Studebaker to a great number of motorists, even without the added inducement of its very reasonable cost. Prices range from £295 upward—so that the £ s. d. of Studebaker ownership is by no means on so large a scale as the car's appearance might suggest.

The actual model loaned to me by Studebaker Distributors, Ltd., was a "Dictator Land Cruiser." This, with its special "stream-line" form, full equipment and built-in radio set, is priced at £375. Personally, I am not yet convinced that motor-car stream-lining has any great aerodynamic virtues, such as to add appreciably to road performance or to decrease fuel consumption. Nevertheless, the effect is striking and undeniably "modern."

The car being of substantial size, moreover, there has been no need to cramp the seating accommodation. There is truly generous space in front, and plenty at the back as well. The back seat is set forward of the sloping portion of the roof, which for the most part covers a very large and useful luggage locker. The complete invisibility, from the driver's seat, of both the front wings is perhaps to be regretted; but it naturally does not take long for a driver to learn to gauge the car's width by less obvious means.

On the road, the performance of this Studebaker is of a thoroughly convincing nature. Indeed, from the moment that one takes the wheel one is aware of ample power and an immense fund of acceleration. The engine is a "six," with a taxable horse-power of 26, but in reality developing a good 88 h.p. It runs with remarkable silence, even at high speeds, and also with extreme smoothness and freedom from vibration.

THERE is plenty of speed available; for in top gear—a 4½ to 1 ratio—approximately 80 m.p.h. can be reached. Second gear gives a speed of 55 m.p.h., which is distinctly useful on the very rare occasions when a change of gear is needed. Under ordinary conditions almost everything can be done in top gear alone; so that, if one uses the gearbox, one does so from choice and not from necessity. On main-road hills, for instance, a change "down" may be made; but only for extra acceleration in passing some slower-moving vehicle.

In such a case, one finds that two separate provisions have been made to render the operation of gear changing utterly trouble-free. In the first place, second and top gears are of synchro-mesh type, and the synchro-mesh mechanism is most effective. An ordinary single-clutching change effects perfectly silent engagement. In addition, there is a free-wheel. This, of course, makes all ratios completely fool-proof, while also enabling the car to "coast" whenever the accelerator is released.

As with all good free-wheels, a control is fitted on the instrument board, enabling the transmission to be "fixed" if the driver so desires. (Incidentally, the use of this control demonstrates the curious conservatism of almost all drivers employed in the motor trade. Of every ten cars fitted with free-wheel devices, I can safely bet that nine will be handed over to me by such drivers with the transmission "fixed." I should much like to know whether this proportion is maintained among other classes of drivers. Can anyone enlighten me?)

EXCELLENT springing is another Studebaker virtue. I made one or two attempts to provoke bouncing by driving over obvious bad patches of road, but quite without avail. The car remained perfectly steady, and there was also a notable absence of body squeaks and rattles. Road-holding also proved very good at all speeds; in fact, I do not remember any car of Transatlantic origin performing better in this respect.

The brakes are of Servo type, and act with great efficiency. The pedal pressure required is light, but the brake action is perfectly progressive, so that there is never any suggestion of "fierceness." The steering is pleasant and light, with a turning circle which enables the car to manœuvre easily in awkward places.

THERE are a great many minor good points, such as the special carburettor which is fitted. The latter is controlled automatically as regards mixture—so that, when the engine is cold, an appropriately "rich" supply of gas is fed to it, and *vice versa*. This seems a most valuable development; for the mere turning of the ignition key is virtually sufficient to start the engine at all times—the self-starter likewise being automatic in its action.

Altogether, this Studebaker "Dictator" is a car which leaves the critic with very little to say. At any price, it would be a thoroughly sound proposition, being lively, efficient, convenient and comfortable. At its own modest price, it is far more than this. It is a car with a definite appeal for a very definite section of the motoring community.

THE STUDEBAKER "DICTATOR" IN BRIEF.

Engine: 25·4 h.p., six cylinders with side valves. Develops a very smooth 88 h.p.

Gearbox: three speeds, second and top synchro-mesh. Assisted by free-wheel.

Performance: top gear, 80 m.p.h.; second gear, 55 m.p.h.

Brakes: of Servo type, efficient and smooth.

Springing: excellent.

Steering: good. Car holds road well.

Coachwork: good combination of stream-lining with comfort.

Price: with "Land Cruiser" body, £375.

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Orange Blossom (*Continued from page 21*)

"Did you think that I should be very young and very silly?"

"He always spoke as if you were."

"He? My husband?"

"Mr. Towle, I mean."

"*You*—then, have discussed *me* with my husband, Miss Silk?"

"We had to. He's mad about you—my, he did take me in! 'She's just a daisy,' he said, 'a little daisy, not quite open to the sun——'" Miss Silk laughed and so did the bride; they became quite friendly for a moment.

"Well," said Mrs. Towle, "now you see I'm not a schoolgirl—what?"

"I don't quite know. It's all rather spoilt. You see, I thought you were in love with him."

"How amusing this all is!"

"*He* thinks so. I might have known that it was just his vanity."

"Are you—a friend of—in love with Mr. Towle?"

"I hate him!" Bessie Silk's whole face coarsened with spite. "You see, it's been going on for years, him and me, and I never got much out of it. I was quiet as quiet, for his sake—his people, you know, and his trying to get into Parliament."

"I see." The bride set down the violets and studied her lovely hands lying in her silk lap.

"He was always mean—but I was fond of him, he's got a way—and he's a gentleman."

"He's had the education of one," said Mrs. Towle.

"That's what I mean. Of course, I didn't mind his getting married, but I did expect him to come down handsome for me."

"And he wouldn't and didn't?"

"Not a penny—till I got nasty."

"Blackmail, I suppose?" smiled Mrs. Towle.

"I don't like that word, I must say," said Bessie Silk, nastily. "Why shouldn't he pay for his pleasure?"

"Pleasure?" echoed the bride, delicately.

"You know what I mean. He was crazy about me once—I just suited him."

"I suppose you did," mused Mrs. Towle, "and yet he married me."

"That's easy. He wants to settle down, he wants an innocent, pure woman to worship him—he thinks you don't know a thing. That's what tickles him."

"Would you mind putting another lump of coal on the fire, Miss Silk? Thank you. So you've been trying to get money out of my husband under threat of exposure. Why did you come to me?"

Bessie Silk shrugged her plump shoulders.

"I wanted to spoil his wedding night for him—he said some things to me—well, I don't forget. I hate him. If he'd paid I'd have let him go. If he hadn't kept licking his lips over you I'd have let him go. I made up my mind I'd pay him out."

"How did you know we were here?"

"I had you followed—I've been in Paris days waiting for you. He tried to shake me off by coming to this cheap place, but I know what I know. I found out his dodges. I had a note sent in to him to-night telling him if he didn't come out to meet me, I'd tell you a few things."

"So that is where he went—to meet you."

"Yes," smiled Bessie Silk. "77 bis rue de la Dame Rouge, Montmartre—he'll be a long time finding it, a long time getting back. Of course, he'll wait and wait, thinking I'm coming."

"Why did you do this?" Mrs. Towle took up her glass of milk, found it was cold, and put it down again. "He would probably have given you a lot of money."

"I daresay—I had him pretty well cornered, hadn't I? But I wanted to smash him up with you. I thought you was a blue-eyed missie who'd nearly die of shock. I wanted him to come back and find you in hysterics or packing up to go to your mother."

"I see. You seem to have a vindictive nature, Miss Silk."

The visitor rose impatiently.

"Vindictive be blowed! He just makes me ill. What do *you* see in him?"

"I could hardly explain—to you, could I?"

"Well, I hope I've given you an eye-opener. I could give you a few more. He wears a compress at night to keep his whiskers in shape, he snores and he cannot leave shell-fish alone, though they make him sick as a dog."

"Thank you for warning me," said the bride.

"I haven't done with him yet. I've got one or two letters of his, he'll have to give a packet for!"

"Letters? But I don't care what letters Mr. Towle wrote."

"No, damn you! But I could ruin his career, couldn't I? I could make a scandal so that he'd never get into Parliament."

"How much do you want for them?" asked the bride quickly.

"A thousand pounds."

A KNOCK on the door startled both women.

"My husband! Before we have agreed what to do!"

"It can't be!"

"Come in," said the bride, rather pale.

A middle-aged woman, very coquettishly dressed, with a basket in her hand, entered and smiled upon them both.

"May I come in? I heard voices—English ladies, I said to myself. I was rather lonely so I thought—could I join you for a little chat?"

"Please do," said Mrs. Towle, "though this lady and I were discussing business——"

"Oh, I shan't keep you a moment. I've brought my little lamp and tea service. Perhaps we could all have a cup of tea—for company?"

She advanced, smiling, and introduced herself.

"I'm Sophie Lisburne. My husband and I have been here weeks—so dull for me."

The bride offered her an armchair, which she accepted gratefully. "So nice! What a lovely fire! Mine went out while I was asleep. Of course, they won't light it again so late. Most disobliging people here."

"Then why do you stay?" asked Bessie Silk.

"My husband finds it convenient." Mrs. Lisburne was busy with her spirit lamp and kettle; she had an elegant shape in a tight red bodice and a skirt of shaded red frills with a bustle—her hair was dyed and her face puckered like a monkey's; she chattered in a breathless fashion; it was obvious that she was very lonely and crazy for a confidant. Bessie Silk endured her good-humouredly, Mrs. Towle was courteous.

"I'm always in hotels now. Such a life! We had a nice house once with a conservatory, but everything had to go. My husband was unlucky."

"Business?" asked Mrs. Towle.

"No!—horses, cards. Dear, dear! the men! Excuse me, but you're married yourself?"

"I'm here on my honeymoon," said the bride. "Can *you* give me any advice?"

Sophie Lisburne looked at her in a discouraged fashion.

"Oh, my dear, if I was to begin, it would take me all night. Where is your husband now, by the way?"

"He's gone out on a little business. We have about half an hour in which to drink our tea. Now, do tell me something useful, Mrs. Lisburne."

"She doesn't look," sneered Bessie Silk, "as if she knew anything useful herself."

"No, I don't suppose I do. I'm no longer young and he despises me. I wanted to leave him years ago—but how am I to live? I had a little money, and a cottage——"

"Yes?" asked the bride sharply.

"They were mine—from my mother. How I enjoyed them! Yes, I was quite free in those days—I could even afford my little flirtations."

"What happened to them—the income and the cottage?"

"Oh, I was such a fool! I let him have them—though they were all tied up properly I sold out to get him out of a scrape. And now look at me!"

"You've got a pretty frock, at least," said Bessie Silk.

"Yes, yes, what else is there when you've no home, friends, or children? When he's in a good humour he gives me money and I spend it on clothes."

The three women drank their tea, drawn round the pleasant fire; Mrs. Lisburne and Bessie Silk soon became quite confidential; the bride sat rather apart, withdrawn into her own thoughts. The scene was quite grotesque, but had more reality in it than a year of her life of drawing-room hypocrisy.

She was not really surprised; often when her mother had said of something like this: "It is dreadful, can you imagine it?"—she had been able to imagine it quite easily; she had a sensation of emptiness, even of bitterness, but over all a glow of energy; she was no longer fatigued, and without considering it very much, she saw what she must do. But when Mrs. Lisburne said she heard her husband and must go, the bride was slightly confused, like one brusquely wakened from a dream.

"That's my advice to you," said Sophie Lisburne, jangling the soiled tea things in the basket. "Keep a little property for yourself and give 'em hell when you get the chance," she added viciously. "After all, what else can a woman do?"

The bride thanked her guest and escorted her to the door.

"How she gave herself away to strangers!" she remarked. "All about herself like that!"

"She'd been drinking gin before she came in here, I know," said Bessie Silk. "You do when you get lonely."

"I thought so, but I am not quite sure of the smell of gin." The bride remained standing. "Now you must go too, please. I want half an hour to myself before my husband comes. I have been thinking it all out—while that woman was chattering—and I know what to do."

Bessie Silk rose and looked at Mrs. Towle as a soldier looks at a captain whom he trusts.

"I'm sure," added the bride, "that I could get a thousand pounds for you much more easily than you could get them for yourself."

"I daresay. But why should you want to?"

"I don't want my husband's career blasted. I don't want a scandal. Is that clear? You've no proof—of anything beyond the letters?"

"No."

"Well, he'll never buy them from you once he knows you've told me. He'll be so angry with you, he'd rather be ruined than give you a penny."

"I suppose so."

"But if you give *me* the letters, I'll try to do what I can for you."

Bessie Silk was a little bewildered, but her bold eyes were full of admiration.

"I don't suppose I could do better. You're a deep one, you are. You want to pay him out yourself, don't you?"

"Yes, I want to pay him out. I don't want you to come here again, but if you'll give me an address——"

This was scribbled on a card taken from a beaded reticule.

"Now, the letters," said the bride gently.

Bessie Silk hesitated.

"If I can't show them to him half the effect will be spoilt. Besides, surely you trust me?" continued the bride.

"Here they are." A rather soiled packet was handed over; touching them with the tips of her fingers, the bride laid them on the table.

"Now you must go."

"Yes, I expect you do want to pull yourself together." Bessie Silk buttoned up the fur mantle, pulled on the black kid gloves.

"I daresay," said Mrs. Towle, "you have had as much experience as Mrs. Lisburne. What is your advice to a newly married woman?"

Bessie Silk looked half hostile, as if she feared a trap; at the door she said:

"Oh, just wheedle them—I don't know any more than that!"

AS soon as the bride was alone she went into the bedroom and fetched a large bottle of lavender water, intending to scatter some of the perfume over the chair where Bessie Silk had sat, and which reeked of *patchouli*. But she thought better of this impulse, and instead dragged the chair against the wall. She then made up the fires and, returning to the bedroom, undressed. It was a relief to get out of all the whalebone, buckram, rustling taffeta and tight lacing. She shook down her hair and put on a dressing-gown of thick white satin, edged with swansdown, and white velvet slippers with silver heels.

She remembered the simpering face of the shop assistant from whom she had bought these pretty things in Bond Street. Her name, his name, was embroidered inside the sleeve—Maria Towle. She returned to the sitting-room, picked up Bessie Silk's love letters with the fire tongs, and concealed them behind the bowl of violets.

She wondered if she had better fetch out the travelling flask of brandy; he would be tired, cold, embittered. She did not want to deal with a man who felt like a beaten cur—well, she would wait and see what mood he was in.

In the ugly red chair by the fire she waited; there was in her attitude something of the indifferent ease and graceful patience of a cat keeping vigil by a mouse-hole.

Soon after midnight he returned; she saw at once that she need not have worried about the brandy; he had already given himself whatever courage could come out of a bottle, this side of intoxication. Yet he was profoundly distressed and she rather admired his courage in returning to her at all—whatever sort of tale was he going to tell?

"My dearest child, a sudden call from a sick friend——"

No better than that? It was not worth hearing; the sight of his inadequacy gave her added strength; since he did not know how to do his part she would be the better able to do hers—she became bright and sharp as diamonds in her concentration on her purpose.

"Please, Martin, come to the fire—no, first put that armchair outside in the passage, that with the lace antimacassar on it."

He was quite bewildered, and then embarrassed, thinking a dog had somehow got into the room—good heavens, what a series of misfortunes!

"It smells terrible," said the bride.

When, at last, he had found the offending piece of furniture he breathed a whiff of the *patchouli* and understood everything.

"I can't ring the bell so late," murmured Mrs. Towle. "Please put it outside."

He obeyed her, then came to the fire; he had a resigned and quiet (*Continued on page 84*)

A '*mixed*' foursome

Soda as sparkling as your hopes at the first tee! Tonic as exhilarating as triumph at the eighteenth green! Drinks are on the winners, and the word is

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

dignity; he was good-looking, well-dressed and, it seemed, well-mannered—that helped his cause with her very much.

"Yes," said the bride, "that nasty woman has been here."

Mr. Towle pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead; she was so careful not to nag, scold, or fuss, or to do anything that he expected her to do. Then she said, sweetly:

"I'd rather think that you came here because you were being blackmailed, than because you were mean."

At that he looked at her, so surprised that he was no longer alarmed, nor shocked.

"I found out everything, Martin. It was such a difficult position for me——"

He broke into incoherent excuses, regrets, imprecations—there was nothing he would not have done to avoid this—he was beyond words, humiliated and overwhelmed.

She believed him.

"What are you going to do?" she asked pensively; she raised her glance to his and saw that even in his misery and shame he was noting, with breathless admiration, her brilliant *deshabillé*, as the pilgrim might view the promised land, which he was cut off from through sin.

"I got the letters from her, Martin——"

"You! But this is shocking!"

"Yes, I know."

"You ought not to know about such things—an unmarried woman!"

"I was married this morning."

"I mean, not properly married—only half-married—I mean. Oh, it is all my fault! Maria, I don't know what to say, to do."

"Someone must—she wants a thousand pounds for the letters, or she'll make a scandal and ruin your career."

"I'll send the money—but you——"

"Never mind that, for the moment. Hand me the tongs. Thank you." The bride picked up the letters with the tongs and offered them to her husband. "Please see if they are all there."

He obeyed. "Yes, the packet is complete."

"And she has nothing else—nothing she could bring up to show—any connection at all between you?"

"Nothing—if only I could explain——"

"Please, let us get this straight first—it's very important, isn't it?"

Mr. Towle groaned and beat his fist on his brow; he could barely contain the language he wished to use about Bessie Silk.

"First—put those letters in the fire," suggested the bride gently.

"You—didn't read them?" he asked, as the flames seized the thick folds of paper.

She was really offended.

"I'm not interested in vulgarities."

"I deserved that," he admitted. "Maria, if you can possibly forgive me—I'll send the thousand pounds and we need never mention again this odious woman."

"You'll not send a penny, Martin."

"Not send anything? But she'll be round here in the morning."

"It won't matter. We can leave for Italy by the eight o'clock train. Even if she makes a scene they will only call the police. I shall tell them she is one of the Magdalen's unfortunate females that mamma has been trying to help."

FOR a second Mr. Towle gazed at his wife with utter gratitude and admiration; then he pulled himself together and tried to master the woman and the situation.

"This is my affair, Maria. I can't allow you to interfere—I must do what I think right and proper—I can't really creep away——"

The bride's lovely mouth quivered with anger.

"You owe me something, Mr. Towle."

"A lifetime's contrition—any amend you like to name, but I feel that I should manage this myself."

"Very well." The bride rose. "You will have to sleep on the horsehair sofa to-night in here—and to-morrow morning I shall go back to mamma."

"Do you mean that, Maria?"

"Of course I mean it." All her deep resentment of the cheap hotel, the discomforts and fatigues of the day, the man's obstinacy, her own disappointment at finding he was going to resist her wishes, found vent in low-voiced passion.

"How dare you suppose that I should stay with you! How dare you suppose that I should put up with all these insults and miseries! This hotel! That woman!"

She moved towards the bedroom, but he was before her.

"Maria, you can't go back. Not now. It was only through trying to shield you I made such a damnable muddle of it all. I lost my head," he added hoarsely, catching at her bare arms, "because I'm so in love with you—I thought that you, too, loved me—a little——"

"It is indelicate to mention it now. I shall return by the first train to England. Please don't touch me."

He let her go and she went into the bedroom and sat on the needlework stool by the fire; she was trembling—it had been a most trying day and she was not sure yet whether she had won or not.

"If you leave me," said Mr. Towle passionately, from the doorway, "I shall throw myself out of the window."

The bride did not reply; she played with the ends of her beautiful hair.

"Not against your better judgment, Mr. Towle."

"I have none. We will leave for Italy if you wish. After all, the woman deserves no consideration—she has tried to ruin my happiness, she sent me on that atrocious wild-goose chase to-night."

The bride sighed, without replying; he came uneasily, timidly, into the room, like a faithful dog that fears a beating; she saw him gaze in agony at the open tray of her trunk on which were pretty gauzes, ribbons, and her wedding wreath of wax orange blossoms; he was a fine, likely figure of a man, she thought; he would impose on most people.

"I ought to have known," she said faintly. "Mamma warned me."

"Good heavens! Of what?"

"That you didn't really care for me—when you wouldn't sign that settlement—the cottage and the little income."

"It seemed to give you so much liberty," he muttered.

"That's it. You don't trust me, and it's I who ought not to have trusted you."

"Maria, you've behaved like an angel—I wouldn't have believed that any woman—I can't say how grateful I am for the way you took it."

Orange Blossom

"I saved you a thousand pounds to-night."

"If you'll stay I'll get you a pearl necklace to-morrow——"

"We shan't be here to buy anything. And I did want to stay in Paris. We ought to be away about three months."

"Four, six, if you like. And I'll buy you the pearls in Rome."

"No. I don't want anything extravagant. I don't want anything at all—as if I were being bidded or bought—only the cottage and the very small income." She looked at him full with wide eyes. "I think that is only fair, Martin. Mamma is expecting it."

"Yes, yes," he said, overjoyed to see a faint smile at the corners of her lovely mouth. "I ought not to have refused—anything that you say."

The bride rose and instantly had all in readiness, paper, pen, ink. "So that I can write to mamma to-morrow and tell her you really are being kind to me."

"You forgive me, then?"

He signed, hardly knowing what he did; he too, had had a trying day.

Aloof, delicate, she returned to her stool by the sinking flames; the exhausted man came and knelt beside her and put his head in her lap, like a tired child. Absently, the bride caressed the thick, waving chestnut hair; she was content; after years of dull, embittering husband-hunting she had a task, vital, interesting, exciting, to her hands. She looked ahead and saw him in Parliament, in the Cabinet, with a title—he was excellent material, she knew exactly what to do with him. He would turn to her for everything and she would never fail him, even if he got into stupid scrapes; as she thought of his possibilities he became more interesting to her than Terry, who would always be a failure. Her relationship with Terry was like a lovely fever, and she knew that in time—not yet, but in time, she would grow out of her need of him. Whereas, even when she was old, this fine, robust, important-looking man kneeling before her would afford plenty of scope for her industry and her talents.

He was kissing her hand, telling her that she was an angel, assuring her of his complete fidelity.

She knew that she could believe him; this fidelity that she did not much value would always be hers—so would everything else that was his; she bent her graceful head—"Kiss and make friends." She conceded the kiss.

The bride hardly slept at all; she was so afraid of missing the train from the Gare de Lyon, and there was a letter to be written and posted before she left Paris. She did not think that Bessie Silk would come round to the hotel, but one never knew . . .

Moving quietly, so not to wake her husband until the last possible moment, she repacked her scarcely disturbed trunk, smiling a little at the wreath of orange blossom. Into her dressing-case she locked the signed paper that would mean so much in the future. She was tired, but there would be plenty of time to rest in Italy; there was sufficient light for her to see by as she tore up and burnt in the grate the unfinished letter she had begun last night.

She wrote another in place of it—no farewells this time: ". . . everything has been arranged splendidly, we ought to be able to meet as soon as I return to London. . ."

Two-Day Studio Tour

(*Continued from page 23*)

"I tell you, if you do that it will be a—be a—CAT-A-MOS-Trof!" People clap hands over their mouths to smother giggles. "That's *it!*" yells the director. "That's swell. Print that one!" So out into the fresh air of California, with haste.

More cars rushing along. Jean Harlow in one, this time all alone, driving herself; a huge maroon creation, this car of hers, with pale grey interior. She looks lovely, but somewhat lonely, driving slowly to main gates, on her way home for lunch. "She's not working now," says Guide. "Starts a new one soon; has been fitting clothes on and getting portraits made this morning." A voice in the rear bawls: "What's the rush? Can't you say good morning to a fellow?"

Bob Montgomery, with Maureen O'Sullivan and little Mickey Rooney as his companions, appears to be doing the long, long tramp to the restaurant—"Shan't want much lunch to-day; we've been sitting round a table, eating dinner, or tea, or something, since 8.30 this morning!" says Bob. "Come on the set, won't you? Mickey is learning to play the piano, and that alone is worth the admission money! See you later."

When lunch-time approaches the assortment of costumes seen along the studio roadways is quite startling. Out come the Can-Can girls, all ruffles and frills, and the rest of "The Merry Widow" gang, in gorgeous evening attire; pirates from "Treasure Island" join them, very fierce and grimy; a flock of kids from "Student Tour" bring things up to date, with a bang, followed by a throw-back to older days when Norma Shearer and others from "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" come in sight.

Franchot Tone looks terribly pale—but only because he has no make-up on his face, while everyone else is smeared with a yellow concoction that produces the right effect in front of a camera. Clark Gable, in well-worn riding clothes, shirt minus collar, and deep sun-tan, helps Joan Crawford into her car, saying he means to get a hair-cut in the lunch interval. Those two are busy on "Chained" assisted by Otto Kruger and Stuart Erwin. Myrna Loy, stepping from Constantinople to California in one stride, leaves the "Stamboul Quest" set to drive home for lunch. A quiet girl, Myrna; hates crowds and noisy restaurants.

Am still ambitious to crash Garbo's set, somehow. Herbert Marshall provides lever, for it happens that he is driving past to his dressing room as we emerge from restaurant after lunch. "Just going to get made up; shall be on the set in half an hour," he says. "Why not come over? Don't think Garbo is working this afternoon." And so—the door that says "No Admission" swings slowly open. There is the Garbo set, a simple enough room, in a far-off land, with Bart Marshall and Richard Boleslavsky, director of the film, in solemn conference with a group of Chinese men, about some Chinese dialogue Mr. Marshall has to speak.

"Not so easy, this," Bart Marshall mutters, listening intently to the pronunciation of the Chinese gentleman who is there to teach him. "If I could READ it I wouldn't mind so much; memorising it is what Hollywood calls 'fierce,' believe me." The scene is played more than once; eventually, I hear the director say to an assistant: "Let Miss Garbo know we are nearly ready for her." And at that we are gently edged towards the door. As we leave a tall slender figure, in a dove-grey cloak, comes from a portable dressing room placed far away in the darkest corner of the stage, and Garbo plunges into her afternoon's work.

Off to Hollywood, and United Artists' Studios on Santa Monica Bou evard, in high-powered car. The way lies along Washington Boulevard, past the Hal Roach Studios where those prize comics Laurel and Hardy produce their epic Laughies. "Let's ask if they are working, please," is my request. No luck there. "Stan is fishing; Babe Hardy is playing golf; you'll find a couple of policemen and some extras making a Chase Shot if you like to go out to the Back Lot, but that's all about." That WAS all, so far as I was concerned.

In something under twenty minutes Official on Main Desk at United Artists (Twentieth Century make pictures at the same place, too) was saying: "You are to go right (*Continued on page 86*

A SAFE BET AT ALL TIMES

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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

through; you'll find Mr. March on Stage 5." Back in the studio I knew best, once upon a time; past bungalows that once belonged to Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, now used by Eddie Cantor, Anna Sten, Fredric March. Past another bungalow that once had "RONALD COLMAN" on a little plate fixed to the gate; "VILMA BANKY" was the name on the opposite gate.

Stage 5 and a banquet in progress. Freddy March, looking very elegant in tight-fitting uniform, demonstrating to Jane Baxter, freshly arrived from England, how attractive a prince can be. Mounds of real fruit, goblets of synthetic wine, richly liveried servants and general air of luxury make the scene very realistic. Rouben Mamoulian, he to whom Garbo was rumoured engaged after the filming of "Queen Christina," has director's chair. A dark-haired man with fine eyes; intent on his job, oblivious of strangers on the set. Eddie Cantor, with jet-black face and all-white evening dress suit, puts a finger to his lips, peering from behind a "broad" (a tall black screen masking a light).

"Have no business be here at all," he whispers, "but wanted to see this new girl from your country. She looks fine, doesn't she? Have you met Anna Sten? She's over there, reading her lines. I'll introduce you. Wait till the scene's over." When Freddy March was no longer a Russian Prince but a very modern young American we all got together and descended on Miss Sten, who is even lovelier at two yards than in picture form—which is saying a great deal. Such blue eyes, full of charm; such silky fair hair; such a heart-melting smile.

Freddy asked me to take a quick look at his new dressing room, complete with bar, the gift of his wife, Florence Eldridge. It is portable, and finds a place on any set. It consists of a bar, in miniature, with all the fixings; make-up table, ice box, clothes press, tiny bathroom, and highly necessary electric fan. "Got a new house, too," Freddy announces, proudly. "Come up and see it some time."

Eddie Cantor indicates that he is wanted back on his own set—his eldest daughter, Marjorie, who is also his secretary, has been saying so quietly but persistently for many minutes past. "Got a big crowd working to-day," Eddie reveals. "Come and see what's happening, then we'll go over to my bungalow—it was Mary Pickford's last time you were here—and I'll give all the family an ice-cold coca-kola!" Masses of chorus girls, waving tambourines, occupy most of available space on Cantor set, where "Kid Millions" is in its early stages.

EDDIE, Ethel Nerman, Ann Sothern, and some other players ready to take their places with the girls, for a terrific "Finale" scene, once Dance Director expresses satisfaction with tambourine routine. "One-two; one-two; one-two;" he counts from his perch on top of high rostrum above the cameras. "That's it; now you girls in the front row, lean in; now next row; now next—you're LATE! Take it again, from the beginning."

We leave them at it and Eddie heads procession to his bungalow, where youngest of five daughters learns to turn cartwheels, men write lyrics and answer letters, Marjorie talks on the telephone, and callers arrive every other second. That's the way Eddie Cantor likes to work; the more people who are around, the better. He's the best-tempered and most keen-witted comedian I've ever met. The coca-kola was good.

"Paramount Studios, Marathon Avenue, and step on it, please." Exit from car at main front office; no cars allowed inside the lot, except those of the studio fleet, Marlene Dietrich, and about one other individual. Marlene's, only on account of her small child, Maria, whose existence has been threatened by kidnappers; child is permitted to drive right to door of her mother's dressing room as result. Long, tall, familiar dressing room building has many new occupants. Outside suite that once belonged to Clara Bow a large car draws up. Gary Cooper emerges, in brown lounge suit, his face smeared with grease paint. Inside car is Carole Lombard, lovely as ever, and a dark-haired woman I don't know by sight, plus a tiny child, golden-curled, blue-eyed, chattering in a high, babyish voice. It is Shirley Temple, no less, Hollywood's latest darling.

Gary calls across the road—"You're just in time—we're back this minute from location and are going to Stage 7 for one more shot before Shirley quits for the day. Hurry over, won't you?" The red light outside Stage 7 is on when we arrive, so a wait takes place, until the All Clear signal (a red light means that a talking shot is being made and the door must not be opened; maybe that is stale news?).

As we stand waiting a dark car comes swiftly round from dressing rooms, driven by a man with familiar round, plump face, capped by the type of nose that is known as "bulbous." William Claude Fields, one-time music hall juggler and star of many years' standing, drives himself to the stage where "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is being filmed. "Bill damaged his ankle playing tennis a few days ago; can't stop production, so he had to limp around, and is not allowed to walk a step except in front of the camera. He's a good scout." Yes; he looks a good scout as he waves a hand invitingly in direction of his stage, and drives on, smiling. Baby Leroy, his one-time enemy, squats on a huge cushion by the side of William Claude, one wide grin on his chocolate-smeared countenance. "The way Bill spoils that kid is just nobody's business!" remarks my guide. "Hullo, the light's off; let's go in."

As far as I could make out, Gary and Carole spent all their spare time teaching little Shirley to play games. *Any* game was O.K. with Shirley. They had some weird animals, drawn on large sheets of paper; she was trying to colour them with gay chalks, instructed by Gary, who was once a newspaper cartoonist. They had a board for draughts; also Shirley's pet Teddy Bear, reposing negligently against her own private mirror. They had FUN, in other words; but, when it was time to shoot the station scenes, on a set so realistic that it made me quite homesick for the Gare du Nord, Paris, Miss Shirley became a lady of business. She knew her own lines, and the lines of every member of the cast, too. When Gary "blew up" in his words, it was Shirley who tugged his sleeve, hissing—"You should have said 'Aren't you pleased to see me?' Uncle Gary."

Another child was emoting on another set; one Master David Holt, destined for big things in filmland. He was with Lee Tracy and Helen Morgan in "You Belong to Me." Scene was a cheap billiard saloon, with Lee busy acting by himself, assisted by a billiard table, while Helen Morgan, David and Helen Mack watched from shelter of the cameras. Helen Mack picked up her hat and departed shortly after our arrival. "Got to dash to the hairdressing department and get myself turned into a blonde!" said she. "You see, Helen Morgan is a brunette, so the powers that have the say-so insist I shall look better as a blonde. Oh, well, it's all for ART!"

There was a bicycle at the side of the set. "What for?" I asked Lee Tracy, when he rested briefly from his labours. "Are you a champion six day bike rider, or something?"

"What, ME?" queried Lee, raising that eyebrow—the one he always raises on the screen. "Not on your life. That belongs to young David; keeps him quiet, when scenes are long and harassing. Good for the nerves, it seems. Myself, I prefer a strip of chewing gum. Want me again? Okay; here I come!"

Well, that was that; then to the "Mrs. Wiggs'" set. Such a humble little place, the shack in which Pauline Lord, Bill Fields, and Zasu Pitts were doing a spot or two of acting. Miss Lord—my mind went back to her magnificent performance at the Strand Theatre in "Anna Christie"—was having trouble with her make-up; says she can make up for any *stage* part ever invented, but what the camera does to a face, or does NOT do, has her all puzzled. So a Westmore Brother was doing his skilful best to smooth out the difficulties. Zasu and Bill Fields sat at a table spread with a bounteous meal; they were going over their lines, mumbling in true professional style.

Bill Fields was not sure of his words; but is too clever to allow such a thing to disconcert him. When he was on the edge of a pause that should not have been there, he ejaculated—"Mother-of-Pearl! What was that you said, Miss Hazy?" Entire camera-crew, electricians, sound experts, director, and Zasu gave one bellow of laughter. "Mother-of-Pearl" is one of William Claude's pet expressions, it would appear.

WAS invited to big location, the next day, out on the Lasky Ranch, where the cabbage patch had been re-created for the film. "Lots of kids, lunch in the open air, and a load of laughs," said Zasu, waving slim hands in marvellously vague fashion. Sounded good to me. Vanished to the back lot, where Cary Grant and Edward Everett Horton were arguing in front of flower stall on one of the boulevards in Paris. Looked exactly like the real thing; flowers massed on stall were gorgeous. They DID look a couple of fools, Cary and Eddie, in full evening dress, with yellow faces, at about five in the afternoon under a blazing sun! Somebody hinted that Mae West was doing re-takes for "It Ain't No Sin"—now whitewashed into "Belle of the Nineties"—on Stage 3, with Roger Pryor, her new "find," helping to enact a love scene of sorts.

JANE BAXTER making her first appearance in a Hollywood film. A scene from "We Live Again" (Tolstoi's "Resurrection"), in which C. Aubrey Smith and Frederick March also appear

We fled to Stage 3. There was the awful warning plastered on the door! "NO ADMISSION: THIS RULE CANNOT BE BROKEN. PLEASE KEEP OUT!" And somebody had scrawled in blue chalk, after the last word—"This means YOU!" So we gave it up, and inspected Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott doing a nice little love scene, in front of a large wagon, for "Wagon Wheels." Randolph wanted to know if I could get to Jim Jeffries' Barn at Burbank that evening with Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant, himself, and some others, for a few good rounds of boxing. "No can do? Pity; it's going to be good!" murmured the tall gentleman from the South, picking Gail Patrick up as though she weighed a dozen pounds, and proceeding cheerfully with the scene.

"Catch George Raft on Stage 9; he's working on 'Limehouse Nights'; Anna May Wong's there, too," said a scout from the Publicity Department. So to Stage 9 we went. Georgie Raft had done something to his face; at least, he had had something *done* to his face by a make-up genius. He looked Chinese, if ever a man did. He looked in agony, too, when one stepped close enough to take a good stare. "See this make-up of mine," said he, speaking with difficulty. "It takes Wally Westmore over an hour to put it on every morning. I've got straps of adhesive tape over each temple, running into my hair and attached to a string, which goes through the hair, and ties at the back of my head. For eight hours daily I have to stand that. (*Continued on page* 88)

PYORRHŒA?—not me!

Pleasant subject, sweetheart—"Pyorrhœa's poison" and what not. I suppose I'm the sensible one-in-five that hasn't got it. *Personally, I've used Forhan's for the Gums ever since I've had these teeth.*

Hateful, isn't it?—I mean losing good teeth and getting run down just because one's gums get soft. No, I'd rather lose two minutes of my precious youth a day with Forhan's than let it slide and feel half-alive when I'm forty.

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Being made up is so painful I'd sooner bear the eye-strain than have it taken off and put on again. I can't read, once the thing is done, so have to learn my lines by having somebody read them to me. Jolly, isn't it? No more Oriental rôles for Georgie, once this is done!"

Couldn't get to the Lasky Ranch, after all, but heard from Zasu Pitts and Evelyn Venable, later, that it was a grand day. Kids in the film enjoyed themselves tremendously; only snag was the heat—"but ice cream was there, in quarts, and our director, Norman Taurog, happens to like it as much as I do," said Zasu, "so we did not expire completely!"

SPENT next day at Warner Brothers and First National Studios, nestling in stifling valley at Burbank, North of Hollywood. The way lies through Chauenga Pass, where pilgrims walked many years ago; beyond, grilling in the sun, is spread nicest studio in all California. And was it busy? Related in gasps, here is a fraction of all I saw inside those rose-covered gates; yes, this studio is a mass of growing flowers and shrubs, like a vast garden.

Last time I was there all was calm; this time I did not know the old place. Talk about being BUSY—that studio knows all about it. This is the place in which dressing rooms can be photographed as an English cottage, any minute, while the executive offices have done duty more than once as a bank. First star in sight turned out to be James Cagney, he of the sock-on-the-jaw reputation, thoroughly undeserved as far as his private personality is concerned. Jim was in the portrait studio, interfering with a sitting being given by Phil Regan, a newcomer of the crooner type, who will soon be a big bet.

Jim was sketching Phil, and handing out line of quick-fire conversation at the same time. There was an interval while we were all photographed, to record historic meeting; Jim confessed he was on his way to story conference, and had to get made up for some shots in his new film "Perfect Week-End" after lunch. "Come on the set; just Alan Jenkins and myself, leaving gaol! Don't forget." Out in the street, numbered 1st Street, Warren Williams appeared, in a terrific hurry, very tall and tidy in well-cut grey lounge suit, as worn by all good American lawyers.

"Come along to Stage 6; we are making 'The Case of the Howling Dog.' Murder mystery once more. Good story; Mary Astor is working to-day; half the stage is a court room, the other half my offices, miles of 'em. Just been trying to get my house on the telephone to tell them to rush over another suit for scenes we must do this afternoon; most amazing thing, never CAN get my own house! Here we are; let's see how far they have got."

Sat on side lines, watching Warren and Helen Trenholme going over a three-and-a-half minute scene (and that's long, in a film) half a dozen times. Something wrong each time; tricky scene, with camera doing a "dolly" shot, which means travelling from one room to another. First somebody dried up; then an envelope refused to open quickly enough; then sound went wrong. They got it in the end, with entire crew applauding. Meantime, Mary Astor, pale but lovely, waited in adjoining court room for Mr. William to be free for scenes on that set.

Found Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, and crowd of extras deeply involved in New Year's Eve festivities in a chop suey joint, somewhere along Broadway. New leading lady in shape of Josephine Hutchinson; small, beautiful, bewildered. Masses of paper streamers, carnival hats, hooters; Frank McHugh playing a grand drunk scene across a dilapidated-looking supper table. Dick and Frank hastened to a piano on the restaurant balcony while lights were changed. "Come on, Joe," they yelled, "we want to try over that song, 'Window Cleaners,' while we're waiting. Don't know much about it yet." Try it they did, with all the cast and crew listening; quaint ballad something about "Sitting on the Outside, Looking at the Inside"; lyric rather a doubtful quantity, just then.

Pat O'Brien discovered on the edge of set, laughing heartily; supposed to be on his way to Stage 8 to meet Claire Dodd and play scenes in "I'll Sell Anything." Claire is worth meeting, any day; but Pat told me he heard raised voices of Messrs. Powell and McHugh and—"I never can resist those guys, when they burst into song," said he. "All right, I'll go quietly!" And off he went. Came Jean Muir, accompanied by her scotty-hound, Shandy-Gaff; also George Brent, acting in same film with luscious Miss Muir. Both complaining they had to get in car and drive all the way to the other Warner studio, in Hollywood's heart, for afternoon "takes."

Final shots on "Flirtation Walk" turned out to be in full blast on Stage 7; a dance number, under the kind of full moon that shines in Hawaii, with masses of grass-skirted girls doing intricate

Two-day Studio Tour

wriggles and whirls on sand-strewn stage. Such a marvellous set. Outside, it was high-noon, and grilling; inside, it was moonlit midnight, on the beach at Waikiki. Make-up men, with odd-looking sprays, squirted brown liquid over the bare bodies of dancing girls, after each shot. Energy displayed by those females was staggering; they went on dancing when there was no need, to the accompaniment of a gaily twanged guitar. Hoped to see Ruby Keeler, but she had a day off. Next door, Joe E. Brown was doing "Six Day Bike Rider," and liking it. Told me he had been spending his evenings at a REAL six day bike race, down in Los Angeles. Nothing like a busman's holiday, it seems. Joe E. had to sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." There must have been something wrong with his voice, for the lights went bad, and time-off for lunch was called, instantly.

Over at Columbia Studios I found Warner Baxter in prison. This was all for the sake of scenes in "Broadway Bill," a racecourse film likely to be re-titled for England. Good stuff, with Frank Capra, ace director of the day, behind the megaphone. Warner, incarcerated in prison cell, in his shirt-sleeves, was being told that he would soon become a free man again; whereupon he burst into cheery song something about "The Corned-beef Stew and the Succotash," followed by a few nifty dance steps, expressive of extreme joy. Victor McLaglen, John Gilbert and Wynne Gibson were engaged on "The Captain Hates the Sea"—which is nothing to their own feelings, I gathered, following over three weeks spent on a ship, off Catalina Island, making part of the film. "If we never see a ship again we shan't cry!" was their verdict.

Grace Moore was finishing "One Night of Love"; Jack Holt was locked up with the rest of the cast making "The Defence Rests." The camera had to travel round and round a crowded court room in this picture; so, to ensure that not a thing was changed, the set was locked, and not a soul except performers and crew could get inside. I was told I *could* go in if I would sign on to report every day, for the next five days, and stay locked up on that set for eight hours each day! This being out of the question, I was forced to say "Thanks very much; good-bye." Which brought both day, and studio tour, to an end.

END

The Sûreté at Bay

(*Continued from page 29*)

why this current matter of the *Sûreté*, of the collapse of confidence in same, occupies all tongues.

Each French citizen feels more or less personally drawn into affairs on account of that eternal dossier-collecting on all sides. His home has *not* been his castle; and suddenly those who have been able to pry into it are hoisted into public view with some of the gravest charges in the calendar alleged against them or their kind.

I need hardly mention where all this present business took root: Stavisky. A year ago everything in the (French) police-garden appeared to be the proverbial lovely. *Yet it was so on the surface only.* The amazing Russo-Jewish adventurer merely provided the spark that ignited the whole. An avalanche of revelations made since his death have borne on scandal after scandal dating back a decade or more; so much so that your average Frenchman to-day believes the bitter tale to extend back to the uncontrolled years that ensued on the Armistice. At all events, the upshot is that the *Sûreté* stands at bay, with hardly a defender. Politicians and other official spokesmen aver from time to time that the whole organisation is being overhauled and refashioned from top to bottom—the once-proud and infallible *Sûreté* of legend—yet this has been stated so often before without anything tangible happening that the public remains entirely unimpressed. "Blow it up," "suppress it," are common invocations. "You can do nothing with it—not with the present lot, two-thirds of whom are tainted." Need one stress that such biting contempt for the leading policing authority has the effect of inciting to crime? That has been only one of the serious effects.

But before going any farther it behoves to tug the *Sûreté* out into the open and explain just what it is, thereby dispelling some slight muddle prevalent in minds north of Calais.

THE *Sûreté* is far, far older than any French police force, dating from 1462, when it was organised by Louis XI to watch over nobles who were known to be opposed to absolutism. For hard on 500 years, since then, it has played a paramount part in the life of the State. As in our own case, the police force of *gendarmes* and *gardes champêtres* was only properly set afoot within the last century or even less. The *Sûreté* had gone on, century in and century out. Is it necessary to recall the glamorous tales in plenty, in memoirs and historical romances, with which its occult workings were to become identified? The Queen's Necklace, the *Cabinet Noir* through which another Louis had all suspects' letters passed, the memorable exploit of Fouché who as head of the *Sûreté* went against Napoleon's orders and so contrived matters that Neipperg was able to gain his native land when a warrant for his execution was already out? A "high light" in *Sûreté* lore, this, inasmuch as the Emperor was subsequently so mighty pleased that his orders, affecting an innocent man *had* been disregarded.

That the *Sûreté* was still holding its own as the supreme policing authority in the Republic as recently as a year or two ago is apparent from this extract from Halévy's *Decadence of Liberty*, published in 1931:—

> "The Police is directed, for all France, by the *Sûreté Générale*, which depends from the Ministry of the Interior. For the whole of France, the *Sûreté Générale* is in command of more than fifty thousand men, of a hundred thousand, if we include the rural gendarmes."

But the author was careful to explain that outside of the *Sûreté*, and as an isolated exception, there functioned the Paris Prefect of Police at the head of a second "highly mobile army" of twenty thousand men. This is still the case, and it is here that misapprehension is liable to creep in. Until the 'nineties, the Paris Municipality sat heavily on its Police Prefect, who was apt to be a nobody. But then the capital, ceasing to be revolutionary in its elected bodies, became more and more what it remains in essence to this day: a city of work and luxury, and highly conservative (many to-day aver "fascist") in tendencies. With this new-found conservatism, successively under MM. Lépine and Chiappe, the post of Paris Police Prefect assumed a national importance, until in latter years it came to be freely cited as the most powerful job in the country—more powerful than any prime minister or president. The fabulous Corsican Chiappe, who lived to be virtually thrown out by M. Daladier last February, increased his "army" to 20,000 in post-war years, during which period there was so much money available that Madame Chiappe was able to have constructed a sumptuous House of Rest for the Force, while her husband found it possible on a memorable occasion to lunch 2,000 of his merry men in the Grand Palais. This was to celebrate the suppression before birth of a planned Communist demonstration the same day. M. Chiappe certainly grew to be the most powerful person in Paris—I was there nearly all his reign and can vouch for that. The press and almost everybody else did non-stop obeisance to him; a social lion, his *soirées* were the talk of the town. There certainly was lots of money in those days.

Well, M. Chiappe fell thuddingly, but before doing so he had reorganised his department on the most lavish and all-embracing scale. He seemed to aspire to wash-out or to absorb the illustrious and time-honoured *Sûreté*. He proceeded to duplicate, with a bagatelle of 900 plain-clothes men, work being done a mile or two away by the older organisation, and that circumstance has led to endless confusion since, as it has also conducted to a chronic inability on the part of investigators to appreciate just where Police-Prefecture wrong-doing leaves off and where *Sûreté* ditto commences. M. Chiappe, by means of two sub-departments, R.G. (*Renseignements généraux*) and P.J. (*Police judiciaire*), chose to encroach so liberally on *Sûreté* ground. One may say that the Paris Police Prefecture merged into a species of Scotland Yard-cum-Metropolitan-and-City Police all to itself, and that the odd little Corsican essayed to be its Trenchard. But in that case one would have to add that beyond and outside this self-contained and comprehensive force there existed and there still exists the *Sûreté Nationale*, which controls the policing of all the rest of the country, as against the Paris Police Prefecture's being confined to the two or three departments into which the capital spreads. In fact it is impossible to indicate any single institution across the Channel and say "That's their Scotland Yard." The whole thing is much too confused over there—why, the *Sûreté* is even responsible for Paris, alongside of the Paris Prefecture of Police. One may perhaps put it, succinctly and finally, in this manner: the *Sûreté* resembles a freak composed of the C.I.D. and Special branch exercising general policing rights over the entire Kingdom, including London, but also having to tolerate the existence of a separate London organisation, detectives and all, parallelly superintending the Metropolitan area. (*Continued on page 90*)

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NOW let us get down to the *Sûreté* alone—what are its composition and recruitment; how it functions, and what the charges are against its members.

At the top is M. Magny, who is the fourth head inside a few months. First, M. Guichard was moved to pastures new, following Stavisky-Prince. Next, a weak M. Thomé was shifted to the Comédie Française management. Then a M. Berthoin had a very short spell culminating in his being visited with part responsibility for the Marseilles assassinations. And now M. Magny, who has ordered the examination of every blessed dossier appertaining to a serving *Sûreté* officer, it having been discovered that no matter what bad or even criminal marks were reported against this and that officer, all that ever happened to the culprit was his moving on to another post in another district. The *Sûreté* is spoken of as a terribly close concern, freely masonic.

M. Magny sits in a vast and gloomy pile almost confronting the Elysée Palace. There is an underground passage to the adjacent Ministry of the Interior. The latest budget of the *Sûreté* shows £600,000, but it is difficult to assess this, as the organisation also has access to a matter of forty million francs of secret funds permanently maintained over at the Quai d'Orsay (foreign affairs). It can be confidently said that salaries and expenses work out as high, taken in comparison with the position of Scotland Yard officers. It is all very well to say a young *Sûreté* man will only draw 1,800 francs a month (£25), and that therefore he is open to bribing and other easy money temptation. The truth is, he enjoys abundant accompanying benefits, such as insurance, free travel, free education for his children, and, of course, a pension. More important, he seldom fails to slip into a "cushi" job on retirement, having been able to make such valuable contacts during his service. Heretofore, incredible as it may seem, recruiting for this favoured force was in the ratio of four out of every five vacancies reserved for ex-soldiers. This accounts for the large number of rough and uneducated men in the branch. There has been up till now but the mere shadow of a passing-in examination. Under a new reorganisation scheme that is to cost 4,000,000 francs much of this rough stuff is to be in the future deleted. Only one post in every five vacancies is henceforward to be held for ex-soldiers. Other (majority) applicants will have to go through oral and written competitive examinations, to be succeeded by three months at a technical police school and nine months on probation. As for those aiming at the higher posts, would-be commissaries (heads of stations) will have to show a degree in law, letters, science or medicine! Even inspectors must have passed their *baccalauréat* examination, which all educated French boys have to do on leaving school, if they hope to escape handicap in after life.

AT the time of writing, the *Sûreté* has 2,000 agents in France. These are distributed as follows:—200 commissaries and inspectors in Paris; 1,000 of the same strewn through the mobile brigades that circulate in every one of the 83 departments; 800 officers at frontier posts.

By virtue of its direct hold on the mobile brigades the *Sûreté* automatically takes a hand in every and any crime committed in any part of France. It does not have to wait to be called in, as has Scotland Yard. Off it goes. For instance, when Judge Prince was murdered at Dijon—it is widely believed by *policiers* or their agents—several *Sûreté* inspectors immediately repaired to Dijon, and virtually took over the enquiry. The local police, everywhere, save in "Prefectured" Paris, are entirely beholden unto the *Sûreté*—that is where this organisation becomes so tremendously potent. These inspectors journey down to some off-the-map place, and (as we would say) proceed to throw themselves about, and journalists and local officials proceed in their turn to envisage them as demi-gods. As I have had cause to write in the past, ten or twelve British subjects have been murdered since the war in France, and all that was ever done by way of vengeance took the form of a sentence of two years (commuted) in one case. Yet, on every occasion, one did not fail to read of the "devotion" and "zeal" of the detectives. None of God's peoples approach the French in handing out fulsome mutual praise . . .

The *Sûreté* "pidjin" is an enormous bird, or rather its wings spread over a multitude of cares and compartments. Besides provincial (and Parisian) crime, the Branch is responsible for foreigners (there are still three million such in France); for gambling in casinos as in "dens" or *tripots* (and these are legion); for railways and ports; for the safety of visiting royalty and prominent French personages; for frontier watching; for tolerated houses, or for the safety of air, navy and army establishments; for checking of spies, anarchists, traitors; for the uncovering of secret wireless and carrier pigeons; for keeping the Minister of the Interior in touch with all the political and social undercurrents of the moment; for circumventing the white slave and drug traffics; for following up smuggling. In sum, the Branch is a mixture of underground State police and ordinary criminal-seeking force. Its ramifications are obviously unique. And, now, what have they led up to? The *Sûreté* stands at bay; a cynical and hostile, even a very angered, public looks on while the force makes an effort to reform itself.

THE charges made against the *Sûreté* I am able to include roundly here, but it should be understood that on my table these charges are linked in the printed and published pages of well-known newspapers, with specific crimes and with specific names of inspectors; those crimes and those names I certainly cannot mention. The thing has been going on all the year, ever since Stavisky: the indictment not long since attained crescendo proportions with the emergence of an alleged "gangster-inspector" at Lille. This young Corsican from nowhere, but who helped the late President Doumer in his senatorial election in Corsica, is alleged to have been at the head of a *Sûreté* gang that made a mint of money during the last ten years from the dope traffic, from fraud, from stealing fiscal stamps on a huge scale, from organising car-smuggling for bringing over tobacco from Belgium, from placing girls in clandestine houses, from taking money from bookies and illegal *tripots*, from faking identity papers and passports and car licences. Some of the *Sûreté* men who remained straight have been pouring out matters to the newspaper men. I cannot conceive what would follow in the wake of similar revelations or accusations here in England. Probably the C.I.D. and the Special Branch would have to be disbanded overnight, for their own safety! It is not as if these French charges were random affairs. Take the case of the fiscal or taxation stamps. Upwards of 40,000,000 francs worth of these were stolen at Strasbourg and Evreux. They were still being hawked round at a ridiculous figure in various parts of the country when the Lille "gangster-inspector," it is alleged, was caught redhanded while trying to dispose of some of them. Or, again, take the faked automobile papers. A considerable trade is done in stolen cars in France, but a would-be vendor has to produce a *carte grise* establishing right of ownership. A vast number of outmoded cars are sold for breaking up, on which occasion the *carte grise*, corresponding to each particular vehicle, is supposed to be torn up with the cession of the car. It is stated that inspectors of the *Sûreté* had a special printing press for turning out dud cards, or for "treating" stolen ones, and that these faked cards would be made out to correspond to stolen cars prior to these being put up for sale. It is further alleged that no fewer than 5,000 (!) stolen cars have been operated for smuggling tobacco from Belgium, and that inspectors (named) have had a big hand in this traffic, too. One reads further:

"Blackmail, fraud, white slave and drug traffics, violence, smuggling . . . the gangster-inspector (named) has been at the head of them all in the Nord Department. For many years it has gone on, and the names of his fellow-gangsters are well known, but they are allowed to continue in the Branch. Often were there names reported to Paris, but nothing ever happened. Eventually Inspector Fressard, taking seven of his straight colleagues into his confidence, asked whether they should take matters into their own hands, without Paris. The suggestion was agreed upon; the scoundrelly *policiers* were caught redhanded; and the whole scandal is gradually seeing the light."

IT would be going much too far to lay it down that similar conditions to Lille prevail in other towns and cities; yet it must be borne in mind that confidence in the *Sûreté* has been fatally shaken during a succession of "mysteries" and scandals ever since Stavisky. The public is prepared to believe the worst about its *Sûreté Nationale;* and it has to be admitted that the latter institution does precious little to ward off or explain away the accusations. It seems all too prone to still rely mainly on allowing the various allegations to die away, when there are not signs of outright stifling of this and that *affaire* as it grows too menacing or delicate.

Incidentally, in case after case the name of some Corsican police official figures in the forefront. Verily should recruiting, at least, be stopped in Corsica for a spell! It would even seem that Corsican officers have a particular genius for acquiring the most powerful protectors among prefects, politicians, industrialists, lawyers, journalists. The whole grim story is shot with protectors, the presence of whom in the picture is explained, as already hinted, by the manner in which police officials come into intimate contact with public men on the occasion of parliamentary and other elections. One might not be far out in instancing protectors as being the greatest bane of the *Sûreté Nationale.*

It seems to boil down to this: that honest members of the force (and these are probably in a strong majority despite the plethora of astounding charges that have been made) have been unable to exert any influence for good. Did they report against their seniors, they would stand the risk of "demotion"; and even in cases where they have reported against criminal colleagues, nothing much seems to have happened.

Some of the charges made amount to systematised victimisation of a whole neighbourhood. Thus, at Somain, in the Nord, it is alleged that a certificate of good morals was to be had, duly signed by the local commissary, against payment of 50 francs; an order against a non-paying debtor, for 200; a conjugal "*in flagrante,*" for 1,000, and so on.

Some mention, at least, must be made of Léon Daudet, if only because of the widespread offering of his book for sale. Daudet, as may be known, has a fearful "down" on all police ever since his son, Philippe, was found shot in a taxi eleven years ago. Daudet insists that the boy was murdered by the *Sûreté*, of whose supposed "judical executions" he draws up the appended ghastly variations:—

"There are eight varieties of execution carried out by *ces messieurs.* 1st—execution by a police indicator, as in the cases of Almereyda, Plateau, Petliura, Bonservizi. 2nd—Execution by an inspector on commanded service, as in the cases of Gohary, Stavisky, Steinheil. 3rd—Execution by ticket-of-leave men, as in the cases of Syveton, Judge Prince. 4th—Execution by suggestioning, by pressure or intimidation—extremely frequent and usually appears under 'suicide.' 5th—Execution by a terrorised or half-witted one, as in the case of President Doumer. 6th—Execution by a put-up police job, pleading a 'mistake,' as in the case of Philippe Daudet. 7th—Execution by means of a tracker-down, as in the case of General Koutiepoff. 8th—Execution by concerted poisoning, as in the case of General Mangin."

Need it be said that all too many of the above charges must be the wildest improbabilities? Nevertheless, the very fact that they are made and that they reach an ever wider public is eloquent of the serious pass to which things have come. "Once a police crime is committed," writes Daudet, "the thing is to confuse all clues, intimidate the examining magistrate, to cry 'suicide,' to fabricate alibis and dig out false witnesses, to 'fix' newspaper correspondents, to shower filthy innuendoes on the still warm corpse. Finally, if the case ever does get to a jury, it becomes necessary to tackle that body."

ONCE again, it is far from my wish to suggest that such enormities are chargeable to the *Sûreté*, even in parts, much less as a whole. What it is meet to call attention to, however, is the position in which this most important Branch currently finds itself. Even if we take all of the above charges and insinuations with the largest conceivable grain of salt, there none the less remains a grave residue of suspicion and of worse. The belief that for years *Sûreté* officers have systematically enriched themselves in the most reprehensible ways remains steadfast in the average French mind. The cascade of allegations attained perhaps fullest virulence after the Marseilles murders, when *Sûreté* negligence to provide a proper guard for a heavily menaced visiting monarch who had been an heroic soldier caused so many French to hang their heads in shame.

"The whole show is rotten," they said then, meaning, pre-eminently, the *Sûreté Générale* (as it was then still called).

Clearly one of the worst things that can go wrong with a civilised State is its "Scotland Yard," together with the judicial bench that sits above. Perhaps reading this article may explain the present French war neurosis a little more, and cause us on this side of the Channel to be more understanding of French nerves, fears and very great difficulties. To rebuild a new and pure *Sûreté* is a giant's task.

There are signs that the new Premier, M. Flandin, is going out with a tomahawk after the discredited force. Within a few days of his advent, he caused the two principal inspectors on duty at the Bourse to be removed on the ground that they had not kept the Government informed of suspicious market tendencies. Not content with that, the tall, authoritative and juvenile head of the Cabinet also ordered the fullest inquiry into yet another *Sûreté* scandal touching high police officials, stated to have taken, over a long period, 20 per cent. of profits from a far-flung clandestine bookmaking ring.

Yes, indeed, a difficult clean-up lies ahead.

END

At Last . . . A Leader of Fashion

(*Continued from page 57*)

because they were symptomatic of the way we are going to feel about clothes this year.

Her influence is already showing itself in one or two advance Spring shows that I have seen.

Afternoon frocks are fairly fitting, with big sleeves ending just short of the wrist, where they widen or loop up. Not so many tricks with belts, buttons, and clips. The whole feeling for an untrimmed look is carefully emphasised . . . . Line, line, line, all the time.

Metal is still to be seen, woven into silk and woollen materials and breaking out into a trimming of paillettes, but much modified and quietened down after the gold rush of early winter.

Swagger coats over skirts or dresses are still going on gaily, as I believe they will for ever.

Capes are most insinuating for morning, afternoon, and evening. We have only had our first taste of them. By Spring, every wardrobe will have some sort of cape on a hanger.

You won't go wrong if you have a medium-length cape made to wear with every dress you possess that can take it. A straight, rather tightish dress, with a cape which swings ever so slightly, makes a grand silhouette so long as you are reasonably over five feet high.

Pinafore dresses threaten a little come-back. I saw one in a navy woollen over a white bishop-sleeved silk blouse. A matchless style for the young girl, but only for her.

Slits are still around—in one case there were so many on a tight skirt that it looked like a fringe—but will almost certainly fade away soon, and good riddance.

A four-piece tweed or woollen suit—a wool jumper, straight tight skirt, pocketed, belted, short-fitting coat and matching full-length coat—would be a good early Spring buy.

END

The Making of a Good-Looking Woman

(*Continued from page 41*)

musical education in exercises scientifically adapted to the perfecting of every type of figure.

Another establishment in the heart of London where comprehensive beauty culture on the most modern Continental lines is practised deserves special mention for their eye treatment, which can be given at the salon and followed up at home.

The soothing effect of the warm herbal treatment, cooling and stimulating tonics and special eye lotion, and the rejuvenation effected by the special eye creams, have to be tested to be believed.

The subject of cleansing, which is really the first principle of complexion care, I have left to the last. I have mentioned one treatment of which washing with a special soap is an integral part.

The best cleansing creams are of the liquefying variety which seep into and cleanse the pores without leaving any deposit.

Used with a mild astringent lotion, as advocated by the specialist whose exercise salon I have mentioned, a thorough and refreshing "clean up" is effected and the skin left smooth and cool.

For some complexions a cleansing milk, combining emollient with cleansing properties, may be preferred.

One which has attained widespread popularity is based on the prescription of a famous Parisian dermatologist, adapted to suit English complexions and manufactured in this country.

It is fragrant, inexpensive and really effective. It can be used independently or in conjunction with the other excellent products of the firm, which include a wide range of attractive cosmetics.

END

A New Vauxhall

(*Continued from page 79*)

The self-starter is arranged in a novel and ingenious manner to operate when the accelerator pedal is depressed. This is an excellent plan; for, if the engine should stop when "ticking over" in traffic, a touch on the accelerator will immediately re-start it. The four special jacking points likewise deserve to be mentioned. By fitting the jack head into the appropriate slot, any wheel can be raised without the necessity for fumbling underneath the car.

Finally, as regards value for money, this "Big Six" must undoubtedly be given full marks. The saloon model is priced at only £325. This would in any event be a modest figure for a 20 h.p. car; but, when the Vauxhall's all-round efficiency is considered, it must be recognised as an exceptionally attractive proposition.

END

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KEEP WOMEN ON THAT HIGHER PLANE

Fifty Years Ago (*Continued from page 53*)

to Messalamia. Mohammed Ahmed was preaching when we arrived. A vast concourse of people of all sorts and conditions was sitting on the ground, ranged round him in widening circles, and our company quietly joined the outskirts—I, as usual, squatting near Abdullahi, who used to treat me rather like a pet dog or mascot.

It may sound strange to you that a humble "native" should have made such an effect upon an Englishman, but I do not think that I have ever been so strikingly impressed by any human being, before or since. The moment I set eyes on Mohammed Ahmed, I understood why this man, whatever his real status, had already become for all time one of the meteoric portents of history.

A tall, bronze figure of perfect proportions and distinction, he had a noble head and, despite the three Arab slits on either cheek, finely formed features, and brilliant, beautiful dark eyes—eyes which at the same time smiled with kindness, yet were imperious to command.

Although he himself was the poorest of all that poor multitude—since he distributed all the offerings of his followers among the needy—he seemed, nevertheless, in contrast with that ragged crowd, to radiate a shining cleanliness, for his black hair and beard were carefully trimmed, and his simple cotton garment was spotless.

There was a strange splendour in his mere presence which it is impossible to describe.

But the most remarkable thing about this remarkable man was his voice. As you know, fine voices are very common among the Africans, but Mohammed Ahmed's voice was beautiful, exquisite, beyond any that I have ever heard. And his eloquence and imagery of speech were on a level with the perfect instrument.

I listened spell-bound to that voice, like a bass-viol, telling of the transitoriness of earthly pleasures, and the joys of the world to come. It played on the deepest heartstrings of his hearers, so that every now and then its melodious flow was interrupted by the shouts of some fanatic in an ecstasy.

If the effect upon me was powerful, it was even more so upon my travelling companion, Abdullahi el Taashi. He gazed at the Zahed in a rapturous manner, his whole face transfigured, occasionally muttering to himself. Years afterwards he himself said to his prisoner, Rudolf Slatin, "When I first beheld Mohammed Ahmed, my mind became at rest, for I knew that he was faithful and true—that he was the Mahdi el Muntazer—the 'Messenger of God,' who, as it is written in the Holy Book, should be sent to lead the people back to righteousness and happiness."

We remained there some weeks, sleeping in *takuls* or straw huts, which those who wished made for themselves. At the hours of prayer, the Mahdi (as he had now been publicly proclaimed) preached, and between-whiles we carried stones for the building of the tomb. Inevitably and soon those two master spirits, the Mahdi and my friend Abdullahi, drew together, the latter going to live in a hut next to his master. Thus began that combination which was to give a rude shake to the civilised world.

Into the movement Mohammed Ahmed brought the overwhelming enthusiasm of a religious revival, the glamour of his own stainless life and personality—while Abdullahi supplied the strong executive arm, the practical brain of the politician and the soldier.

At the beginning they were both, I at least believe, high-minded patriots. But, alas! how sadly both were to degenerate under the intoxicating influence of power!

WHEN the tomb had been completed the Mahdi made a further detour through the country on his way back to Abba Island, walking as ever, staff in hand, at the head of his followers, Abdullahi at his right hand, and myself among the motley throng that followed at his heels. All the way it was a triumphal progress with something Biblical in its character; the primitive simple people flocking out of their habitations to salute their Deliverer, and to listen to his beautiful sermons, many following after when he went on his way—while Abdullahi conferred in private with the headmen on the question of numbers and arms.

I saw clearly that rebellion on a vast scale was imminent, yet I could not get the information through to Cairo until we came again to the Nile.

But events began to move very quickly. The Egyptian Governor-General at Khartoum became aware of the growing storm. Hardly had we arrived at Abba Island before a messenger arrived from the Palace. Abdullahi received him with courtesy, and conducted him to the Mahdi. The messenger summoned Mohammed Ahmed to Khartoum without delay, to explain his behaviour.

At first the Mahdi listened with courteous attention, but when the messenger urged him, as he valued his life, to comply immediately with the order, his emotions overcame him. "What!" he shouted, rising suddenly and striking his breast with his hand, "By the grace of God and his Prophet *I* am master of this country, and never shall I go to Khartoum to justify myself!"

The startled messenger departed. The rebellion of the Mahdi had begun.

IT was clear to me, and to the two Arab leaders, that regular troops would quickly come to stamp out these first sparks of rebellion. Prudence and duty both pointed to my slipping away to Khartoum in order to make my reports before retribution fell, since, as ostensibly one of the Mahdi's followers, I might very likely be killed myself in the conflict which must inevitably ensue. But I was young then, and I could not help admiring the courage of the Mahdi and his lieutenant with their ragged, practically unarmed band of followers in defying the might of organised authority and regular soldiers. I decided to wait and see what would happen.

I did not have to wait long. The Governor-General promptly sent up two companies and a gun by steamer. But, as I learned later, in characteristically oriental fashion, he promised promotion to whichever company commander should take the Mahdi, alive or dead. Consequently these two officers quarrelled on the way up; they landed their companies independently at sunset, and proceeded by different routes through the darkness towards the Mahdi's encampment.

Meanwhile the Mahdi had concealed his followers, armed only with sticks and a few swords and spears, in the high grass; and when the two companies of soldiers, arriving simultaneously from opposite directions, fired into each other, he rushed out upon them in the confusion and destroyed them all but a handful who succeeded in swimming back to the steamer.

After this grim scene, I witnessed another, seriocomic. Lurking as usual near Abdullahi, I saw him, as he thought in secret, binding up a bullet wound in the Mahdi's arm—remarking with naive gravity that it were better the faithful should not know that the Messenger of God had been smitten by human weapons.

Obviously greater numbers of troops would come to wipe out this reverse, so the Mahdi, in accordance with the precedent of Mahomet, the First Prophet, decided to make a *Hegira* or Flight to the remote regions of Jebel Masa, whence—it was written in the Holy Book—the Second Prophet, the Expected Guide, would make his appearance. Before setting out—again according to the precedent of the Prophet—he appointed his four Khalifas, of whom Abdullahi was the first: and it is as the Khalifa, the name by which he is known to history, that I shall speak of him henceforth.

I saw the Hegira begin. It was more than ever a triumphal progress, since exaggerated rumours of the Mahdi's victory had spread like wildfire over the country. But at the first opportunity I slipped away to Khartoum, and received orders there from Kitchener to return to Cairo.

I did not therefore witness with my own eyes the strange phase of Jebel Masa, but fortunately no less an authority than the Khalifa himself described it later to his captive, Rudolf Slatin, and Slatin, as some of you may remember, has recorded the conversation in his book—how as yet it was only the poorest people who had joined the Mahdi, the rich and powerful still sitting on the fence to see how things might go; how the whole great multitude toiled across the desert, weary, footsore, half-starving; how the Khalifa was accompanied by his wife and little son, and his stepmother nursing a baby at her breast, and how his heart would nearly break when he heard the women and children crying in their hunger; but how, when he looked on the Mahdi's face, serenity and confidence returned to him.

More than ever Biblical that scene must have been—the wild mountain region, the ragged starving multitude hearkening to the Mahdi's words, the Mahdi sharing out the meagre stock of food, keeping nothing for himself except a horse on which to lead his followers in battle.

Startling news, however, soon reached us in Cairo. The Governor of Fashoda, a man of much energy but little military skill, determined to exterminate the rebels. Marching with about fifteen hundred troops, he fell into an ambush, and he and his whole force were utterly destroyed.

Worse speedily followed. Thoroughly alarmed now, the Government sent a great expedition of over four thousand men against the rebels. So great was the contempt of the troops for their enemy that they did not even trouble to post sentries, sleeping negligently inside a slender thorn fence—and so it befel that in the half-light before the dawn, the Mahdi and the Khalifa with their half-famished, nearly naked and practically unarmed rabble rushed upon them and slew them to a man.

When the news reached Cairo, Kitchener took a serious view. "The situation has entirely changed now," he said. "After this victory, the Mahdi has captured arms, ammunition, even guns, and great quantities of stores. Rich as well as poor are now flocking to his standard. All the smaller posts and local officials have been massacred. Only the larger garrisons are holding out. The whole country is ablaze."

"Yes," I agreed, "our information indicates that over most of the Sudan, now, only the Mahdi is obeyed."

"But," Kitchener went on, "the Egyptian Government are determined to hold the Sudan—at best, a valueless possession to them. Personally I'm sure they can't do it. They are sending Hicks, a retired Indian officer, to organise a great field force at Khartoum. In my opinion the British Government should not allow it, but Gladstone refuses absolutely to interfere in what he calls their domestic business. So I suppose they must cut their own throats in their own way. I hope, though, young Slatin will be rescued somehow or other. He's putting up a fine defence."

He referred to Rudolf Slatin, the young Austrian ex-officer, whom Gordon had appointed as one of his assistants, and who at the time was besieged by the Mahdists in his province of Darfur.

While Hicks's force was concentrating in Khartoum, Kitchener again sent me there in disguise, to pick up information.

I heard in the bazaars the stories from eye-witnesses of the fall of El Obeid, the capital city of Kordofan—how the Mahdi's hosts had rolled against its walls like the waves of the sea; how the honourably surrendered officials had afterwards been faithlessly put to death; and terrible tales of torture inflicted upon those of the luckless defenders who refused to acknowledge the Mahdi.

I need not say much about Hicks's ill-fated expedition—that terrible story is too well known.

It is said to have been perhaps the worst army which was ever marched to war. The troops, ten thousand in number, were without training, without discipline, without heart in their enterprise, and without any capable officers, except Hicks himself and the handful of Europeans who accompanied him.

In my character of a witless Dervish, I watched it start off, on the 9th of September, to make an end of the Mahdi. They began their march through districts overgrown with vegetation and tall grass. Scarcely any wells on the line of route, only stagnant rain-pools. I little doubted when I saw them start that scarcely a man of that great force would ever return to tell the tale.

One man, however, watched its progress with the most anxious expectation. Far away in the west, young Rudolf Slatin still held out with splendid skill and courage. One white man, alone, in the midst of this vast and hostile upheaval, a foreigner, a Christian, at the head of Mohammedans, many of whom believed in the Mahdi's divine mission, with deserters streaming away in increasing numbers every night, he yet managed to maintain his defence.

He fought no less than 27 pitched battles with the enemy, was many times wounded, suffered intense hardships of body and mind, and, finally, to prevent his entire garrison from going over to the Mahdi, he outwardly adopted the Mohammedan religion—a fateful step which was shortly to compromise him with Gordon.

He and his loyal remnant now fought desperately on, anxiously awaiting the news that Hicks had destroyed the Mahdi's power and delivered them out of their situation.

And meanwhile Hicks's host crawled forward to its doom. Slowly moved the great mass of men and animals onward; the few inhabitants who lived in that part of the country had long since fled. Now and then in the distance Arabs could be seen watching the advance, and then disappearing from view. The huge square crawled forward like a tortoise. In the circumstances it was impossible to send out the camels to graze; they died in quantities.

Meanwhile, the Mahdi had moved into a great camp outside El Obeid, where reviews were held daily, and men and horses trained in all sorts of exercises in preparation for the great battle.

As Hicks's army advanced, the Mahdi destroyed the waterpools, and all stragglers were easily captured and killed; but no attack was made on the main force. Time, and the rigours of the climate, were assets of (*Continued on page 94*)

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the Mahdi, and so sure was he of victory that he indulged in a little piece of propaganda and had hundreds of notices written and posted up on the route Hicks was taking, calling upon him to surrender.

These notices were treated with contempt by Hicks, but several Europeans with the expedition were greatly concerned as to the ultimate result of the forthcoming battle.

As the army drew nearer, the Mahdi worked his followers to a frenzy, and on November 3rd, Atu Anga, the Emir of the Black riflemen, concealed in the thick forest and broken ground, poured a continuous fire into the square, which had been forced to halt, and caused a tremendous number of casualties. As night fell, Atu Anga and his men crept close up and redoubled their fire with deadly effect into the seething mass of men and animals.

At last dawn began to break. In a clearing in the forest, the Mahdi prayed: then drew a great sword from its sheath. With the flashing blade uplifted, he stood there, while the fanatical host surged past him, shouting for the battle. On they rushed, a wild tumultuous array—the many-coloured banners of the Emirs, the copper kettle-drums, the frightful bellowing of the *ombeya*, Abdullahi's great war-horn, the exultant roar, "*La ilaha illallah!!*

The fight was short and sharp. Hicks and his European officers fell fighting valiantly to the end. Scarcely two hundred men escaped the slaughter, and the majority of these were afterwards put to death.

After this complete victory, the Mahdi made a triumphant entry into El Obeid. From east to west, his hands now stretched across the Sudan.

As soon as I had gathered what details I could in the bazaars, I hastened back to Cairo. The British Government were now satisfied that the people of the Sudan had fairly won their liberties, and refused to countenance any more expeditions. In Mr. Gladstone's own opinion, "the Sudanese were a people rightly struggling to be free." Nevertheless, one great problem remained. In the capital itself, Khartoum, and in some of the garrisons which had not yet fallen to the Mahdists, there were numbers of Egyptian troops and nationals. "Collect your garrisons and come away," said Gladstone's Administration to the Egyptian Government.

Easy to say, but nearly impossible to do. Almost all, except Khartoum, were already besieged; and the Mahdi was slowly advancing with his great host on Khartoum itself. Public opinion clamoured for Gordon as the man for the job. Gladstone demurred. But the clamour rose. Gladstone gave way. Gordon came. Gordon's orders were to evacuate the nationals without delay.

On February the 22nd, after a long ride across the desert, Gordon arrived in Khartoum. He was received by the population with the utmost rejoicing. Women crowded round him, kissing his feet, begging him to touch and cure their children; and all believed that, now their just Governor-General had returned, they would be delivered out of their peril. At first it seemed as if the Mahdi's spell had been eclipsed by a greater. And the Mahdi, already drawing near Khartoum, was alarmed by the news of Gordon's arrival. He and his chiefs believed that if Gordon had come, the invincible white soldiers would follow. With characteristic boldness, however, he resolved to push on.

But even while the people were still cheering Gordon through the streets, and the batteries were firing joyful salutes, he already saw that his task was well-nigh hopeless. He saw that the whole movement had assumed the character of a fanatical and racial revival—and he was a foreigner, a Christian, with only Sudanese Mohammedan troops under his command.

He set about his task with customary promptitude. He actually succeeded in evacuating some three thousand Egyptian nationals. But already the tribes along the Nile were joining the Mahdi. It would clearly be impossible to get away the remainder through these hostile tribes, down the river to Egypt, except under armed protection. Gordon made various proposals; a flying column to be sent to Khartoum; a few Indian troops to keep open the route from Berber to Suakin: a regular expedition; and, finally, he proposed to embark the loyalists on his steamers and proceed southward up the Nile to Equatoria, where Emin Pasha was still holding out. But every measure he suggested, everything he asked for, was vetoed by the Government.

While Gordon was doing all that man could do, the Mahdi's hosts had slowly and steadily invested Khartoum, the straw tents appearing on every side like swarms of locusts, while the revolted riverain tribes to the north had cut off communication with Cairo. Kitchener and I moved up as far as possible beyond Berber, to try and keep in touch with Gordon. It was clear to everybody, now, that the remaining loyalists could not be rescued, except by an expedition on a large scale. The question which now agitated Queen Victoria and the public was how to get Gordon himself safely back from Khartoum. Only Gladstone remained unsympathetic. Gordon, he said, had but to embark on his armoured steamers and sail away. He, Gladstone, was not prepared to involve the Government in warlike operations in the heart of the Sudan, not to save the Envoy's life, but to vindicate the personal honour of a man.

But Gordon refused to leave Khartoum. The people had put their trust in him, and nothing could induce him to quit his perilous post. He wrote in his Journal, "I will not leave these people after all they have gone through."

We learned from our secret agents of the extraordinary energy and spirit with which Gordon was defending the city. He converted a number of little Nile steamers into armoured gunboats; he dug great mines outside the ramparts, which in due course blew hundreds of the besiegers sky-high; he collected all the food in the city and rationed it out in fair proportions to all; when money failed, he printed a paper currency; he struck a special medal, which he presented with pomp and circumstance on public parade to those who had behaved gallantly. He was here, there, and everywhere. And as the siege went on, and food grew so scarce that even the soldiers had to exist on two dates a day, it was Gordon alone, one white man in the starving alien city, who with quenchless splendour of spirit animated the defence. Gordon, Gordon, nothing but Gordon. Gordon whose noble and generous heart bled for the sufferings of the famished city; whose two consolations amid his unsleeping activity were his Bible and the English rose bush in the palace garden.

At last, however, the public clamour became too strong for Gladstone, and the great news came to us that "The Gordon Relief Expedition," under Wolseley, had started up the Nile.

I must now go back a little. After the annihilation of Hicks's army, Rudolf Slatin, the young Governor of Darfur, had been compelled by his own men to surrender to the Mahdi. Curious stories about him had reached us; namely, that he had been received with the utmost honour by the Mahdi and his chiefs; that he was high in their private councils—commander of all the Mahdi's cavalry, and so forth.

"I know Slatin," said Kitchener, "and I don't believe these yarns. But in any case he must have a unique and invaluable knowledge of the Mahdist movement. Do you think you could get into touch with him, Willson?"

"I could try, sir."

"Good."

Well, without much difficulty I eventually reached the Mahdi's headquarters on the west bank of the White Nile. As I arrived one of Gordon's steamers was engaged in an artillery duel with the Dervish batteries posted at Omdurman, and desultory gun-fire was in progress from both sides of the river, and from the beleaguered city, while the ramparts and the Dervish trenches crackled with a brisk exchange of musketry. The clear air was full of loud sounds and fleecy puffs of smoke. Near the Mahdi's *takul* I encountered my old travelling companion, Abdullahi, now commander-in-chief and chief executive of the Mahdi's empire, his hands already so stained with cruelties that his name was a terror through the host. He was dressed in the simplest Dervish garments, though these were spotlessly clean, and his stern face broke into a pleasant smile when his eyes lighted on me and my wooden spear.

"Ah, here is my brave idiot who first led me to the Mahdi," he laughed, flourishing his spear in greeting. "May God grant you a long life, old friend!"

Bidding one of his attendants see that I had food, he went into the Mahdi's huts, while I began cautiously to search for Slatin. I soon found him—in a tattered old tent, quite close to the Mahdi's, but bound neck and hand and foot in heavy chains, so that he could only move by crawling. So tanned was he by the sun that in his Dervish dress he might have passed anywhere for an Arab. No one seemed to take much notice of him. Two black soldiers, friendly amiable fellows, were supposed to be his guards, but were generally absent, and his own servant used to get what food he could for him from the hareems of the Emirs. But often the wives of the Dervish chiefs would drive the servant away, crying, "Do you think we are going to fatten up Slatin here, while his uncle Gordon is firing cannon balls at our masters all day?"

I may say in passing that the Dervishes, even the Khalifa himself, believed that Slatin was Gordon's nephew; and that Gordon was Queen Victoria's husband. Well, poor Slatin was in a bad way, more or less starved, so that I saw at once that there was no truth in the stories that he was one of the Mahdi's principal advisers. As a kind of mascot of the Khalifa, I found no difficulty in begging more food than I needed, and was thus able to feed Slatin when, as usual, his guards were absent. After I had made myself known to him, he told me his story up to that time—surely one of the strangest and most adventurous in human history—and to become yet more so as time went on.

After his surrender the Mahdi and the Khalifa had indeed received him with every mark of outward respect, and he had been posted among the Khalifa's personal attendants. But one day the Mahdi had ordered him to write to Gordon, calling on Gordon to capitulate, promising him, if he would acknowledge the Mahdi's divine mission, to spare the lives of all the city, and to give Gordon high rank in the Dervish empire. Slatin had written this letter, as instructed, but had added in cypher a personal note, begging his old master, Gordon, to arrange for him, Slatin, to come to Khartoum, ostensibly in order to discuss the terms of surrender, but actually to escape. And Slatin further begged the privilege of some post under Gordon, however humble, in which, if need be, he might die honourably in defence of the city. With this letter, the Mahdi also sent a present of a Dervish dress to Gordon. We know with what disdain Gordon trampled this under foot in the presence of the Council, and how scornfully he treated the proposal that he, a British General, should surrender his post. We know, too, from Gordon's own journal, how he disdained to answer Slatin's letter, not being able to forgive him for outwardly adopting the Mohammedan faith. And the Khalifa, having got knowledge of Slatin's personal note, had caused him to be thrown into chains. According to the rules of war, credit must be given to the Khalifa for not having him put to death in the circumstances. As the Khalifa himself said to Slatin when, after eight months in chains, he pardoned him, it was only because Slatin belonged to a foreign tribe, and had no other protector but he, Abdullahi, that he had spared his life.

But Slatin bore his fate with an heroic constancy which has seldom been surpassed. His joy was great when I was able to tell him that a flying column, picked men, the very flower of the British Army, mounted for the most part on camels, was already striking across the Bayuda Desert from Korti to the Nile at Metemmah, to relieve Khartoum. If Gordon could only hold out a few days more, the city would be saved and Slatin himself would be rescued.

We could imagine Gordon, now reduced by casualties, famine, disease and treachery to the direst straits, anxiously scanning the Nile through his telescope on the palace roof for the first signs of the rescuers. The progress of the Desert Column, guided across the sandy wastes by Kitchener, was watched with breathless expectation, not only by us, but by the British nation and the civilised world. To hearten the dispirited garrison, Gordon had engaged accommodation in all the best houses for the officers of the Column, whose arrival was daily expected. But a month before he had written the last entry in his journal, "Now mark this, if the Expeditionary Force, and I ask for no more than two hundred men, does not come in ten days, *the town may fall*; and I have done my best for the honour of my country. Good-bye."

And at the same time he wrote to his sister, "I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty."

The Mahdi and his Emirs heard with satisfaction the reports of this slender force, less than 2,000 men in all, advancing into the grim Bayuda Desert. I heard it said on all sides that this little handful of infidels would be allowed to advance beyond the possibility of retreat, and then, like Hicks's army, would be slain to a man. And then I saw a great force of about 10,000 Dervishes, under picked Emirs, being blessed by the Mahdi, before they marched off northward to destroy the Desert Column.

You can imagine with what painful anxiety Slatin and I waited for news. We pictured the tiny British square toiling over the parched sands; and then the sudden onrush upon it, out of an ambush among the sandhills, of this overwhelming horde of utterly fearless and now well-armed fanatics. We scarcely dared to hope. While we waited, the Emir Yakub, the Khalifa's brother, came to Slatin and told him that the Mahdi desired he should take charge of a gun; and that if he worked it faithfully, he would be given his liberty. But Slatin replied that he had no idea of how guns were worked, so it was impossible for him to purchase his liberty at the price. During these days of tension I used sometimes to squat in the outer circle at prayers, which the Mahdi himself always conducted. The exquisite voice, the moving eloquence, the dazzling, brilliant eyes, the kindly smile—these were all the same. But the man had changed. He had grown fat, had swollen horribly with success. The former ascetic had given himself over to the indulgences of gluttony and an enormous harem.

And then one day loud weeping and wailing of women filled the camp [(*Continued on page* 96)

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—like nothing, Slatin said, that he had ever heard before. Since the Mahdi's doctrine forbade the display of sorrow for those who had entered into the joys of paradise, we knew that something very unusual must have happened. The Khalifa at once sent eunuchs to stop the noise with their whips—but the wailing continued, regardless of the lashing. And gradually the news got about the camp of how the little column of white men, displaying the stubborn grandeur of the British soldier in desperate circumstances, had beaten off the first furious assault at Abu Klea, the most savage and bloody action ever fought by us in the Sudan; and how, two days later, after utterly destroying the remnant of the Dervish host, it had won through to the Nile.

What news! Our hearts literally thumped with joyous excitement.

The announcement of these victories caused unbounded rejoicing in England. "Now," said everybody, "the relief of Khartoum is at hand. Gordon is saved!"

The Mahdi and his captains were greatly perturbed. The English, those terrible, conquering English, were now only 120 miles away. Already they had embarked on the steamers which Gordon had sent up to meet them, and were battling their way up the cataracts between banks ablaze with musketry and artillery, amid showers of shot and shell, undaunted, irresistible. In a few days, nay, a few hours, they would arrive. There were signs of fear and wavering among the Mahdist ranks. Many of the Emirs counselled retreat to El Obeid.

But the Mahdi and the Khalifa decided, as ever, on the bold course. They decided to storm the city without delay. In the dusk of the evening of January the 25th, the Mahdi concentrated his attacking force opposite a crumbled length of the ramparts, from before which the defending waters of the Nile had recently subsided. At nightfall the Madhi and the Khalifa crossed over in a rowing boat to bless their warriors before the assault. In the silence of the night the savage enemy crawled stealthily towards the town.

And in Khartoum itself, in order to hearten the weary and dispirited defenders, Gordon, conscious of impending crisis, caused the band to play, and fireworks to be sent up from the ramparts. We can imagine his vigil on the Palace roof, searching the horizon with an aching heart for some sign of the rescuers.

If only Gordon could withstand this final assault! Slatin and I lay sleepless through the night—straining, straining our ears. And then, at last, a sudden loud outbreak of musketry and shouting broke the stillness. In a little while it had died away, and we squatted silent, not daring to speak our thoughts. As day began to break we observed three blacks running towards us. One of them was carrying something in a blood-stained cloth. The black unwrapped the cloth in front of Slatin and there was displayed the head of Gordon. His blue eyes were open and there was a smile on his face.

"Look!" said the negro, "the head of your uncle the unbeliever."

Slatin stared aghast; then controlling himself with a great effort, he said:—

"What of it? He was a brave and faithful soldier who fell at his post. Now his troubles are ended."

Mechanically almost, in my part as witless Dervish, I touched my wooden spear in the blood.

They ran on with the head to the Mahdi's tent, opposite which they stuck it up on a tall spear.

The camp was practically deserted, everybody having gone over the river to take part in the looting and massacre of the city, from which, now, came appalling animal cries—the savagery of Africa let loose. I saw the Mahdi sitting cross-legged outside his tent, staring in profound contemplation at the head on the spear, which, to my fancy, seemed to gaze searchingly back at him. At last these two mystics, these two foes, so alike in many respects, who in happier times might have been close friends, had met face to face.

Fifty Years Ago

THE Colonel stopped speaking, as though he had lapsed into his own thoughts. But there were still things that we wanted to know.

"What happened to Slatin, Uncle John?" asked the Colonel's nephew.

"Slatin? Surely everybody knows that. He was to remain the Khalifa's prisoner for twelve years—twelve years. Then we managed his escape. I had some part in it. He escaped just in time to complete the last symmetrical act in the drama. He came down as sub-chief of intelligence to Kitchener, saw the overthrow of the Mahdist empire in a single day, took part in the solemn memorial service to Gordon in the Palace garden—laid the pursuing squadrons on to the fugitive Khalifa, whose slave he had for so long been. And to add the final touch of completeness, he became Inspector-General of the Sudan—Major-General Sir Rudolf Slatin, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., etc., etc."

"But what happened to the Desert Column?" asked somebody.

"Next day," said the Colonel, "those steamers with their heroic crews, after almost incredible perils and adventures, came in sight of the town. After having braved so much, they stared at the Palace roof, and seeing no flag flying, knew that they had come too late.

"The little Desert Column, its valiant efforts futile, marched back forlornly over the desert sands, while behind them the rising tide of barbarism, which was to submerge the country for fourteen years, followed swiftly."

The Colonel looked up at the clock.

"By jove, it's past bedtime! If it interests you, I'll tell you about Slatin's escape another evening."

END

Books (*Continued from page 55*)

know whether author or translator is to blame; the result of their efforts is less like literature than sawdust.

Mr. Robert Graves's *Claudius the God* (Barker, 10s. 6d.), a continuation of *I, Claudius*, is almost as long as Herr Werfel's book; but here is an impressive, even a splendid, achievement, and a novel which more than repays the effort required to read it. Even this effort would have been less had the author completely assimilated all the facts on which his imagination has been nourished; some of his pages are still clogged and delayed with superfluous detail. But neither this nor any other fault can seriously mar the magnitude of a performance which scarcely any contemporary writers are fit to attempt. In exemplifying the irony of Fate, few careers have ever matched Claudius'. A convinced Republican, he was compelled for thirteen years, from A.D. 41 to 54, to be Emperor at Rome, Dictator of the World. An upright and well-meaning man, in the main, he married two of the worst women known to history; and when, finally, it became necessary for him to adopt and nominate an heir, he selected Nero.

The versatile Mr. Barker published, on the same day as *Claudius*, the shortest and lightest story imaginable. *Sophy Cassmajor* (6s.), written by Margery Sharp and illustrated by Anna Zinkeisen, is a slightly precious but charming little tale of a voyage to India a hundred years ago, in the days when it took nearly three weeks to reach Madeira. If, as I believe, there are a few novel-readers who sometimes sicken at the carcases of chilled meat of which their menus are now composed, I draw their attention to this ripe, salty little olive.

Not quite so clean, either in shape or flavour; not quite so firm in flesh; not quite so easy to swallow, Mr. Adrian Bell's *The Balcony* (Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. 6d.) is still a very pleasant novel. If my opinion of the rest of Mr. Bell's work were lower my opinion of his new book would be higher. He has taught his readers to lean on him heavily and with confidence, and it is disconcerting to feel him wobble. *The Balcony* is a story of childhood. Authors have a way of rushing into childhood—a headlong way. The reader has nothing to do but to sit still and keep beside him the measuring rod of his own recollections of childhood. Judged by the only standard I know, Mr. Bell's little boy is unrecognisable, because, though occasionally naughty, he is never nasty. For instance, the weekly letter or letters from home are missing from the account of his schooldays. . . . Strange, that one can admit the existence of men and women utterly different from oneself, and even go some way towards understanding them; whereas with children—no! It is so difficult to get back into our own childhood: it is impossible to enter other people's, no matter how similar the environment. A child knows no social distinctions, no way of choosing friends, save through sympathy. He has only one standard; and when, later, we look back, we have only one standard too.

Mmes. Marion Reid-Jamieson and Nancy Rose, who collaborated once before in *Belated April*, show a marked advance in their second novel, *Swing Door* (John Miles, 8s. 6d.), a better constructed and better handled story than their first. The theme of wasted womanhood is not a new one, but, like all themes, it always yields something new to serious and patient treatment. I think *Swing Door* will appeal to most readers, even though the publisher has put a surely unnecessary shilling on to the price. Did he hope to persuade the public that here was another novel suffering from the fashionable elephantiasis? He has something much better to sell. *Exodus A.D.*, by Princess Paul Troubetzkoy and C. R. W. Nevinson (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), will appeal to a different public. The theme of these collaborators is not wasted womanhood, but wasted humanity—in other words, here is one more emphatic warning of what we may expect in future war.

Readers of this paper will remember the thirteen stories in *When Men Talk Truth* (Rich and Cowan, 3s. 6d.), but they may not have realised that Mr. Hannen Swaffer was attempting an art that was new to him. At one time it seemed strange to me that, for his entry into the world of fiction, he should choose to write exclusively of the persistence of individuality after death. Spiritualism needs, and may always need, more fact rather than more fiction. But, in result, his familiar off-hand manner makes a very effective vehicle for stories of the supernatural. In his preface, Mr. Swaffer assures us that many of them are based on fact. Did he think we shouldn't be able to swallow facts? He must surely be the first man who ever acted on the belief that Truth is stranger than Fiction.

Comte Serge Fleury, for many years a diplomat in England and a liaison officer between the French and British forces in wartime, endeavoured by writing a book called *Le Mur Mitoyen* (or "The Party-Wall") to explain the English to the French. By means of an English version of this book, called *The French and Ourselves* (Bell, 6s.), he now explains the French to us. In spite of the almost incessant stream of explanation kept up since the war, many Englishmen and Frenchmen remain firm friends; and it may be immediately conceded that, though Comte Fleury can do nothing to strengthen such friendships, he will not impair them. He is, indeed, always the diplomat—far too discreet to be sensational, but invariably shrewd. More amusing books have been written on the thousand points of difference which mark us off from our old friends and enemies, but seldom has the subject been investigated with a more patient desire to discover the truth. For his inquiry Comte Fleury possesses, indeed, every requisite quality but one—ability to recognise, and avoid, the trite. Diplomats must acquire the habit of smooth words; surely they don't have to believe them?

Among the enterprising efforts of publishers two volumes seem, in their very different ways, to call for a word. The first is a new edition of Trollope's *Hunting Sketches*, decorated with 69 drawings by Robert Ball and issued in charming shape by Messrs. Hutchinson at 15s. This is a delightful volume to handle. The other is Mr. Basil Blackwell's *Works of William Shakespeare* in one volume, priced 6s. Here, in good, readable print, are all the plays and poems. Both binding and paper, too, are more than adequate. A remarkable performance.

END

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

The man who doubted if HOWARDS' ASPIRIN *was the* BEST

MYRTLE

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DEPT. "A," LISTER & CO. (KNITTING WOOLS) LTD., MANNINGHAM MILLS, BRADFORD.

I honestly believe some people are frightened by the name Arundell Clarke. They seem to think it will cost them thousands to be modern, as I understand the word.

The sober truth is that *true* modernisation is achieved by limitation rather than by extravagance, and is just as beautiful as the old and very much more comfortable. If you cling to the idea that modern decoration is costly, please come to 18, Bruton Street. Open until seven. Telephone if you prefer, Mayfair 1933-4-5-6, or write for my free catalogue.

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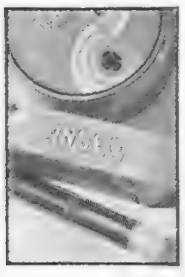
She discovered the beauty of being natural . . .

Men noticed the change immediately. Gone was the painted look. Instead, a natural loveliness had taken its place. She discovered the beauty of being natural. She learned about a new kind of lipstick. She tried it. From that day her lips were appealing with natural colour.

Probably you'll say you don't have a painted look. Yet any ordinary lipstick coats the lips with paint. Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick, it's orange. On your lips, it's blush rose! It changes instantly to the natural shade perfect for your complexion.

Rouge *natural*, too!

Tangee Rouge Compact changes to the one shade most natural for your type! Apply it lightly over your cheeks and you'll see how beautifully it heightens your natural colouring . . . without causing an over-rouged look. A perfect match for Tangee Lipstick!



Tangee Face Powder also contains the magic colour principle; gives a soft underglow and makes your skin look fresher and younger.

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From all Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

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World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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Big News

(*Continued from page 31*)

Would no one call up from Streatham? He hoped for, or dreaded, news from there. But his memory was soon killed again.

There was a famine in Bulgaria. Bucharest phoned the news.

"London doesn't want to read about dagoes," was all that the Night Editor remarked.

"Can't you get some news?" began the loud voice again. "Hasn't anybody got anything?"

Then, to his horror, the Night Editor came across to him.

"Who are you?" he said.

"Williamson, sir," he explained. "I'm a new telephonist."

"I always like everyone to know me," said the Night Editor. "If you know any news, bring it in. Even mugs like you might hear something one day. Even if you've gone home at night, get on the telephone."

"Rome on again!" shouted someone. Williamson dashed to hear the latest about the very certain Mussolini and the rather uncertain war.

For hours and hours, all around him the buzz and the noise went on. Over his head mechanical carriers picked up "copy" from a desk and took it to some unseen place where Williamson's eyes could not follow.

It was going up to the compositors, although he did not know. But all the time, for hour after hour overhead, the clips, some empty and some holding copy, went along the railway.

"Why no word from Streatham?" he wondered as he worked.

Well, there was one thing: he could do the job all right. He could hear Rome. His shorthand was good enough. And foreign correspondents, he discovered, spelled out names and repeated words, so it wasn't so terrifying as he thought.

"Besides," said a friendly voice near him. "If he can't spell, neither can the guys who buy the paper."

The only trouble was the typewriter—the way they tore the copy out of the machine and glared at him when he hesitated. It scared him. What a world it seemed! He had been used for years to picking up his morning paper and looking idly at the headlines. But now he felt part of it all, in the middle of it, almost an eye-witness.

Only now and then could he worry about his wife or how she was going on. Only now and then had he a chance to think of her. Hour after hour the telephone went, and the news poured in, and someone shouted "Look slippy."

Then up came the first edition.

"Good God, what a paper!" said the Night Editor, coming in with a copy. "You'll have to change your splash. That Column 4 story is no good. Can't you get some news?"

News! News! Everyone seemed crazy for it. There seemed there could never be enough of it.

"We must have a new streamer," the Night Editor was saying. "Can't you get something romantic. Get something about a baby, something to tear the women's hearts in the morning."

Still the news poured in. And when Williamson saw the second edition, left lying near him, there was a different front page.

"Heavens, it looks worse than the first one!" yelled the Night Editor, forgetting he had made it up and chosen all the tops, said where the picture was to go, and written the splash headlines himself.

"What a staff!" he said. "What a gang! Can't you get some news?"

Reporters came in with stories and typed them, and went out again. A woebegone man was greeted with "What the devil have you got?"

"He's the dramatic critic," another telephonist whispered to Williamson.

He was told to "Cut it short" and "Keep it snappy."

"Nobody takes any interest in art," moaned the dramatic critic, sitting down and writing with careful slowness.

"Haven't you done yet?" barked someone at him before he had written half a page.

"They always talk to critics like that," said a whisper to Williamson. "They're very important in the theatre. At least, the public think so. But they ought to hear the way they talk to them in the office. Besides, they're the slowest of the lot."

Streatham. . . . Williamson wondered. They were slower still at home.

Well, it would soon be two o'clock. Three times someone had brought in an edition, and three times the Night Editor had barked that it wouldn't do.

News screamed from every column of every page. There seemed a ferment everywhere. There was a revolution in Chile! There was a ship sunk with all hands off Nova Scotia! There was a big railway smash, but that was in China.

"Who cares about China, anyway?" barked the Night Editor.

Then, when it was two o'clock, Williamson was told he could go.

And then he remembered his wife. He dramatised, in his mind, her peril, her agony. . . .

"You've done quite well to-night," said the telephonist who had sat next to him. "You'll be all right."

So it was with a new hope that Williamson went home. He ran down to the Embankment. He just caught an all-night tram. And very soon he was in Streatham.

His wife would be worrying, he knew, wondering what had been happening to him that night, whether he was good enough.

He opened the door with his key, and crept inside. She might be asleep, perhaps, by now, unless she was lying awake waiting for him, or unless. . . .

But what was that? It sounded rather like a bleat. The strange woman looked downstairs—and then disappeared again. And then she walked down towards him with a bundle in her arms.

"It's a boy," she said.

"Thank God," said Williamson. "Thank God!" He dashed out to find a telephone. He called up the office—and he asked for the Night Editor himself.

"I've got some Big News," he said, when he spoke to him. "It's the biggest news in the world. My wife's had a baby."

END

My Cook Says—

(*Continued from page 72*)

dress, but for your saucepans. This has been designed to fit the rim of saucepans, jam jars, or paint pots. It holds the cooking spoon over the food, keeping it always at hand and preventing your stove from getting greasy with drips from the spoon.

The same gadget also prevents a jam jar from slipping into the pot.

IF you like cooking poultry and pork, but find the stuffing tedious to prepare, you can buy it all ready for use. There is one variety for roast pork, and one for veal, chicken or turkey.

All you have to do is to mix this prepared stuffing with a little hot water. In a moment you have a delicious savoury stuffing ready for the table. Sage and onion for pork—lemon, thyme and parsley for veal or poultry.

THE housewife's dream pastry board has come true at last! Syntho-marble at the price of wood—always cold and always clean. This slab keeps pastry light and when not in use for pastry will keep foodstuffs cool and fresh during warm weather. It is easy to clean too. All it needs is a quick wipe-over with a damp cloth.

AND now for a couple of recipes:

Try using cooking Madeira when you next serve sirloin of beef. You need not have the most expensive cut for this dish—but it must be the best quality beef.

Ask your butcher to remove the bone and roll and tie the joint. Brown each side in a very hot pan for a minute or two on the top of the stove to seal up the juices.

Fasten two or three slices of bacon around it with skewers. Add a bouquet of fine herbs and small raw onions and carrots in sufficient quantities for the size of your joint.

Then pour over it three cupfuls of good clear soup stock and four cupfuls of Madeira. Season with pepper and salt and cook very slowly in a well-covered casserole until the meat is tender and the liquids are reduced to a thick consistency.

Take out your meat and remove the skewers and place on a hot dish. Skim all grease carefully from the liquid in the pan and strain into a saucepan.

Add two or three teaspoonfuls of meat extract and half a pound or so of nearly cooked mushrooms. Season to taste. Serve the sirloin with the sauce poured round it.

CHESTNUT salad—something you might like to try at this time of the year.

Chestnuts, one onion, mayonnaise, celery, one lettuce, olive oil, vinegar, tomatoes.

After removing the skins from the chestnuts, boil them in water with an onion, until tender. Do not cook them to a mash; remove the onion, drain and allow to cool.

Slice the chestnuts, mix them with some mayonnaise, chop one or two sticks of celery and shred the lettuce; mix all together.

Heap this in a salad bowl, pour a little olive oil and vinegar over, and surround with a border of tomatoes cut in sections.

Indoor Gardens

(*Continued from page 66*)

from a scrap of putty, a matchstick and an inch of white paper. It is fun to make novel objects to put in the garden.

It is wise to plant a trough with as many of the same type as possible because of the watering and general care.

Succulents like a great deal of water; the trough in which they are planted must be at least six inches deep and there must be plenty of drainage underneath. A mixture of rich loam, leaf mould and builder's rubble is a good growing medium.

A trough of classical design, simple and subdued in colour and rather severe in line, is best for these tropical plants, which are decoration enough in themselves.

Near relations of the succulents, needing much the same care in culture, but perhaps not quite so much water, are the cacti.

They are strange, graceful, comical things.

There is no end to the designs and landscapes that can be planned with the aid of some moss, a piece of glass, coloured figures, a spoonful of sand and a few Echinocactus and Opuntia. These are the two most useful forms of cacti, the one bulbous and covered with delicate silvery hairs, the other fantastic and spiky with prickles.

That delicate little tangle of cobwebby stuff growing in the corner of the Japanese garden is Cephalocerus senilis, better known as Old Man Cactus. It is a good name, for it is just like the tangle of an old man's beard.

The grey-green clump by the edge of the lake is Mammalia Centricirrah, and the next to it is the famous Ratstail cactus, most useful of all for a Japanese garden with its long, curved tendrils.

The "trees" that shade the pagoda are Cereus Martina, and dominating the Japanese garden is a dignified, seven-inches-tall candle plant.

Now something English.

A lake, on which are swimming swans made of tallow candle. The candle is very useful for a sculptural medium when making drawing-room gardens. The expert can model statues, birds, beasts, in endless variety.

Green banks of moss round the lake, a rustic cottage and a few juniper trees and chabbos. Perhaps, if you want to be extravagant, a miniature pine tree, but these are rare and rather expensive.

You can grow saxifrage in the English garden, just a little of it to give the picture a touch of real English green. And you can grow other small rock plants in it too. But when you become English in your drawing-room gardening, you must be careful not to overfeed, overwater, or overcoddle the plants. They will need plenty of fresh air, so the window-sill is the best home for them.

END

Put Your Kitchen in Uniform

(*Continued from page 65*)

their contents without removing them from the shelf.

Some new kitchens are going in for glazed plaster walls and ceilings. Others have vitrolite —a kind of opaque glass which comes in two-feet-long sheets and is joined by coloured wood beading to take off that chilly look.

Floors have cork tiles, in colour or the natural tobacco shade.

Linoleum is still voted the best wearing form of kitchen floor covering. Tiles look attractive, but are hard on the feet.

You can buy lino tiles, plain or marbled, each tile bordered with a narrow rim of colour. They polish up well with wax. Rubber tiling is nice, but also a little tiring to stand on.

Quarry tiles are usually put round the cooker and sink because grease and a moist heat are no good for rubber or lino.

Unbleached linen, white muslin, silvered oil-silk, gingham and fadeless cretonne are fashionable kitchen curtain materials. The linen ones have a horizontal coloured stripe to continue the coloured border on the top of the tile surround on the wall behind the cooker and sink.

They have found nothing better than plain opal glass globes for kitchen lighting. These are ball shaped and hang on slender chrome stems. They give a bright, shadowless light and are used in the middle of the ceiling and as wall fixtures beside the sink and cooker.

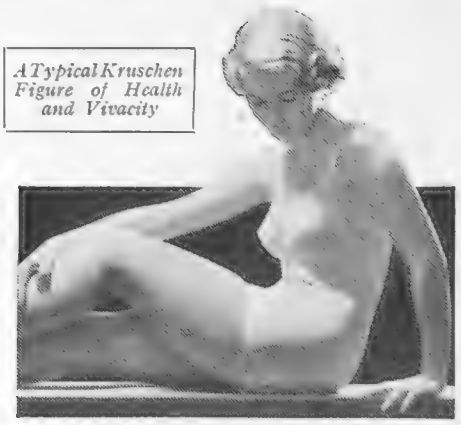
END

Celebrate New Year in the "Best of Spirits"

"Black & White" is not only the "Best of Spirits" —it is the right spirit for the Season. Distinguished by its super quality and mellow age.

"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

Packed in special Cases of 2, 3, 6 and 12 Bottles.



A Typical Kruschen Figure of Health and Vivacity

18 lbs. Fat Went

Used to feel tired and laggy: Is now full of energy: Just took daily dose of Kruschen Salts: Read her letter:

Mrs. R. H. Hamilton states:—"*I was undecided as to whether I would take Kruschen or not.*" At length she came to a decision and put Kruschen Salts to the test. A month later she was happier and healthier for the loss of 18 unwanted pounds. Her experience is related in the two following letters:—

Mrs. R. H. Hamilton's first letter:—

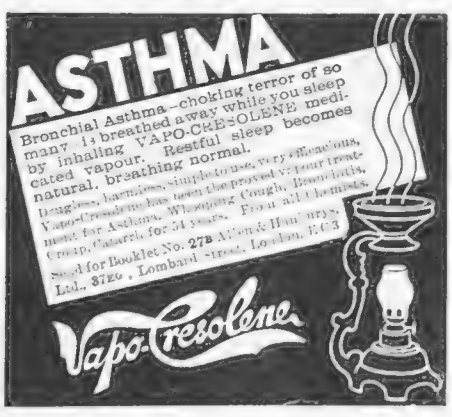
"*I never heard of your wonderful preparation, 'Kruschen Salts,' until about six months ago. At that time I was undecided as to whether I would take them or not. But I did start taking them a month ago, and since then I've felt an entirely new person. Before I started on my first bottle I felt so tired out and laggy all the while. I now feel so full of energy that I can't seem to work fast enough. Less than four weeks ago I weighed 11 stone. I now weigh 9 stone 10 lb. and am still going down, and I never realise a hungry moment while taking them.*"

Mrs. R. H. Hamilton's second letter (2 months later):—

"*Before I started taking Kruschen Salts I weighed 11 stone. My bust measured 36 inches, my waist 34 inches and my hips 41 inches. I now weigh 9 stone 2 lb., and feel fine, my measurements now being as follows:—Bust 34 in., waist 31 in., hips 38 in. It also reduced my abdomen immensely. I would love to have my friends all know, as well as thousands of others, just what Kruschen Salts can do for them; for they have done wonders for me.*"

You are SAFE when reducing weight with Kruschen. Kruschen is not in any sense a drug. Kruschen is a saline—an ideally-balanced blend of six mineral salts which doctors have approved for many years as a thoroughly safe and rational treatment for obesity.

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks), and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.


ASTHMA
Bronchial Asthma—choking terror of so many 1/4 breathed away while you sleep by inhaling VAPO-CRE-SOLENE medicated vapour. Restful sleep becomes natural, breathing normal.
Vapo-Cresolene
Vapo-Cresolene

Five-Minute Exercises

(*Continued from page 56*)

Bend forward gently and touch (or try to) your left foot with your right hand, then your right foot with your left hand.

This keeps your shoulders firm and fat-free and also brings waist and hip muscles into play.

The Bust

A windmill exercise starting with hands together, arms outstretched in front, going upwards and outwards and returning to the first position is good for the bust, shoulders and lungs.

"Tyres" above the Waist

Place hands on hips, legs slightly apart, and "swivel" as far as possible first to the right, then to the left, three times in each direction.

Bending from the waist forward to the right, backwards to the left, in a loose circular movement is also helpful. Reverse this when you get giddy.

To Lift and make Firm the Bust

Arms outstretched in front, palms *pressed firmly* together: slowly bring the hands in to the chest. You should feel the resisting action of the pectoral muscles.

To Beautify Neck and Throat

With a slow revolving movement turn the head as far as possible to look over each shoulder four times. Raise the chin and bend the neck back as far as it will go. (Try to keep the head up even when reading or sewing; a giving-in attitude produces double chin and broken contour.)

These exercises should all be practised gently, with *stretching* movements and, when possible, before an open window, accompanied by rhythmic inhalation through the nose and exhalation by the mouth during all standing movements.

Six slow inhalations, beginning with the arms beside the body, lifting them outwards and upwards while rising on tip-toe, and descending again to normal standing position during exhalation, is valuable exercise with which to finish the routine.

Since the pores breathe oxygen, wear as little as possible, nothing at all if you can.

Though the results will not be appreciable unless the exercises are carried out regularly it is better to miss a turn than to force a tired and unwilling body, as toxins are thereby released which are not readily carried away by a reluctant and sluggish circulation.

One should feel *refreshed*, not tired and sore, after exercise. At first there may be slight stiffness, if the body is out of condition, but this will rapidly disappear.

The Bellowing Devil

(*Continued from page 27*)

eyes. This was Dala. The tall, fat man on his right must be Geka, his father-in-law, and the strapping fellow with the earrings would be Tobalu, his son. At the end of the line a slender, handsome native with aquiline, Nilotic features attracted Lang's attention; he looked the most intelligent of a singularly stupid group.

Lang pointed at him. "Who are you?" he demanded.

The man got up to reply proudly: "I am Wanegot, Bwana."

Lang turned his attention to the others. "Jambo, Chief and headmen of the Watonga," he said with dignity.

They all rose and answered his greeting in chorus. Lang began the business of the baraza. "Dala, there have been killings. What do you know about this? Why did you not report it?"

"There have been killings," admitted the young Chief, unhappily, "but I do not know why, nor who has done this evil. Further, Geka, my counsellor, said that Bwana Simba would come and there would be hangings."

"So you kept quiet about it, which was wrong. Now, Geka, what can you tell me about these headless men?"

The tall fat man with the bland expression rose. "Bwana, it was said: 'If Dala is chief, men will lose their heads.' Dala is chief, and men are found headless in the trails: that is all I know."

"And who made that prophecy?"

"I do not know." It was plain that Geka would give nothing away.

"Tell me what has happened," Lang demanded of Dala.

"In the mornings we find men on the trails," replied the Chief. "They are without heads, and their heads we cannot find. Now, no one will go out at night, but still in the morning there are dead men on the bush trails. It is thought that a wild beast does this evil."

"Do the wives of these men know nothing?"

"They know nothing, Bwana. They sleep, and when they wake their men are gone."

While Lang pondered this information Dala suddenly burst out: "The Bwana Simba will say I am no good chief to let these things be done, but it is a wild beast, and how can I help it?"

"Is this your opinion, Geka?"

The counsellor muttered to himself. Then he spoke up: "Simba said: 'I make you Chief Dala that I may have no more trouble with the Watonga. If you are a good chief you will rule, and your children after you; if you do bad deeds I will remove you.'"

Lang was inclined to agree with the girl Mina that the killings were for the purpose of getting Dala into trouble with the authorities. "How many men have been murdered?"

It appeared that eleven unfortunate people had met their fate in this political intrigue. Every morning one had been found, except that morning, when the presence of the soldiers might be supposed to have deterred the killers.

"Very well," said Lang. "I will think about this. The baraza is finished."

The native elders rose, made their salutations, and walked away, followed by the jabbering crowd of lesser folk.

When the clearing was deserted Lang called Abdi to his tent. "You heard all that; what do you think of it?" he asked.

The Zanzibari stood rigidly to attention, presenting a wooden countenance to his officer. "I think there is witchcraft behind this, Effendi. These people are very stupid, they fear devils greatly; they are afraid to speak."

"In other words, the prophet is making sure of the fulfilment of his prophecy," said Lang. This was beyond Abdi and he kept discreetly silent. "We must find out who said that if Dala ruled men would lose their heads."

Abdi got that all right. "N'dio, Effendi," he said brightly.

Lang dismissed him. He settled down to write a report of the affair as far as his investigations had gone.

At evening Nodule returned, singing loudly and walking in a series of curves. Lang despatched his men to guard the environs of the camp; he was aware that Nodule was unable to speak in any tone other than a bass roar which could be heard at a considerable distance, and he did not wish names to be recognised. "Well, what have you learnt?" he enquired. "Speak your peculiar brand of English; only I can understand that jargon."

Nodule stood swaying his huge bulk like a man on a stormy sea.

"Sit down," Lang advised; "otherwise you'll fall down."

"Thanksh, old chap," said the negro cheerily, and collapsed on the grass. He wagged a finger at his master. "Theresh a hippopotamush livesh in shwamp," he said, "and he bellowsh in moonlight like the devil."

"Very interesting. Did you hear any little birdies sing?"

"No josh," said Nodule with dignity. "Square dinkum. Itsh Raga—big wizard—livesh in shwamp. Bellowsh about men losing heads."

"Ah, hah!" said Lang softly. "Now we're getting it. The big wizard is a hippo, eh? Well, what happens?"

"Thatsh all, ole top—jusht bellowsh about heads."

Lang looked his disgust. "Push off and have a dip in the river," he snarled. "I'll talk to you when you're sober."

Nodule rose and drew himself up like a soldier on parade. "O.K., feller," he acknowledged, and stalked off to the cook fire, where he regaled Abdi with an account of a flirtatious black maiden with whom he had spent the day and who had been the source of his information.

Lang despatched a messenger to the village, and in half an hour Wanegot presented himself. He spoke Swahili, and Lang was able to employ this language, in which he was more expert. The native squatted down before the tent and Lang began on him sternly. "You are the friend of Dala, and I expect you to tell me all you can."

"I am his friend," said the man, "but he is not my friend now: he has others closer about him."

"Ah, Geka, and Geka's daughter, I suppose."

Wanegot looked surprised. "You know much, Bwana," he commented.

"I know much," Lang affirmed. "Now tell me about Raka, the wizard. Where does he live? I want to see him."

Wanegot was shocked. "Of that I know

nothing, Bwana," he said hurriedly. "The Great M'ganga lives alone; no one dare hold speech with him. It is forbidden to speak his name."

"And at night he becomes a hippopotamus who speaks with the voice of a man, eh?" Lang stared hard at the terrified native.

"Think well, Wanegot. I know much; you had better tell me more. Where can I find this man Raka?"

Wanegot shook his head; he would not speak.

"Bah! you are a coward!" Lang jibed at him. "You would help your friend Dala, but you are frightened of devils. Go back to your women."

The shamefaced warrior made his obeisance and departed, evidently glad to get away from the searing tongue of the white man.

Nodule approached his master. He had eaten a huge dish of rice and meat and was apparently sober. Having saluted respectfully, he said: "Say, that guy Wanegot—one big shot in this burg, I tell'um world."

"I am aware of that," said Lang sarcastically. "I suppose you were too busy drinking beer to find out anything about him?"

"I see him go by," said Nodule grinning, "and my jane say he big guy—plenty cows. She say him sweet on Chief's wife; she see 'em up to games in bushes. I say, what-ho, old man, what?"

"The lover of Dala's wife, eh?" said Lang quickly. "Which wife, do you know?"

"Sure; Mina, my girl call her. Snappy piece, I gathering."

Lang dismissed Nodule, and lit a pipe of the problem.

He was still sitting there over his sundowner when Abdi brought to him an old, bent native who wished to speak with the White Chief. Lang inspected the fellow: he was of the Watonga tribe, a tall, well-built man, but stooped with age. He was clad in a dirty woollen blanket and an old army cap-comforter; Lang supposed him to be from one of the distant mission stations. "Jambo m'zee, what do you want to see me about?" he asked amiably.

To his surprise the man drooped an inflamed lid over a brown eye.

"To tell you something important, Bwana," he whined, and then:

"L'affaire des têtes, mon vieux."

"Bassi, Abdi," Lang ordered. "I will talk with this man privately."

He ushered the visitor into his tent and closed the flaps.

"Good heavens, sir!" he ejaculated. "How did you get here? And like this! I should never have spotted you."

Corton laughed softly. "It's a game I often play. I drove my car up to ten miles away, hid it in the bush, and came on like this. I am supposed to be a mission boy coming to see my brother in the Reserve across the river. I had one or two pleasant little chats along the road and heard a few things." He sat down on the bed. "Give me a cigarette and tell me what you have done. Speak softly, I expect this camp is under observation. These people are clever; you don't know them as I do. As a matter of fact, my boy, I really came out to see that you had not been murdered."

"Very good of you, Chief," said Lang a little stiffly, "but I have been able to take care of myself so far."

"Well, what about your report?"

Lang gave an account of his investigations.

"And what are your plans now?" asked Corton.

"I thought about trying to find this wizard."

"You won't. Nothing will happen while you are here. There is only one thing to do: send word to Dala saying you have been recalled to Nyoka, pack up your kit and leave."

"What!—abandon the thing?" cried Lang, astonished.

"Oh no; we will go off in the lorry, but at some quiet spot you and I and a couple of men will drop off into the bush and come back here. Things will happen to-night if the wizard thinks the white men have gone home. Give your orders now; there is not much time."

Lang went out to instruct Abdi. He was bitterly disappointed at this outcome; Corton had taken the thing over just when he believed himself to be making good progress. He thought this would lower his prestige with the natives.

This aspect of the matter had occurred to Corton; when his subordinate returned he said to him: "On second thoughts, you had better finish this job, Lang. You can take Abdi and Nodule; I will drive the lorry on to Nyoka."

Lang was delighted, but he merely said: "Very well, sir—as you think best."

"Look out for yourself," the D.O. warned. "These people are docile enough until they are in danger, and then you will see spears flying. I'll bring the lorry back here to-morrow in case you want help."

An hour later Dala (*Continued on page 102*)

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The Bellowing Devil

was informed by his spies that an old native had brought a message to the white man, who had departed to Nyoka. The Chief breathed a sigh of relief. Bad though the situation was, he thought the interference of this young white man made it infinitely worse. The fate of his predecessor was fresh in his memory.

Darkness closed down on Moru town, the herds were safely bomaed, the Chief and his father-in-law had eaten as much as they could hold and been assisted each to his sleeping hut. The jabber of singing and talking died down in the sandy streets among the beehive huts; the town was given up to prowling hyenas and scavenging dogs which flitted like ghosts through the starlit gloom.

But there were other prowlers abroad. About midnight three hooded figures gathered about the hut of one, Chega, a headman of the Watonga and an intimate of the Chief. Chega was roused from sleep by the door being removed with a crash from its hide fastenings. The curtains of the bed were pulled aside, a voice said: "Raka desires speech with you!" He was dragged struggling and shouting from the side of his favourite wife, out into the night.

"Say no word of this, for it is the will of Raka," the same voice warned, and the woman crouched dumb under the kaross.

Two strong men carried the terrified counsellor along the street between the huts which were silent as the grave. The emissaries of Raka were at their grisly work and no man dare hinder them. In a little path among the bushes they set the old man down and he who had spoken in the hut drew a narrow sword from under his cloak. "This is the message of the Great M'ganga," he said, and swung back his arm for the blow.

Behind him a man stepped out of the bushes and brought a rifle barrel down with a sharp thud on his raised forearm. The murderer turned to stare at a lean, efficient looking person in police uniform. "We are lost!" he said despairingly.

"Quite right—you are lost," said Lang, making his appearance from ambush. "Keep still, you two, or my little gun will say 'bang-bang' and you will be sorry." He addressed the sergeant: "Tie them up Abdi, and you and Musa stay here with them; we shan't be long. He flashed his electric torch on the men's faces. "Hum! I don't recognise them, do you, Nodule?"

"No see 'em before," replied the negro. "Strong-arm guys, pardner; proper bad lads, I tink."

"Well, come on Buffalo Jeeves," ordered his master. "The arch-conspirator is yet to find."

The white man and his servant made their way through the silent town to the big swamp on the Luna River. At the end of a narrow trail they came to great masses of papyrus grass growing out of a thin sheet of water. Along the edge of this they scouted diligently, but could find no way into the swamp.

At the end of an hour Lang splashed his way, knee deep, to a large rock which rose out of the water. On to this he climbed and looked out over the tops of the papyrus, hoping to see the hut of which he was in search. But he could discern no gleam of thatch (*Continued on page* 103)

A Young Girl Thinks Aloud

IF this hasn't been the day of days for things to go wrong . . .

I suppose it is foolish and small-minded to let trifles upset you. But then who doesn't? The little worries of life always seem so much more important than the big ones.

When I am called upon to face up to some really big crisis I can do it with fortitude and equanimity, but I'm bowed down to-day before a sudden ladder on new stockings, a broken finger-nail, and a lost lipstick.

As if these weren't enough to grouse about, how about that outsize spot that has just arrived on my chin, all ready for to-night, just when I wanted to look rather special?

This is particularly maddening as my skin has been behaving like a lamb for the last week or so.

But you will all know about this. If it hasn't happened to you, you are blessed among women.

And now here I am, waiting for a 14 bus—for ages and ages—in fog that is forcing its way through my pores just to help the rest of my complexion. Strings of 9's have passed. Whenever I wait for a 9, empty 14 after 14 stop maddeningly in front of me.

Aha! Number 14 at last. And crowded. Now for a fight. Still, I must say I enjoy a little bit of elbow-pushing. And mine are as sharp as the woman's next to me, who is trying to push me out of place. I expect we shall both pretend to-night that we are fragile little creatures, who need the protection and loving care of a big strong man.

Well, she won. The last seat is hers. I stand.

But it is a very good stance just here, practically on top of these two gossiping girls.

Nothing I enjoy more than this kind of eavesdropping. I have developed quite remarkable microphone ears in straining to catch snatches of other people's conversation. I find it extremely entertaining, often illuminating, sometimes instructive.

Here they go, like two magpies.

"... *So he said we'd celebrate, and, my dear, I bought the divinest dress. I really do look nice in it. It's white with silver threads and fits like a dream . . . my silver kid courts, I've only worn them a few times . . . . terribly tarnished . . .*"

Tarnished. My goodness, so are my gold ones, and I haven't any others that will go with my gold lamé. For heaven's sake, how did I come to forget that? Could I wear my blue ones? No, they'll quarrel with the green velvet sash. Oh, wouldn't you know it was going to be this kind of a day?

"... *Sickening for you. But what about that cream Marjorie was telling me about? Now, what was its name? She said she'd found some marvellous stuff for tarnished gold and silver shoes. Made hers look like new . . .*"

Oh, hurry! Remember the name, please, before I have to get out.

"... *Yes, that was it. Meltonian. I know that's the one because after she told me about it I remembered it was the same name as that cleaner I always use on my black suèdes. Don't you know it? Oh, it's a find, my dear! Black liquid stuff, brings them up like new! . . . Yes, all colours . . .*"

"... *Oh, Meltonian! It must be the same people who make Mel. Awfully good stuff. I always use it for cleaning my light satin shoes when they get soiled and greasy . . .*"

Meltonian. Well, I ought to have known that they would have thought of something for tarnished shoes. They seem to have some good and useful dressing or cleaning stuff for every kind of shoe there is. Here's my stopping place. And right outside the shoe shop. Perhaps it won't turn out to be such a bad day after all. . . .

reflecting the starlight. Nodule scrambled up beside him. "Nothing doing, bo," came his bull's whisper. It was followed by an oath in Kaviorndo and he disappeared from sight.

Lang found a chimney-like hole in the rock; from below sounded Nodule's scramblings and blasphemous complaints. "Are you hurt, Nodule?" he whispered.

"No, Bwana," came the reply, "but this pretty damn bad place; him hum like gorblime."

Lang reached down his hand. "Come on, clumsy, let me pull you up."

"As you were, chaps," said the negro. "Give me your ta." Lang extended his torch. The next moment it was switched on, illuminating the sandy floor of a cave. And scattered about on the sand were a number of severed human heads.

"My word!" said Nodule, in a perturbed voice. "Me no like um!"

"Nor me either," agreed his master. "Come out of it or you'll get haunted." He assisted the eager native to climb out of the hole, a feat which Nodule, for all his bulk, accomplished with the agility of a monkey.

"You tink him devil live there, old man?" Nodule panted as he drew himself clear.

"No, I don't. I think that is where he throws his heads so that they will never be seen again. Let's get away from here; we don't want to be caught unawares."

As they scrambled ashore a terrific roaring noise came from the direction of the town. It bore a resemblance to the bellow of a hippopotamus, and Lang rejoiced at the weird sound. "Now we have him, Nodule. Come on quickly!"

They ran down the path at top speed, making for the source of the uproar. As they approached the outskirts of the town words became intelligible; in a stentorian voice the monster was shouting: "Dala shall lose his head! His fate is upon him; let no man aid him!"

In a little clearing Lang came upon a dark bulk which for a moment he mistook for a genuine hippo. His torch illumined a black hide, twice the size of a man, and a red, cavernous mouth. Then he saw something being conveyed away from that mouth in a human hand. It was a long trumpet made of tree bark, and it told him how that resounding voice had been produced. "Stand still, or I will shoot you!" he shouted, levelling his revolver.

Nodule pushed past him and leaped upon the "hippo" as though he had been a lion seizing his prey. There was a noise of breaking sticks; the wizard and his attacker rolled on the ground struggling furiously. Lang stood ready with his revolver, but he did not think it would be needed; he knew the enormous strength of his black servant.

Nodule had his fingers clenched in the hide at the wizard's throat. In a few minutes the captive's struggles ceased and Nodule began to tear away the covering from the wizard's head.

The distorted features of Wanegot came into the ray of Lang's torch. "My eye!" said Nodule, regaining his feet. "Him bad egg, that; him put one over on us, old chap."

"And now we've put one over on him," said Lang with satisfaction. He blew his whistle to summon Abdi, and while awaiting the Sergeant's arrival made an inspection of Wanegot's disguise. The heavy hide was stretched over a wicker framework, allowing its wearer to manœuvre it slowly and awkwardly.

When, the following morning, Corton arrived with the lorry, Lang was able to hand over his prisoners: four men, and one woman, Chief Dala's second wife. He summed up his discoveries in his report.

"This man Wanegot was plotting to gain the chieftainship," he said. "He has confessed that he found the dead body of Raka, the tribal wizard, in the swamp and conceived the scheme of impersonating him. He is the leader of a party of malcontents who were eager to murder Dala's adherents. Mina agreed to murder Dala when the time was ripe, suspicion was to be cast on Geka and his son, and with most of Dala's supporters removed, Wanegot believed he would be voted to the vacant chieftainship."

"It was a cunning plan," said Corton, "and you did well to unmask it, Lang. I begin to think the Native Affairs Department has sent me a valuable assistant."

"Thank you, sir," the A.D.O. acknowledged, flushing with pleasure. "That is the second compliment I have received to-day."

"What was the other?" Corton inquired curiously.

"Nodule told me I was a splendid fellow."

Corton laughed. "You know, Lang, the other day he informed me I was like the big shot Bulldog Drummond."

Lang swore. "I wondered where that book had vanished to," he cried. "Excuse me, sir, I'm going to show that black ape just how unlike a splendid fellow I can be."

END

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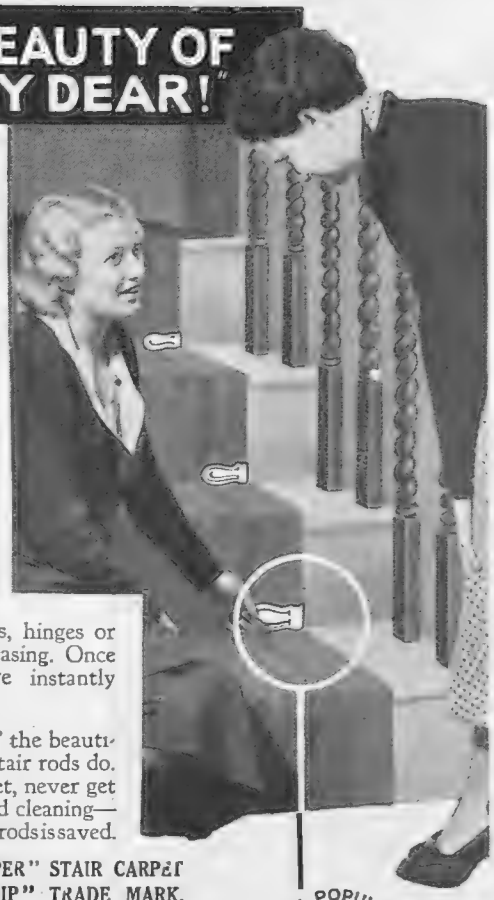

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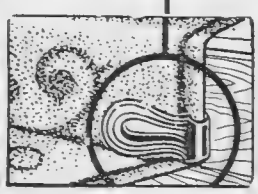

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A Gentleman from Persia (*Continued from page 17*)

of Ismali Moslems wherever they may be. And then His Highness the Prince Aga Khan instructs Miss Blain to write a letter, enclosing a cheque for a tall sum, in payment of a trainer's bill. Drama? I should say so.

Born in 1877, he was a lad of eight when he succeeded his father in the title and authority of the Aga Khan. He was still a mere youth when he was called upon to take part in public affairs. The "Aga's" first political order of moment occurred in 1893, during the grave Hindu-Moslem rioting in Bombay; then he told his followers in a very peremptory manner to keep out and stay out of the conflict.

In 1896 the British Raj was grappling with bubonic plague prevention in Bombay. There was considerable unrest and great potential danger, because the natives did not like segregation hospitals and inoculation. Like some fairy tale prince, the Prince Aga Khan broke down the prejudices of his followers by himself undergoing inoculation and so inducing his followers to do the same.

Epsom, 1930. The crowd surges to Tattenham Corner. All across the Downs there is a roar of one word: "Diolite." It is the name of a brown horse. In the Grand Stand there is a man with race glasses applied to already powerful spectacles. The man wears a black top hat and morning coat. A horse flashes past Diolite. It is Blenheim, property of the man with the powerful glasses: the Aga Khan, who, with a beaming smile, leads in his first Derby winner.

But at the same moment he was the power behind the Moslem scenes at the Indian Round Table Conference in St. James's Palace.

Eight-thirty a.m. A heavily built man with pepper-and-salt hair blowing in the breeze is striding across the golf course at Walton Heath; he wears a shirt that is unbuttoned to leave his chest bare, a pair of flannel "bags." He is playing a "pro," and the "pro" wears a worried look. The Spiritual Head of the Ismali Moslems plays a game that would worry many a runner-up for an Open Championship. Incidentally he used to have two ambitions: to win the Derby and to win an Open Championship.

Back from golf, he sits down to a lunch of Lucullus; he loves food, and he likes to have the best of everything.

A few weeks later, and the scene changes to India. "The Aga" has become the All Holy High Priest of millions.

All day long the pilgrims have been pouring in; they come in their thousands, they come on foot and by train; they carry the halt and lead the blind, and they are all sharing one single thought: to be blessed by the Great Holy Man.

A European motor-car moves slowly through the kneeling throng; their lips are moving in prayer. The car halts. There steps out a heavily built man, his pepper-and-salt hair hidden in a head-dress of Persian lamb. His face wears a genial, benevolent smile; his eyes, big and prominent, are magnified by those powerful glasses. He raises his arm, and a look of peace transfixes the faces of the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims. They are blessed, and they acclaim their Holy Man.

He returns to the West, this Prince of dual rôles, and he bids £100,000 for that marvellous horse Solario. Drama? You're telling me.

The first wife of the Prince Aga Khan was his first cousin; the union proved childless. A Moslem may take three wives, but an heir is imperative. It is all the more imperative when the direct line from the Prophet Mohamed is to be maintained. The Prince Aga Khan's family came from Persia, hundreds of years ago, and the line has been maintained unbroken. The second marriage of the Aga Khan was to an Italian lady, who bore him two sons, one of whom died in early childhood. The other is the heir, the Prince Ali Khan. The mother died in 1926, and she and her child are buried in Monte Carlo.

For years rumour was marrying the Prince Aga Khan to many ladies, just as it is at present engaging his son to a well-known society lady. Then, one fine day, His Highness the Prince Aga Khan married in the Aix-les-Bains Town Hall a French lady, Mlle. Andrée Carron, who with her sister owned a dressmaker's shop on the Boulevard Haussmann in Paris. They have one small son. So, you see, there has been drama in plenty in the "Aga's" domestic life, too.

I have pieced together for you the romantic life of this Gentleman from Persia: I have shown him racing, leading his followers, on the golf course, and thrice getting married, but I have not yet told you he is afraid of his mother. He is. And it is his eighty-seven-year-old mother, who two years ago came for the first time to England, who rules the family.

Deauville in the summer of 1934. A finely furnished house has been rented for the season by the Prince Aga Khan. There is the Begum and the baby son, one or two friends are staying with them, and this Spiritual Head of millions is playing golf and racing, and leading the ordinary life of a rich cosmopolitan. French and English are the languages spoken. The Begum is a charming hostess, and she adores a simple life.

Next door another villa has been rented for the season. There you will hear a language you may not "place," and most certainly not understand. The language is Persian. Women servants in *saris* move about. You will see an old lady sitting silently, or giving orders in a quiet voice. While apparently seeing and hearing nothing, she is seeing and hearing everything. She is the Lady Ali Shah, mother of the middle-aged Gentleman from Persia you saw leading in a Derby winner, the same man who is the Vice-President of the Assembly of the League of Nations, and also the same Holy Man you saw blessing the kneeling thousands. Nothing escapes her, nothing at all; for her, at least, her son can do no wrong; she does not approve of racing or casinos, but if her son goes there, he knows best; but this elderly gentleman listens to every word she utters when it is a question of politics.

Not far away from these two villas is yet another gorgeous villa; it is not rented; it is the property of the tenant, the Prince Ali Khan, who inherited it from his mother, who lies dead in Monte Carlo. A great amateur jockey is the Prince Ali Khan; horses are his life; and to the son's life, his well-being, His Highness the Prince Aga Khan (for whom a salute of twenty-one guns) devotes his. Everything centres around the life of this young man, and perhaps this may explain to you certain newspaper paragraphs which have appeared recently.

As I have said, the Prince Aga Khan is the spiritual and political leader of millions and millions of Moslems, he has a house in Paris, a villa at Antibes, five houses scattered about India, and a palace in Poona. Yet in the whole of the territories where his millions of followers dwell, the Prince has no temporal power whatsoever.

Would he like temporal power? He would. "Perhaps," he said to me not long ago—"perhaps one of these days the British Government will think the services rendered by my family and myself are worthy of recognition." I may say that he did negotiate for temporal power, and this was refused, but they made him an honorary member of the Jockey Club in October, 1934. Why would he like temporal power? Because every man likes to feel that his services to his king and country are recognised. When the Lady Ali Shah came to England for the first time she went to Buckingham Palace to receive the Star of India from the King. She returned from the Palace absolutely charmed.

"The King and Queen made me sit down with them," she said, "and they talked to me like one of themselves."

The Lady Ali Shah came to England again in 1934, and was in London when the Aga Khan's request for temporal power in India was refused. All sorts of rumours flew about Europe. It was said that the Prince was negotiating with the French Government to become King of Syria; in Syria there are many of his religious followers, and on her return to Bombay, the Lady Ali Shah broke her journey in Syria, which gave colour to the rumours, but although France has been looking for a King for Syria, the future king must be a French subject, and His Highness the Prince Aga Khan is a staunch British subject.

In December, 1934, the Gentleman from Persia put aside his grey topper, his impeccable London clothes, and returned to India to see the woman of whom he is afraid.

But he left London heading the list of owners and breeders of racehorses for the year 1934, having netted the tidy little sum of roughly £70,000.

And all that means less than nothing to the hundreds of thousands of Moslems who will make pilgrimage to Bombay to be blessed by their Holy Man, forty-third descendant of the Prophet.

Our Paper Pattern Service

HAVE you a daughter of school age? If so, do not miss page 69 in this issue, for here we have designed some paper patterns which we feel sure will be most useful for schoolgirls. We have also devoted one page this month to dresses for the business woman.

The most inexperienced home dressmaker can tackle any of these patterns with confidence, for they are cut on the simplest lines, and each one is accompanied by a leaflet on which diagrams are clearly set out and instructions for making are given in a simple and explanatory manner.

No. 443. An attractive tunic with slit sides and a high neck, which can be buttoned up if desired. It takes 2¾ yards of 36-inch material

Again we wish to draw attention to an offer which we made last month, and which will interest those of you who do not find in our pattern pages exactly the frock or other garment for which you are looking. We will cut any pattern—dresses, coats, lingerie, etc.—from any illustration sent to us. Possibly you have a flair for design, and would like to wear your own models, but lack the technical knowedge required to cut a pattern. Send us your sketches (include a back view if possible, but this is not essential) and we will have a pattern specially cut for you. Our charge for this is 3s. 6d. for stock sizes—i.e., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. bust, with hip measurements in each case 4 in. larger than bust—or 4s. 6d. if this does not cover your size and you wish to have it cut to your own detailed measurements. In the latter case the following measurements are required:—

1. Width of chest.
2. Bust.
3. Waist.
4. Depth of shoulder.
5. Depth of arm to waist.
6. Neck to waist in front.
7. Top of shoulder at neck to centre waist in front.
8. Length of inside arm.
9. Length of outside arm, arm bent.
10. Width of back.
11. Back from neck to waist.
12. Hips.
13. Size round arm between shoulder and elbow.
14. Neck.
15. Waist to length required in front.
16. Waist to length required at back.
17. Waist to length required at side.

Look out for our pattern pages in February; we feel certain you will find among these designs just the very suit or dress that you will need with the approach of the warmer spring days. We have two useful ensembles comprising the popular three-quarter length coat and matching skirt, one comprising a skirt, jumper and waist-length cape, a dress with a three-quarter length cape and two very simple-to-make plain woollen dresses of a most useful and practical type.

We feel justified in republishing here a picture of No. 443, one of our recent most popular patterns, for which we have had a great demand. This tunic has a particularly good line and we suggest that it be made in a ribbed, crinkled or cloqué silk. The wide belt and buttons give scope for interesting and attractive colour combinations. It would look lovely in a military grey with buttons and belt of scarlet.

The covering is

To the non-expert, it is difficult to tell whether the most beautiful pile covering will *wear*. So look for the 'Brivelvo' Guarantee Tag on every piece of upholstered furniture you choose. 'Brivelvo'-finish pile fabrics are guaranteed moth-proofed. They are so closely woven that they give years of extra wear, and they do not "pick up" the dust. You get 'Brivelvo'-finish fabrics in such a wide range of patterns, there is something for every taste. Ask your furniture shop about 'Brivelvo'—they know how good it is!

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YEARS OF AGONY WITH BURNING INDIGESTION

If you had been in agony for years with wind and burning indigestion and then found a remedy which gave you complete and immediate relief, would you not call it a miracle? This is exactly what Mr. L. St. John, of Farmfield Rd., Bromley, says about Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It will do just the same for you whether you suffer from just ordinary indigestion or from such serious disorders as acute gastritis or duodenal ulcer.

Read Mr. St. John's own words:—

"I have suffered the agonies of Hell for years with wind and burning indigestion. Three months ago I was told of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and the relief I have obtained is a miracle. May I thank you most heartily for three whole months of comfort and peace."

Get a bottle to-day, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Into the Robot Age

(Continued from page 15)

coal-mining industry and make the industry a safe, instead of a dangerous, occupation. This robot travels along the face of the seam, cutting the coal. Then he returns, loading the loose coal, as he comes, on to the belt conveyor. He can load two tons a minute, against the human collier's eight to fifteen tons in a working day. Six men and one robot, the men at a distance, can carry out the work formerly done by 100 colliers.

The giant of all the brain robots so far is the so-called Great Brass Brain which resides and toils in the office of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, in Washington. He is eleven feet long and six feet high. You adjust a series of indicators on this robot, and he proceeds to work out an astoundingly complex series of problems which a score of mathematicians, working continuously, would take six months or more to finish—the tides for a year ahead for every port in the world. The calculating robot gets through the whole job in eleven hours.

The foundation of the new brain robots is an unpretentious small robot which is at work in most homes. He is the watt-hour meter, which periodically adds up the electric power you use, and then, running as a motor, records the total on a series of dials.

What might be called the Missing Link of this robot species is in the Meteorological Office in London. It is an integraph made by Lord Kelvin to help him work out problems involving several variable functions; the Meteorological Office uses it still for the analysis and integration of meteorological curves. But the Kelvin integraph is an elementary type compared with the continuous product integraphs, the Bush brain robot. He can perform computations which are actually beyond the power of the human brain.

These new brain robots are destined to do for the scientists, mathematicians, and engineers what the muscle robots have done for the manual workers—relieve them of much hard work, speed up their work, perform tasks which are beyond their human powers, and multiply well-paid jobs (the multiplication of jobs is the history of every labour-saving device). They will extend the scope of the individual scientific or specialised human brain, enable it to get through more work with less fatigue, and free it for higher tasks.

END

Safe Slimming

THE days are gone when to be fat and comfortable was the lot of almost every woman who had passed her first youth.

It is odd to think that women sat down and accepted this condition in the same disinterested manner in which they accepted the hand of any comparative stranger whom Papa and Mamma considered a suitable and desirable partner.

Nowadays women will pay almost any price to keep the streamline figure of youth. One has only to lose a few pounds to be pestered with questions: "My dear, how *did* you do it? *Do* let me have your diet sheet. *Exercises?* Where did you learn them?"

If that unwanted pound of flesh is your particular problem, do please attack it from a sane angle. There is no need to starve yourself. No need even to deny yourself to any great extent.

All you must do is to use your common sense, use your muscles and cultivate a little extra willpower to persist in any slimming treatment you undertake.

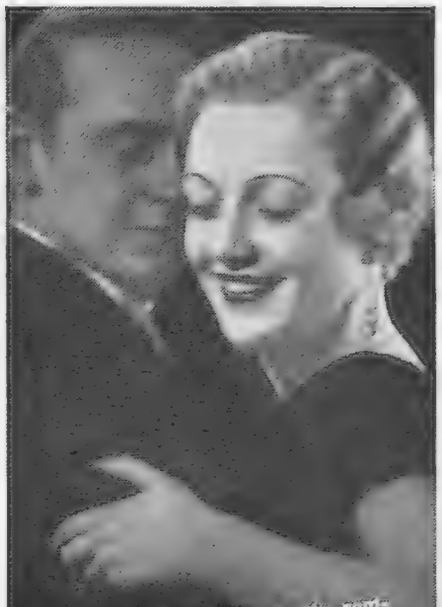
First of all, your diet must be examined. You must avoid all starchy foods, fats and fried foods of all kinds and keep strictly to lean meats, green vegetables, fresh fruit, salads. Eat only three times a day and never in between meals. Never over-eat.

Daily exercise is another healthy and successful way of reducing. Set aside ten minutes—even five minutes—for this, but do it *regularly*, for regular exercise reduces weight by causing the blood stream to take up stored fat and utilise it as a source of energy.

Lastly—and this is very important—see that your bowels are open and regular. Half a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts taken in a glass of hot water or cup of tea every morning will relieve you of any anxiety on this point, and you can take it with confidence, for it is in no sense a drug and contains nothing that could be in any way injurious to the health. It is just an ideally balanced blend of six natural mineral salts which tones up the entire system.

A 1/9 bottle will last you four weeks and is wrapped in a most interesting leaflet giving many hints on diet and many useful "Do's" and "Dont's" for those who wish to reduce. An exercise chart may also be obtained free of charge on application to Kruschen Salts Advisory Department, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.

H. F.



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V.116

Doing *the* Flowers

Above:
ONLY one bunch of Freesia in a green glass bowl from Woolworth's was used for this table decoration—and how effective it is! On a well-polished mahogany table the deep reflection would double its charm. Freesias, once obtainable only in white, are now cultivated in lovely shades of mauve, pale rose pink and lemon

WHEN arranging catkins do not be too prodigal with the sprays. A large bunch in one vase will look ordinary, but two or three branches in a vivid jade green vase set against a cream-washed wall, with a wall plaque and a wooden bowl appropriately placed, have all the sparse charm of a Japanese print. Remember, the background is every bit as important as the arrangement

Right:
PUSSY WILLOW is most effective when arranged negligently in a tall amber glass jar. Place the vase in a spot which catches the sunlight, for the rays of the sun falling on the pollen make it shine like gold. These hedgerow decorations can be just as effective as flowers, and when flowers are at a premium there is no excuse for country dwellers to be resigned to empty vases. Town dwellers, too, can obtain them from any florist for a very reasonable sum

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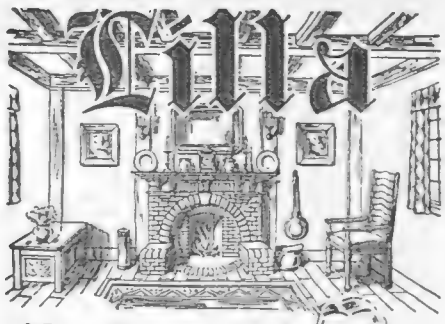

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No. 43

Winter Sport in Norway

ONE of the popular chalets in the Rondane mountains, Central Norway

SKIERS waiting for the electric train at Majorstuen, their objective being the Nordmarken ski-ing fields above Oslo

THE winter season in Norway has an outstanding and most delightful character of its own. In the first place there is the astonishing cheapness of the journey; for as little as £8 13s. one may travel, tourist class return, on the Olsen Line from Newcastle direct to Oslo, the capital, which is right in the heart of the Nordmarken ski-district. The greatest attraction of the Norwegian sport season is that it lasts six whole months. From late November to February the snow is thick and beautifully hard in the valley regions round Oslo and in the Valdres and Gudbrandsdal districts. As soon as the spring arrives skiers may move up into the mountains and there enjoy plentiful snow and sport right up till June. Long hours of warm spring sunshine entice visitors to stay on there months after winter sport is over in other countries. Those of us who have only a fortnight or a month at our disposal for winter sport may choose any time between December and June.

OSLO, the capital, is ideal as a winter sports base during the early season, when the snow is still hard in the valleys. The journey from Newcastle takes forty hours, the last twelve of which are spent in passing along the smooth wooded southern coast and up the beautiful Oslo fjord, which is a peaceful contrast to the wildly magnificent northern and western scenery. In Oslo, a spacious, well-planned city, visitors may stay at one of the several good hotels, with opportunities for winter sport almost at their front door. All around are vast forest-clad slopes, easily reached by the electric train. The Nordmarken region is a panorama of forest, lake and stream and endless snow. Here you may spend days on end, always ski-ing over new ground, meeting no one. For the more socially inclined there is the thrilling toboggan run, which starts at the door of a most luxurious forest "Road House" and ends as far in the town as anyone could wish to travel on a toboggan!

If you choose to take your ski-ing holiday round about Easter—that is, during the second season—the best plan is to take steamer to Oslo, and then to take the train into one of the mountain districts. Supposing you choose the district round Bergen, which is a seaport on the west coast of Norway. On leaving Oslo the railway climbs 4,000 feet in 300 miles and the land broadens out into huge, rolling plateaux covered with thick, hard snow—ideal ski-ing grounds. Long before we reach Bergen itself we are tempted to stop at one of the famous ski stations, such as Finse or Haugastel. Finse, the most popular of these mountain settlements, is 3,800 feet above sea level and overlooks the glorious Hardanger glacier. You can make the excellent Finse hotel your base, and engage in ski trips sometimes lasting as long as a fortnight, visiting the Hardanger plateau, or calling at some of the many other stations on the Bergen line. For three whole months visitors can stay up in the mountains, enjoying the finest winter sport that any country in Europe has to offer.

A Debt *of* Honour

(*Continued from page* 13)

more. This, if it be true, puts a new complexion on the matter. The wedding must be delayed."

"My Lord, I can say no more. I am pledged till Mr. Howard come. Where shall I find her? 'Tis very urgent."

"I'll come with you."

"I would see her alone."

"I will come with you."

"My Lord—I must insist." Giles Pender threw a threatening note into his voice, a bullying tone that my Lord had come to know too well in recent months.

"Well, seek her then," he answered surlily, and strode to the window, head down bent, brow furrowed, striving to control a furious anger.

What a fool he had been not to see this play-actor Howard openly when first he had written, over a week ago! The fellow had claimed that he brought a message from dead Geoffrey Wayne. If only he had known what the message was! Why the devil hadn't the man come last night as he promised?

Lord Lavenham cursed savagely. Thirty thousand pounds! Gad! that would free him from the clutches of that insolent fellow Pender. Thirty thousand pounds—

He glanced up sharply at the sound of wheels. Through the latticed window, across the smooth lawns, where the drive swept in a graceful curve towards the entrance door, he could see a chaise approaching, drawn by two pairs of horses. Mr. Howard was arriving in style. My Lord pressed his hawk-like face closer to the leaded panes and watched like a man bewitched.

Thirty thousand pounds! Ecod! And that rogue Giles Pender thought he was going to get it! No, by God, he should not! My Lord's face darkened. To hell with Giles Pender! The marriage should not take place.

Mr. Clarence Howard descended from the chaise, a dignified if portly figure enveloped in a long, loose travelling cloak of deep plum shade. There followed him a scarecrow of a fellow whose snuff-coloured garments hung loosely about him as though they flapped from a hop-pole. He wore a shabby wig of the old fashion and leaned heavily on a tall cane. Mr. Howard offered him a supporting arm. My Lord's thin face grew darker still as he watched. Then he crossed to his great justice chair and waited, the gambler's impassive mask falling upon his face.

My Lord Lavenham was bracing himself to play a game of wits for high stakes.

GILES PENDER entered with the two visitors, a slimy smile upon his fat cheeks.

Mr. Howard bowed low with exaggerated theatrical gesture.

"My humble duty, my Lord," he said. "May I present Master Barbican, my man of affairs?"

The scarecrow figure nodded curtly and grunted.

My Lord was urbane.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen," he said.

Mr. Howard bowed once more.

"My Lord, first I would offer my humble apology. 'Tis for my failure last night. I'll be frank with you. I was too drunk to come."

A watery smile crossed my Lord's face.

"'Tis a perfect explanation. Say no more of it, Mr. Howard. You have some matter of importance to discuss, I understand."

"In a way a painful matter, my Lord, in that it concerns your Lordship's brother Geoffrey. In a way a happy matter in that it may help both you and Mistress Celia Wayne to think more kindly of that—unhappy man."

"Well, well, man; what is it?" My Lord's tone was growing impatient.

"First, my Lord, I would deliver to you this letter. I fear 'tis somewhat soiled, for I have had it by me these eighteen years past. 'Tis from your brother, as you will see from the writing."

My Lord's talon-like hand went out avidly to seize the paper.

"Aye," he said, "that's Geoffrey's script."

He tore it open, while fat Giles Pender leaned forward in his chair, furtive suspicion gleaming in his narrow eyes.

My Lord read, then thrust the letter into his pocket.

"I'd see that," Giles Pender snapped out.

"You'll not," my Lord answered, scowling.

Mr. Howard continued blandly.

"I know its contents, my Lord, for 'twas written in my presence. He mentions the small sum of two thousand guineas——"

"But two thousand guineas?" Giles Pender interrupted.

"Two thousand guineas," Mr. Howard went on, unperturbed. "That was the sum, my Lord, he had won at the gaming tables the night he died. To me he entrusted that sum, at my discretion, to be (*Continued on page* 110)

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given to his daughter, should she live to marry."

"'Twas a legacy. 'Twas a legacy," Giles Pender put in hotly.

"No, sir, 'twas no legacy. 'Twas to be used at my discretion. And my discretion, knowing the mutability of an actor's life," Mr. Howard's mellow voice rang out, "was to place it in the care of Master Silas Barbican, my man of affairs. Master Barbican so dealt with that money in the course of eighteen years that by cunning investment it now amounts to twenty-seven thousand four hundred pounds. Is that not right, Master Barbican?"

The scarecrow figure raised an ear-trumpet and muttered: "Eh?"

"Twenty-seven thousand four hundred is the sum in question, is it not?" Mr. Howard bellowed.

Master Barbican nodded and grunted assent.

My Lord's face had gone pale. Giles Pender's fat cheeks reddened.

"This would seem to me a business for Master Barbican and me to settle," he said smoothly. "There will be certain matters of law——"

"I disagree. This is a matter for me, her guardian, her uncle," my Lord interposed coldly.

Mr. Howard raised a plump hand.

"First 'tis a matter for Mistress Celia herself. Will she accept it?"

"Accept it? Good God! Why not?" My Lord ejaculated. "Her father's dowry!"

"I will speak a word with her," said Giles Pender, rising.

"You will not, sir," Mr. Howard stated firmly. "This matter is in my discretion, and I'll have no influence brought to bear on Mistress Celia. Mayhap she will not wish to accept this money from her worthless father."

"Worthless, sir? How dare you?" my Lord thundered.

"Because I knew him, my Lord—better than you did."

"Nay, nay, sir," Giles Pender protested in his oily voice. "Surely he has atoned in this, for any small shortcomings."

"Maybe, maybe. But I would have her word for it. Or Master Barbican would. My Lord, Master Barbican holds a letter which is to be placed into Mistress Celia's hands."

"I'll have her brought to us."

"Nay, he must see her alone." Mr. Howard turned to Giles Pender. "You have arranged that, sir?"

Giles Pender answered uneasily: "Yes, yes, I did as you asked me. I warned Mistress Celia. She awaits Master Barbican's pleasure. I will conduct him to her."

"You will not, sir," my Lord broke in. "I will conduct Master Barbican to my niece."

Mr. Howard smiled.

"Nay, neither of you shall. If you will

A Debt *of* Honour

summon a servant, my Lord, he shall take Master Barbican to Mistress Celia. Meanwhile we will discuss what must be done with this money should she refuse. 'Tis at my discretion, but 'tis only just that it should return to the family."

My Lord hurriedly tugged at a bell.

"Aye," Mr. Howard continued. "Should it go to her husband or to his brother? That we must debate. Master Barbican"—as a servant appeared in answer to the summons—"will you be pleased to deliver your letter now and bring us back Mistress Celia Wayne's decision."

"Eh?" said Master Barbican, raising his ear-trumpet.

Mr. Howard repeated his words.

Master Barbican grunted.

My Lord and Giles Pender glared mistrustfully at each other as the scarecrow hobbled from the room.

MR. HOWARD sighed.

"My Lord, though it be painful to you, I feel perhaps it were necessary to tell you something of your brother's later life."

"A sad business, Mr. Howard. Yet I would wish to hear it, for I ever held poor Geoffrey in affection." My Lord spoke with new-found interest, for was not twenty-seven thousand odd at stake?

Giles Pender rose and moved uneasily to the window. He had grown desperately apprehensive. He wanted to think.

"He followed the woman he ran off with to the stage. We played together."

"Indeed! Indeed, sir!"

"Worthless though he was, you must not think too hardly of him, my Lord."

"Nay, indeed. I bear him no ill-will."

"Nor you, sir?" Mr. Howard addressed the attorney.

"Eh? What? No! No!"

From beyond the window there came suddenly the cracking of whips, the crunching of wheels on gravel.

Giles Pender's head swung round, then he let out a wild imprecation.

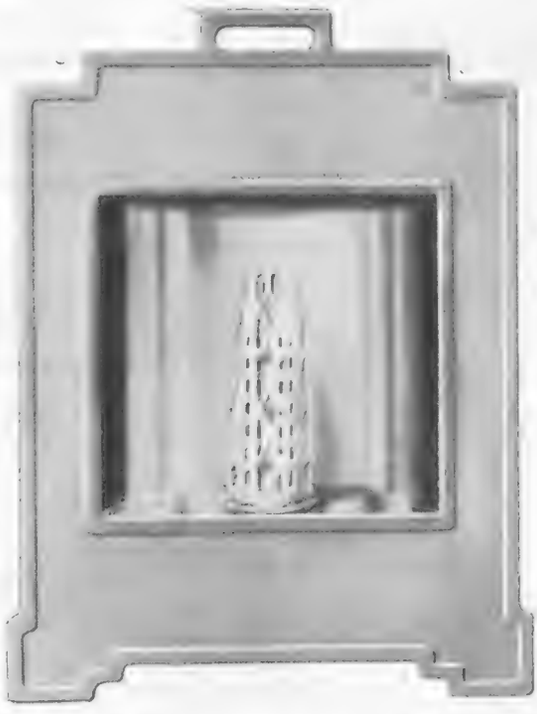
"Tricked, by God! Tricked!" he screamed, his voice high-pitched in fury.

My Lord, too, had dashed to the window. Mr. Howard followed him. Sweeping round the curve of the drive the chaise was away at a gallop. From its window Mistress Celia Wayne looked out, the wind ruffling her fair hair, her cheeks aglow, and beside her, his wig discarded, was the smiling face of Sir Richard Parham.

She waved a slim hand, as though she expected someone to be watching for her greeting.

Mr. Howard saw (*Continued on page* 111)

A Portable Gas Fire



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A Debt *of* Honour

it and smiled, before the storm broke in its full fury.

My Lord turned on him, and it seemed that he was about to strike. His voice was harsh and cruel.

"By God, sir, you shall pay for this!" he said.

Giles Pender was screaming at the door, like a mad creature, for horses to be fetched forthwith, while bemused servants, summoned by his shrill cries, looked vaguely about in amazement.

Mr. Howard regarded the scene with a smile of detachment which goaded Giles Pender to frenzy.

"In God's name, you shall smile the other side of your ugly face before long!" he yelled. "I'd have you know, you lying scoundrel, that there's a law that will hold you accountable for this conspiracy."

"Eh, Master Pender, but it seems you are as bad a lawyer as you are a man," Mr. Howard said blandly. "What is this terrible crime?" He moved to the door and closed it deliberately.

"Abduction, sir. Conspiracy to abduct his Lordship's ward. You and that puppy Richard Parham shall learn much to your sorrow of the law of abduction. Make no mistake, sir, I'll lay the rogue by the heels."

"But is it abduction if the lady go so willingly?"

"My niece is yet a minor, and you must know it, sir," his Lordship broke in hotly.

Mr. Howard shook his head. Something about him seemed to have changed.

"Nay, Charles," he said quietly. "'Tis no crime for a lass to elope with her father's consent, though, egad! neither she nor the lad knows it."

My Lord took a pace forward, then stopped dead. The colour drained from his face and he swayed.

"My God! 'Tis Geoffrey," he said slowly.

"Ah, so you know me, Charles? Eighteen years is a long time, I grant ye—and 'tis eighteen years since your elder brother died—that Clarence Howard might be born."

There was angry bewilderment on Giles Pender's podgy face. He glanced from one to the other, then he burst out:

"Another of your sly tricks, eh, you scoundrel? I'll have you know——"

Mr. Howard raised his hand.

"Silence, fellow! You forget yourself," he said sternly. "You are addressing Lord Lavenham."

Giles Pender gasped as he turned to the man he had known for so many years by that name.

"'Tis true," Charles Wayne whispered huskily. Mr. Howard took snuff, then seated himself in the justice chair.

"Now, gentlemen, let us to business," he said, "for Clarence Howard has little time to give to so new a rôle as that of my Lord Lavenham—nor inclination either, if the truth be told."

He rose. "Nay, Charles, I'll not oust you. Here, take your chair again, already the part irks me. But I'll talk with you later, brother."

Giles Pender began to bluster. Mr. Howard cut him short.

"Sir, you may wait on me at my inn, and if I'm sober, I'll see you. There is, I hear, some small matter of a mortgage. Look to your musty law books well, Master Pender, for 'twill be a nice point for my attorney and you to argue. And mark ye, too"—again Mr. Howard's hand was raised in warning—"this time you deal with no man in need of money. Go, ask where you will, they'll tell you Mr. Clarence Howard the playactor's fortune is no inconsiderable one. He'll fight you—aye, and enjoy the fight."

He swung his plum-coloured cloak about him in a magnificent gesture.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a low bow. "Mr. Clarence Howard has more important business toward. He has the pleasure to wish ye both good-day."

END

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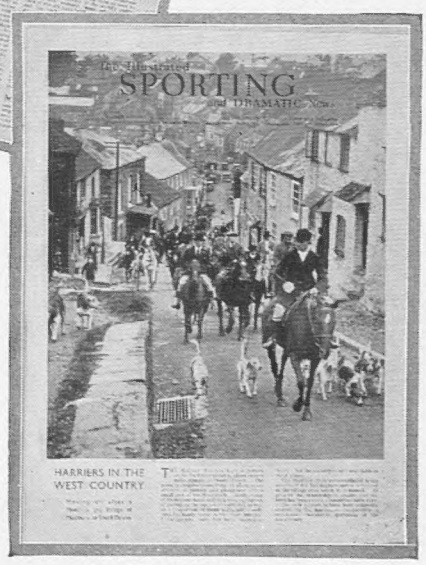

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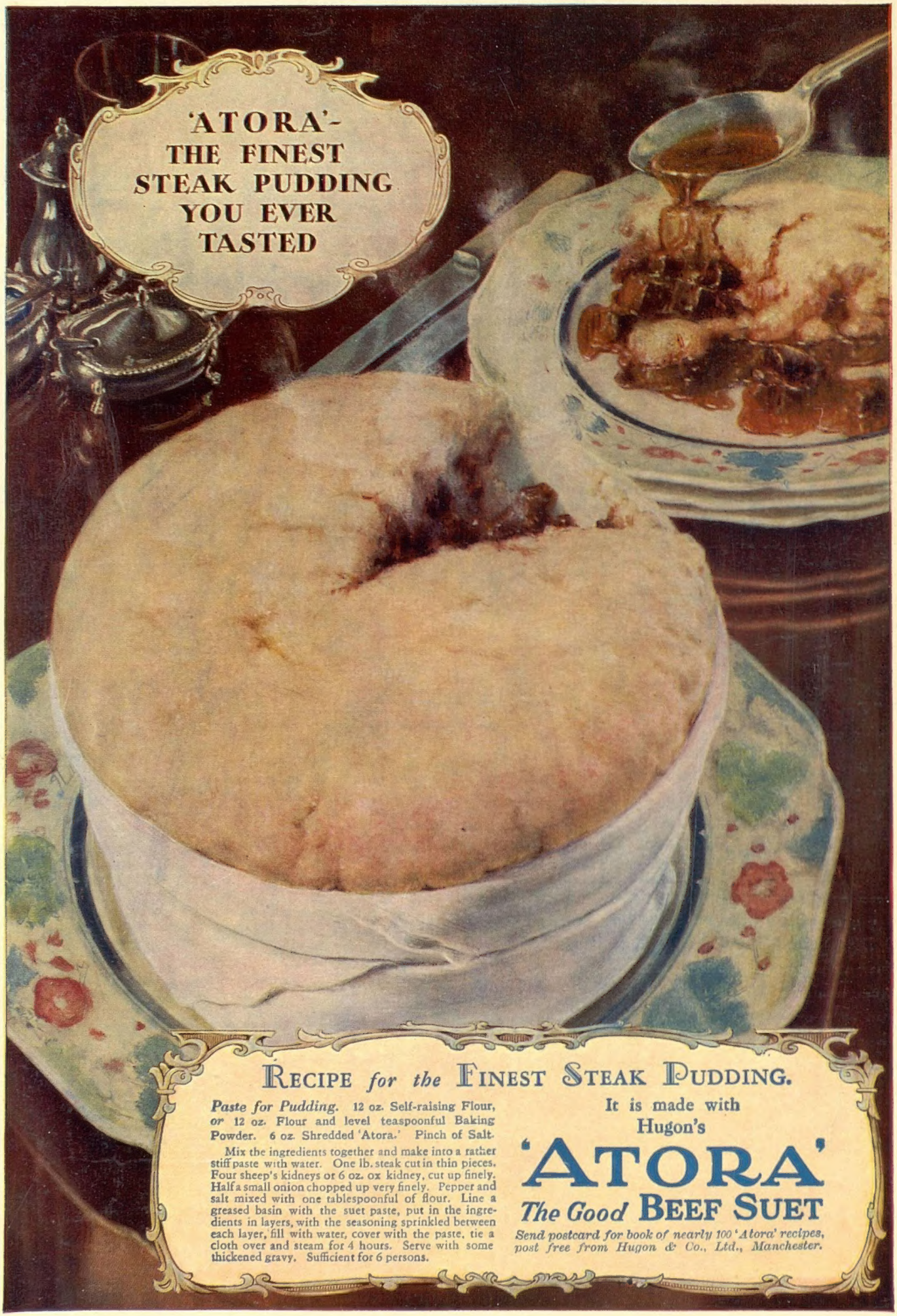

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